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DAVE MATTHEWS DRESSED LIKE A WOOKIEE! p52



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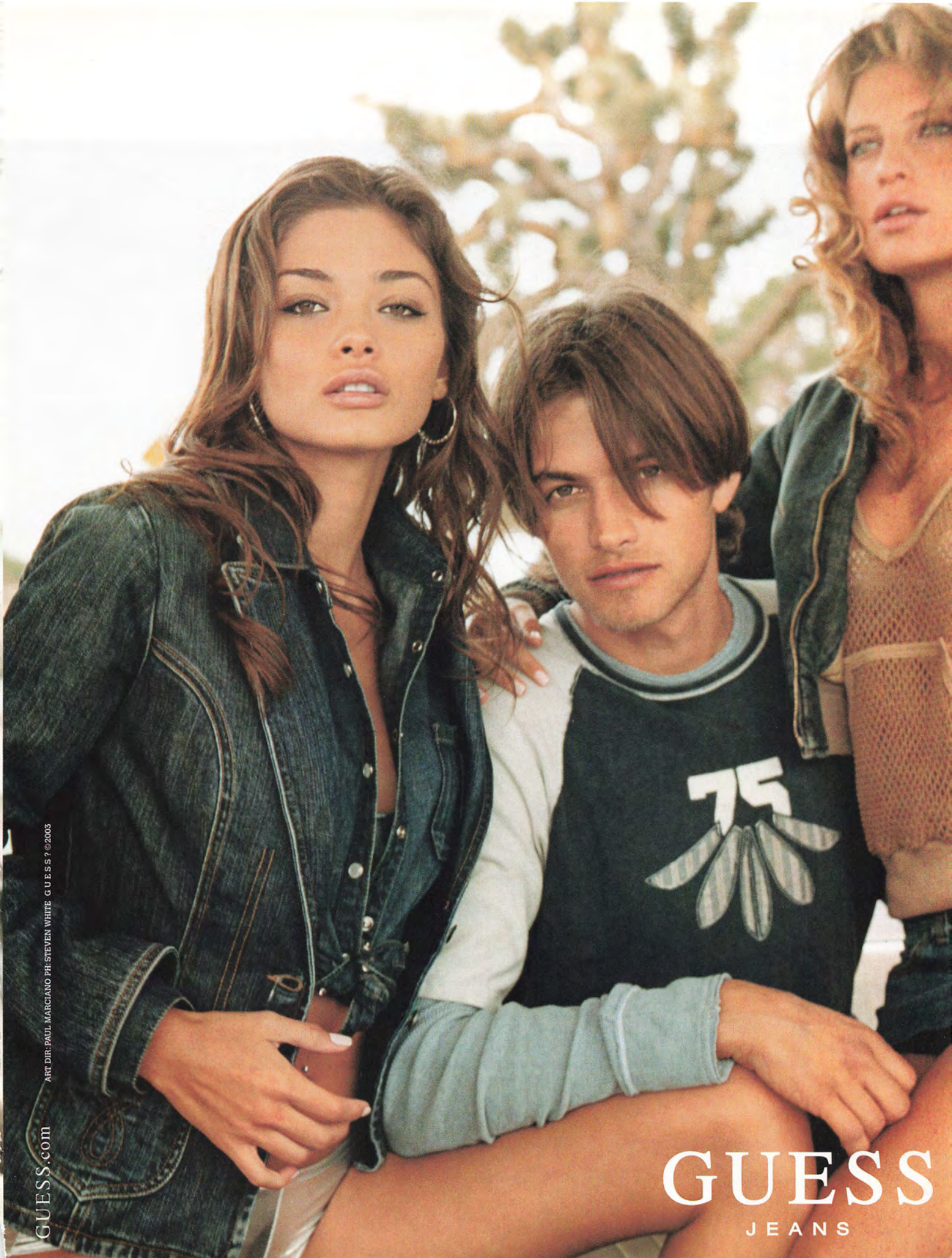
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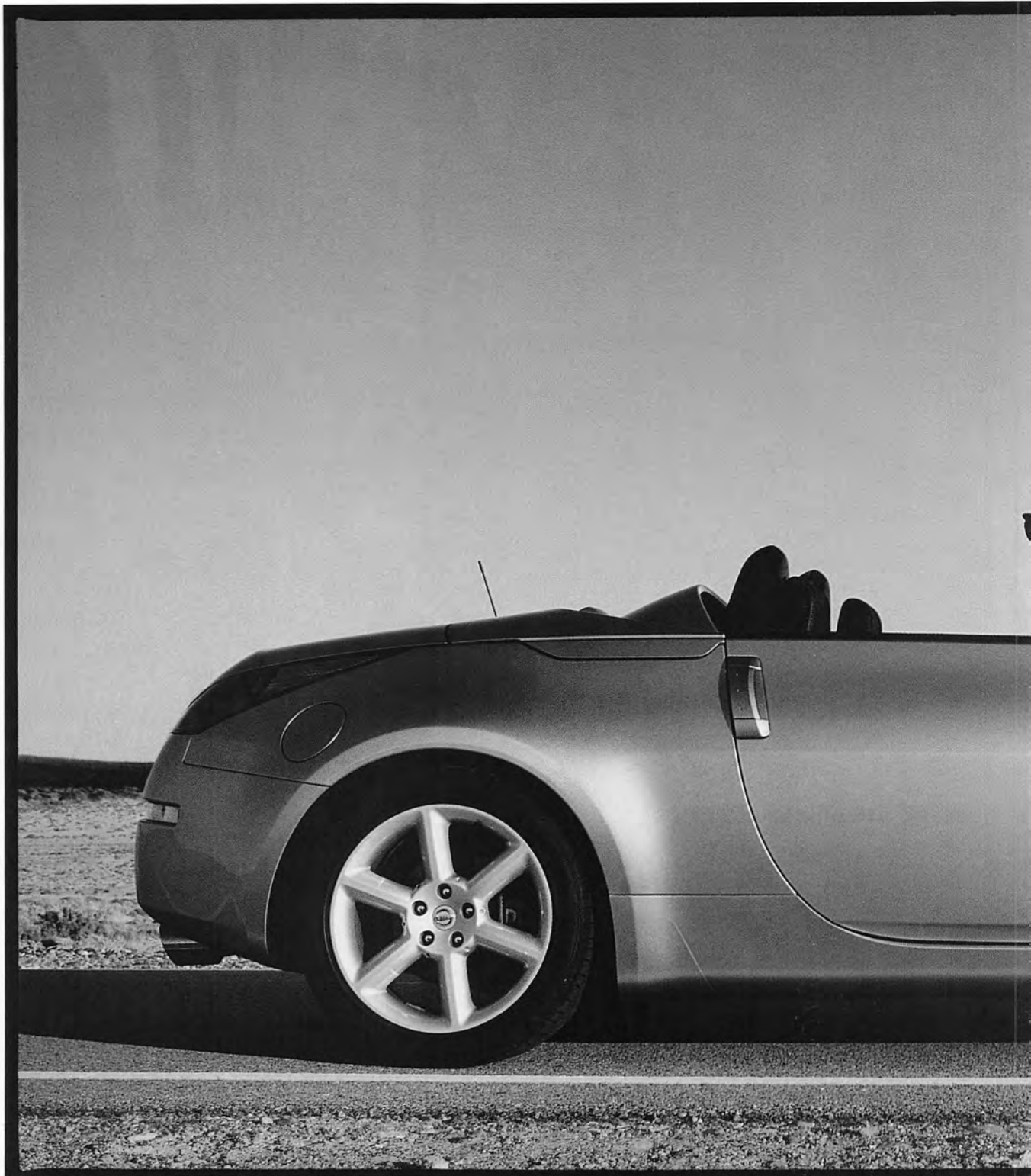




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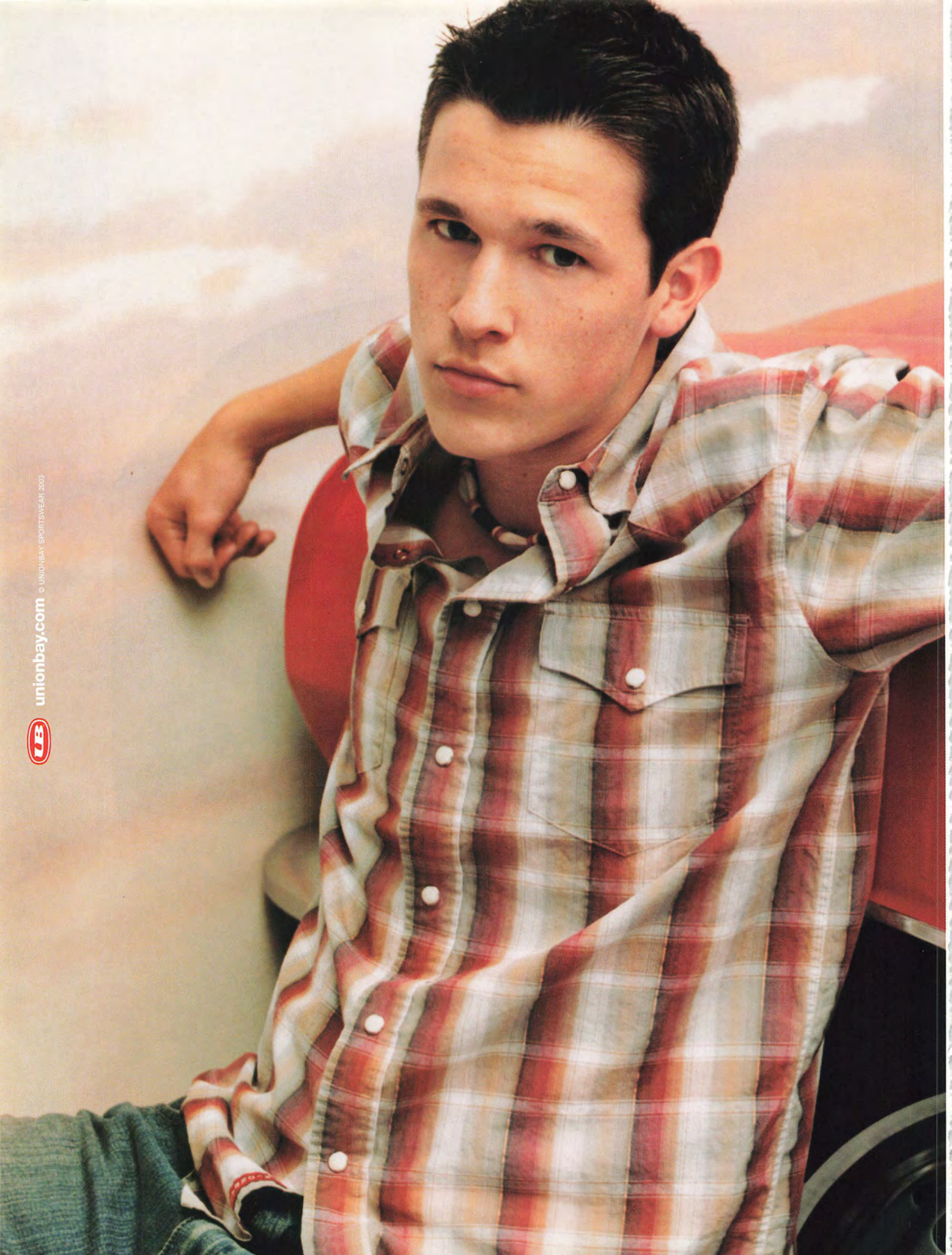
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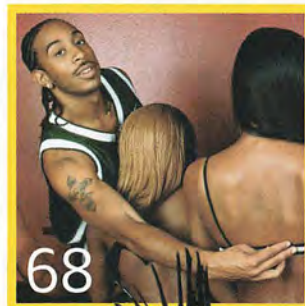
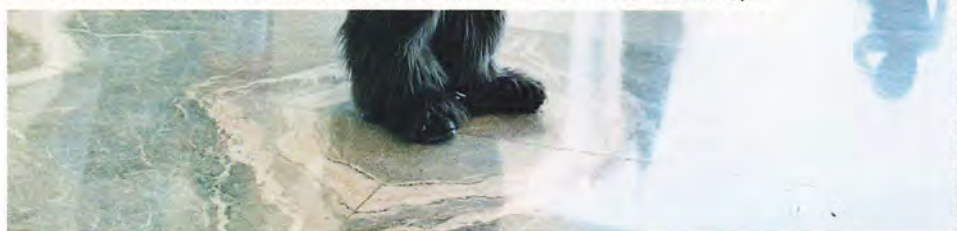
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# HOLLYWOODBACKLOT

Photographed at Charlie Chaplin Studios  
Hollywood, California



> "You could name a sandwich after me." **DAVE MATTHEWS**, p52



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- 68 LUDACRIS'S HO'LYMPICS!**  
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- 74 EXCLUSIVE: R. KELLY SPEAKS!**  
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- 78 THE DISTILLERS**  
Her enemies dismiss her as a third-rate Courtney Love, but the Distillers' scary singer, Brody Armstrong, couldn't care less. Why not? "The weak are crushed," she says, "and I'm not one of those."
- 82 REVENGE OF THE ASS WIPERS!**  
Groupies. Drugs. Guns. Rock stars' minds have seen it all but never spill the beans — unless they're offered a lot of money, of course. Formerly trusted entourage members give up the goods on their former employers.
- 86 DOUBLE DATE: ROB THOMAS**  
She's sugar and spice and everything nice; he used to eat dog biscuits. Can *Blender* talk matchbox twenty's Rob Thomas and his lovely wife, Marisol, into a friendly bit of spouse-swapping? No.

### ON THE COVER >>>>

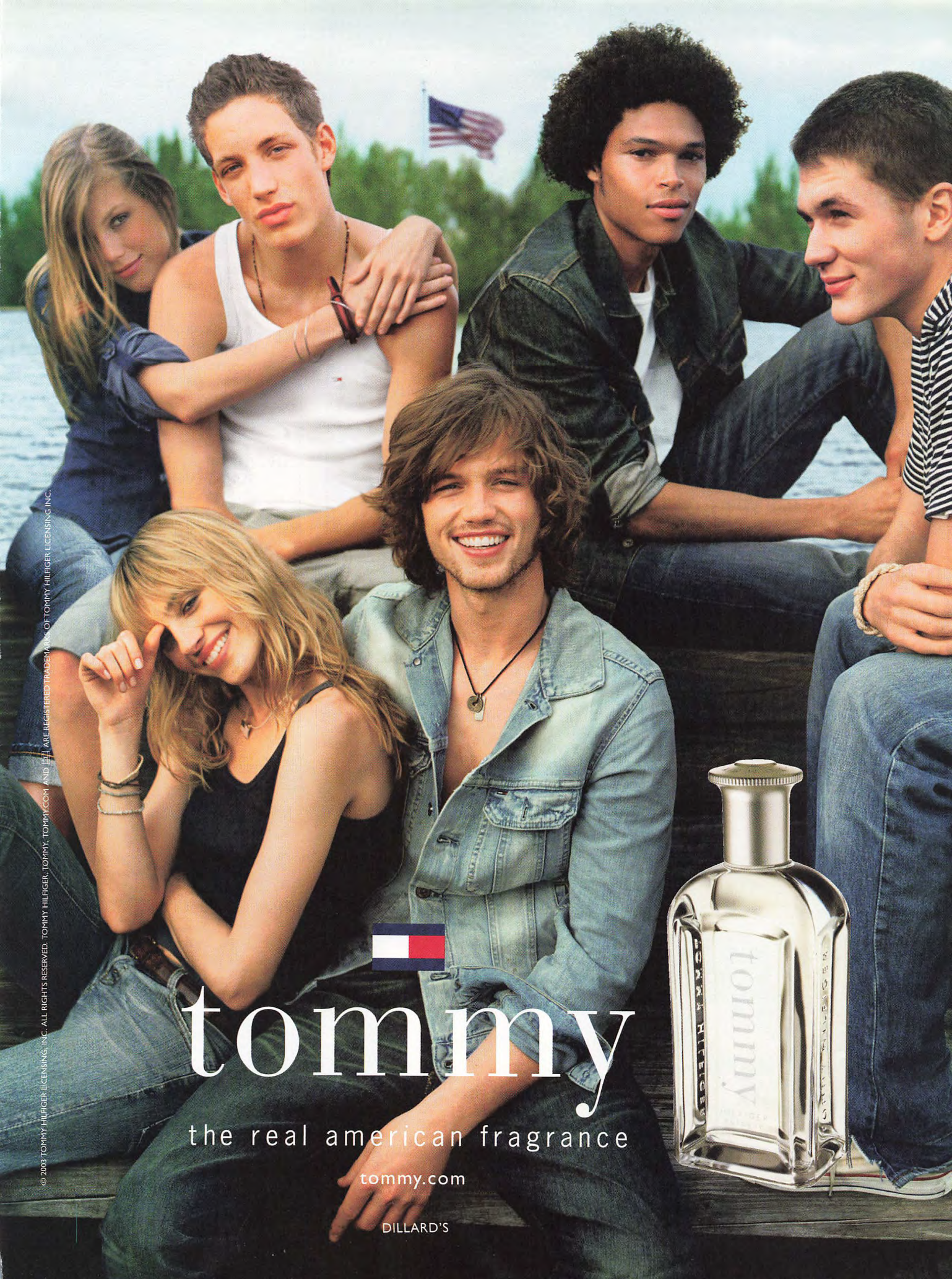
→ CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: **EMINEM** RANKIN/IDOLS; **BRITNEY SPEARS** HARRY ELLEN/MATTHEWS; **50 CENT** PHIL KNOTT/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA; **CHRISTINA AGUILERA** FRANK OCKENFELS 3; **JACK WHITE** SCARLET PAGE/IDOLS; **PINK** ANDREW MACPHERSON/CORBIS OUTLINE; **BONO** LYNN GOLDSMITH; **JULIAN CASABLANCAS** JEFF VESPA/WIREIMAGE.COM; **MADONNA** IAN MCKELL/RETNA/UK; **TUPAC SHAKUR** DANNY CLINE/CORBIS OUTLINE; **AVIL ROSE** NEIL ZLOZOWER; **CHRIS CARRABBA** ROBERT MAXWELL; **KURT COBAIN** CHARLES HOSELTON/RETNA; **JOHN MAYER** JUSTIN STEPHENS; **MICHAEL JACKSON** MICHAEL ADEBAR/LEF; **THOM YORK** JAMES DIMMOCK; **BEYONCÉ** JUDSON BAKER; **CHRIS MARTIN** LYNDA CHURILLA; **CORBIS** OUTLINE; **GWEN STEFANI** MATTHIAS CLAMPER/CORBIS OUTLINE; **AVRIL LAVIGNE** KWAKU ALSTON/CORBIS OUTLINE; **IPDQ** GETTY IMAGES



## THE 1,001 GREATEST SONGS TO DOWNLOAD RIGHT NOW

It took absolutely ages to compile, but here's *Blender's* — and a host of stars' — essential guide to building the ultimate playlist. You lucky, lucky people!

Chris Buck (Matthews); Lego (Ludacris); courtesy of HarperCollins (Jacobs and Sinatra); Clay Patrick McBride/Retna Ltd. (Red Hot Chili Peppers); B.J. Pappas/Retna Ltd. (Armstrong); Erika Asstina/Visages (Lavigne); Jason Stepiens (Yaz)



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Kate Moss pole-dances for Jack White; Tupac designs clothes from beyond the grave; Fred Durst throws a tantrum; Ryan Adams calls Britney a "chunky cheerleader" — and that's not even half of it!

### 52 DEAR SUPERSTAR

"I could be at home masturbating!" exclaims multimillionaire and former bartender Dave Matthews. Instead, he's stuck answering your queries about the colorful bruises on his ass. That's showbiz!

### 58 THE GREATEST SONGS EVER!

Did bad bookkeeping result in Funkadelic's pneumatic anthem "One Nation Under a Groove"? Or was it the acid?

### 60 ASK BLENDER

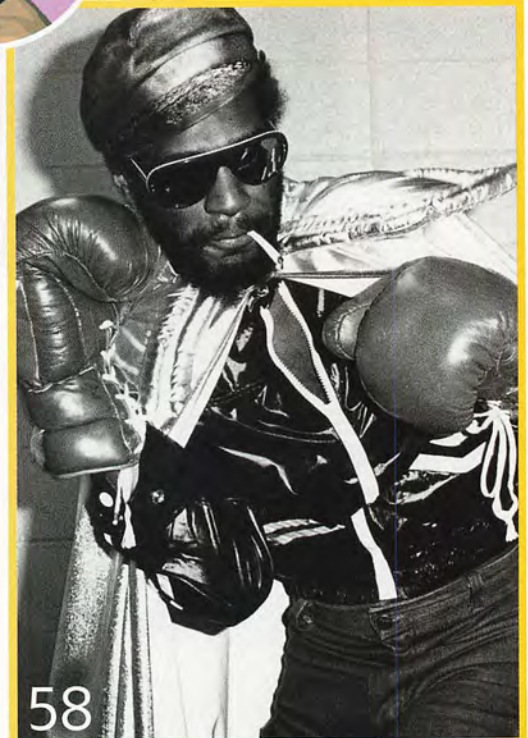
The link between Pink Floyd and *The Wizard of Oz* is revealed; the particulars of rock-star sex changes are explored; the smartest rapper of all is revealed!

### 156 WHO DOES STEVE EARLE THINK HE IS?

The left-wing alt-country star, ex-junkie (and ex-con) has five ex-wives and an opinion about ... ooh, everything!



> "Don't eat anything healthy — ever!" ANDREW W.K., p42







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> "I don't believe in any sex music!" JACK BLACK, p132



Justin Stephens (Black); courtesy of Miramax (Kill Bill); Lynn Goldsmith/Corbis (Richards); Patrick Ford/ReMaJK (Emmery); Michael Ochs Archive.com (King)

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The advertisement features a man on the left wearing a green t-shirt and a black beanie, holding a Nokia 3300 Music Phone. In the center, a woman in a dark tank top holds the phone, with a glowing blue aura around her head. To the right, two smaller inset images show the phone with the text "NOKIA 3300 MUSIC PHONE" and "MUSIC PLAYER & MESSAGING".

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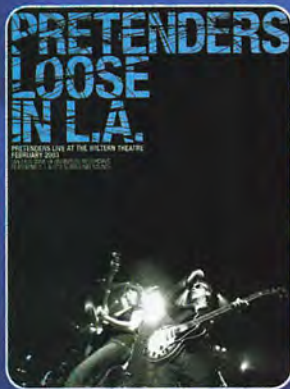
A close-up, low-angle shot of the interior of a Mazda RX-8. The image is dominated by dark, textured surfaces, likely leather or high-quality plastic. A prominent feature is a bright red accent panel on the passenger side door and a matching red section on the driver's seat. The steering wheel is partially visible in the lower-left corner, showing a silver trim piece. The overall lighting is dramatic, with deep shadows and highlights that emphasize the car's sleek, sporty design.

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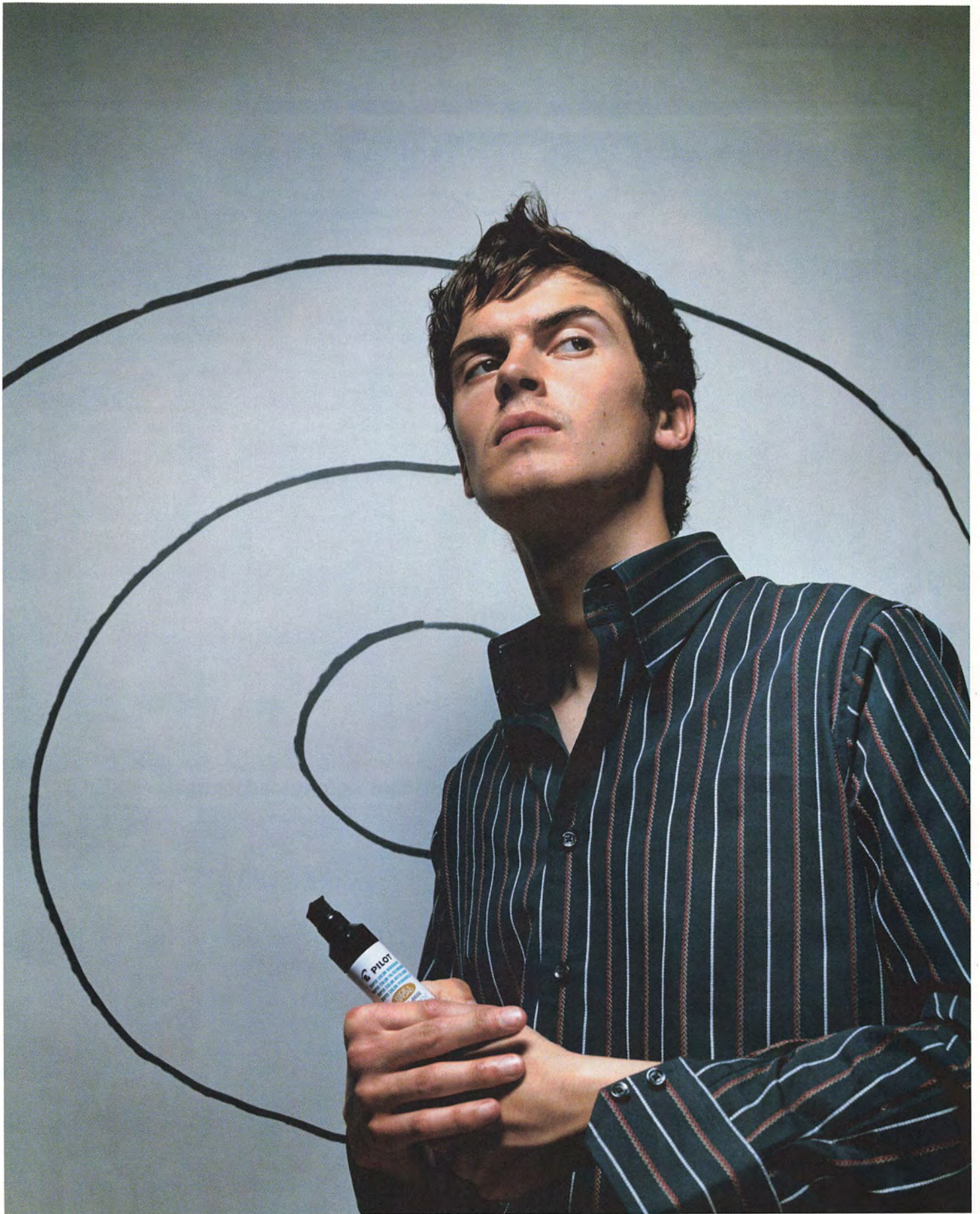


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## A CRUEL TWIST!

➤ CHOOSING THE 1,001 greatest songs ever recorded was no simple task. Each member of the *Blender* staff listed the finest tracks they could think of. This was all fed into Mr. Sparky, *Blender's* supercomputer. Each song on Mr. Sparky's list was then voted on by the geeks I like to call the "reviews department."

But studying the final list, I noticed a lot of my special VIP suggestions had been omitted. Chicory Tip's "Son of My Father." Status Quo's "Marguerita Time." Wonderful, wonderful ditties by

Dr. Strangely Strange and Showaddywaddy — all vanished. What was going on?

Finally, it was explained that my entries were vetoed for being "godawful." My brilliant suggestions have been replaced by admittedly terrific songs chosen by such pop stars as Moby and Liz Phair (left). Such a cruel twist!

This issue also features an exclusive peep into the crazy life of R. Kelly and a story entitled "Revenge of the Ass Wipers!"

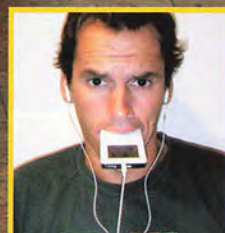
It's exciting stuff, and for no particular reason, it brings to mind the wonderful song "This Is the Night," by *American Idol's* Clay Aiken.

Maybe we could squeeze it onto our list?

No? Perhaps you're right. Enjoy the issue!

ANDY PEMBERTON  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

➤ My brilliant suggestions were vetoed for being "godawful."



*Blender* staff's birthday wish for the editor comes true.



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SO ARROWS MEET

# You've Got Mail!

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## MIAOW!

Hey, Lovecats: The lyric on the last page of your August issue ("Hand in hand is the only way to land") is from "The Lovecats," by the Cure. Now, how could we miss something as dumb as this?

ROY DRAPER, MANASSAS, VIRGINIA

Well spotted, Roy.

## BRIAN MAY, GO AWAY!

I was interested to read that upon first hearing Queen, Thom Yorke ["Funny in the 'Head," September] told his music teacher that he wanted to be Brian May. Amazingly, I had a similar experience. Unfortunately for me, there our paths diverge. While Thom became an internationally famous pop star, I am now an internationally unknown dental assistant.

JESSE BERNSTEIN, CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

That's nothing. *Blender* went to school with Elvis Presley, and look what happened to him. He died, that's what!

## BYE-BYE, BARRY

Aha! At last I was able to fathom the spine lyric from your September issue. "I'm never ever gonna quit/'Cause quittin' just ain't my schtick" is from "I'm Never Gonna Give You Up" by the late, great Barry White.

MARCUS HILLENBRAND,  
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Exactly.



## OZZY VS. THE MUPPETS

Ozzy Osbourne recently told *Blender* he wouldn't ever appear on *The Muppet Show* [2003 Summer Preview, June/July]. Well, don't tell him, but he

has already done *The Muppet Show* — he sang Steppenwolf's "Born to Be Wild," with Miss Piggy ruining the song by talking throughout: "Oh, Ozzy, you're so wonderful." Poor Ozzy.

KYLE DYER, MISSISSAUGA, ONTARIO

Actually, he was never on *The Muppet Show*. The performance you're thinking of appeared on the 1995 album *Kermit Unpigged*, available in all good record stores.

## HOT! HOT! HOT!

I was flipping through *Blender's* August issue when I noticed the pictures of Marilyn Manson's girlfriend, Dita Von Teese [The *Blender* 100]. I have an issue of *Playboy* featuring Von Teese, but somehow you guys were able to make her look even hotter than *Playboy* did. Keep up the good work.

ANDREW DANIEL, CUPERTINO, CALIFORNIA

## . . . AND HOTTER STILL!

Thank you for frequently featuring the Neptunes' Pharrell Williams. He is one of the hottest guys ever, and I don't know anyone with tits who doesn't think he's ridiculous.

MARIA SHARPE, SEATTLE

## IGNORANT REDNECK!

Toby Keith, you are an ignorant redneck [Who Does Toby Keith Think He Is?, August]! "I'm in a very patriotic mood



Dita Von Teese: What's the appeal?

right now. . . I don't think we should back off in our attempt to curb the terrorists." You illiterate moron. Read about the facts of this war, and you might find out that the only terrorist within plain sight is the administration of the good old U.S. of A., chasing weapons of mass destruction that never existed and links with Al Qaeda that never were! The terrorists in question were allies of the U.S. not too long ago, so the concept of "terrorists" is a fallacy, considering that nothing has changed except for the way it is sold on CNN to ignorant dimwits like you. You really are as dumb as you look.

"SPEK," KIRKLAND, QUEBEC

## UNNECESSARILY CATTY!

The only interesting thing about Gina Gershon [My Music, September] — aside from the fact that she often gets

James Dimmock (Yorke), Isabel Snyder (Von Teese)

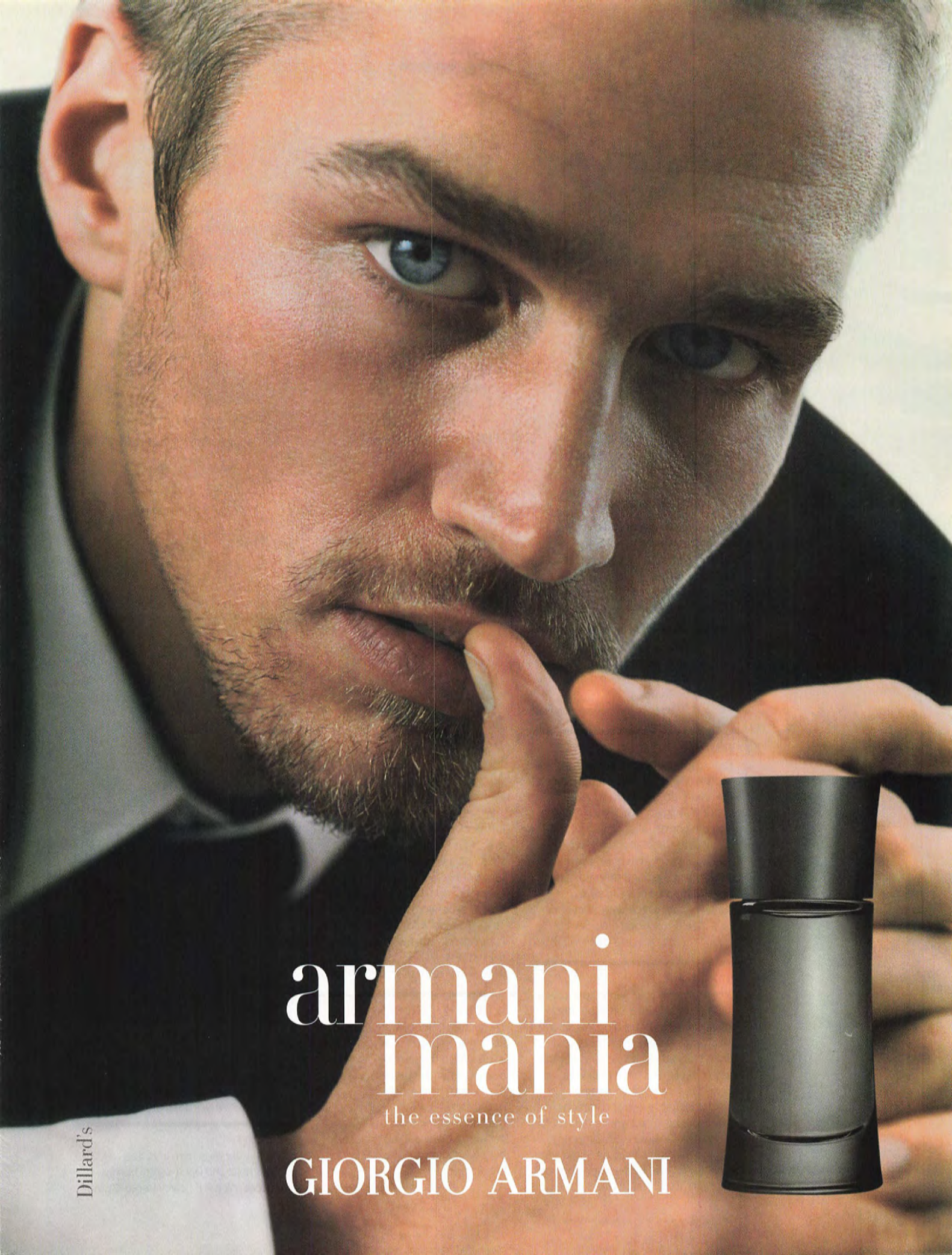
★ Congratulations to the winner of *Blender's* August Crossword contest, who walks away with a kickin' Apple 15GB iPod: Lauren Shimp of Raleigh, North Carolina. Aw, yeah!

WIN ME!

## LISTEN UP! >>

CALLING ALL *BLENDER* readers: We want to hear from you! Write us a letter. Tell us your deepest thoughts and secret desires. . . Er, well, maybe just your thoughts, then. If we print your letter in our next issue, we'll send you the amazing SlimX 400. iRiver's premier MP3-CD player features playlist management, built-in FM tuner, skip-free music playback, up to 23 hours of play time and MP3, WMA and ASF format support. Wow!

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Gina Gershon: What the hell are those big square things she's holding?

down with hot chicks in her movies — is that she refused to tell your writer how old she is. She should be less concerned about her age and more with how boring her taste in music is!

JESSICA PLIMPTON, DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

## IF POP STARS WERE DOGS...

## A BIT RUDE!

Gina Gershon looks as though she just got poked in the butt. Could this possibly be true?

BARRY ERULKAR, SAN DIEGO

## THE HORRORS OF ADDICTION

Thanks for the insightful article on Scott Weiland and his new band, Velvet Revolver ["Scott Weiland's Last Chance," August]. I've been struggling with the horrors of addiction for the past decade, and amazingly, Weiland and I always seem to get clean or fall off the wagon around the same time. With luck, both of us can save ourselves and watch Velvet Revolver save rock & roll. Good luck, Scott!

NICHOLAS POLAND, TROY, OHIO

## HANG YOURSELF

When I saw on your September cover mention of a Jessica Simpson article inside the issue ["The Girl Next Door"], I nearly puked. I was even more upset when I looked inside and saw that she wasn't naked. But once I read the piece, I realized that you weren't pandering to the lowest common denominator. In fact, you're brilliant for pointing out Simpson's utter insanity! Some gems: Her how-to wedding book is for the "lower classes too"; her

>> THE iRIVER SLIMX 550 is much bigger in real life, so it's worth going out and hunting down your favorite music celebrity for a photo op! All you need to do is get a snapshot of you with your celeb, then send it to us. If we print it, you'll win an MP3-CD player that holds hours of music. And you get to stand next to someone famous! It's a win-win situation! Please send your photographs (please don't forget to include your name, address and telephone number) to Superfan!, *Blender*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 22nd floor, New York, New York 10018. Rock!



husband, Nick Lachey, "completes me"; "I just wanna be classy"; and she's not selling out her life on her reality show — she's just "very generous" and wants her fans "to be able to experience my life with me"! Thanks, *Blender*, for letting Simpson hang herself with the noose of her own words!

STEPHEN McCULLEN, BENTONVILLE, ARKANSAS

## IS MOBY NOT ENOUGH? NO!

The picture of Moby with a sock on his unit is on page 94 of your August issue. Which brings me to another point: I've noticed that every few pages, you run a picture of a nearly naked chick. But where's the love for the hottie-ogling females? Sure, we get to see Moby and his tube sock, but how about some equal skin for the ladies?

JEN HEGGEN, FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA



Manowar: Dignity, always dignity.

What about Manowar greased up and wearing leather thongs in the September issue? And what about Pharrell Williams? What's the matter with you?

## PERVY!

I run a sex shop here in British Columbia, and I've recently had five people ask me if I carry Pepto-Bismol!

>> DOES YOUR DOG resemble a fabulous pop star? If the answer's yes, send a photo with your name, address and who your dog is supposed to be to *Blender* at the address below. If we print yours, you'll win a Pioneer Universal DVD player that plays DVDs and MP3s. Yes!

Send your photos to *If Pop Stars Were Dogs*, *Blender*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 22nd floor, New York, New York 10018. Or: your2cents@blender.com

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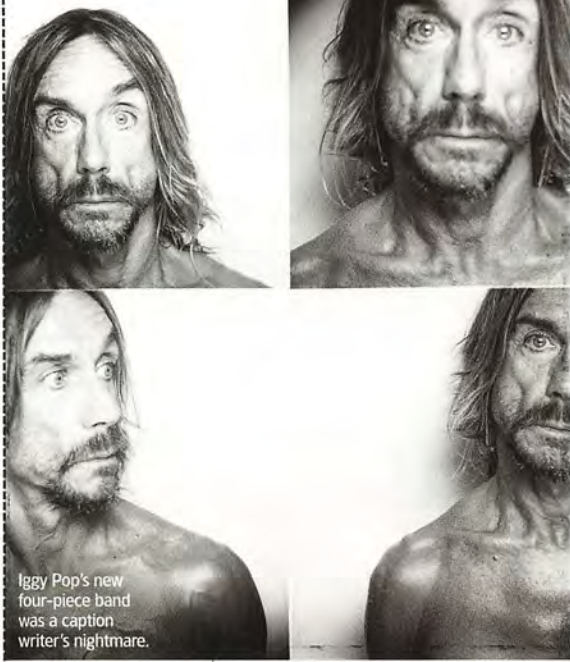
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GARNIER



Iggy Pop's new four-piece band was a caption writer's nightmare.

**LETTERS >>**

**I AM TORTURE-RESISTANT**

So the U.S. military plays Metallica and Barney the dinosaur to break the will of Iraqi POW's ["Ouch!", August]? As a mother of three who loves Metallica, I've listened to both "Enter Sandman" and Barney's "I Love You" more than 10,000 times each. It hasn't broken me yet! But it's nice to know these songs are being put to such good use.

*RACHELLE HERNANDEZ, INGLESIDE, TEXAS*  
If by "good use" you mean "tormenting POW's," then yes, they are.

**GRAMMAR OF THE GODS!**

Who would have thought that Iggy Pop, the godfather of punk [Dear Superstar, September], would decide to settle down in Miami? That's like Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen deciding to go to Boca Raton in the wintertime to spend more time golfing. What an articulate interviewee Mr. Pop is! It's certainly good to know all those drugs he did during his Stooges heyday haven't done too much damage. Like they did me.

*BENSON LISH, NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE*

Realizing that they weren't prank calls, I traced it back to *Blender's* June/July issue, in which the Flaming Lips poured Pepto over strippers. I guess my customers read that, tried using Pepto as a lube and liked it! I'm not sure I'll stock the stuff, as I'm certain that 70-year-old "sexpert" Sue Johanson would caution against it. Thanks for the entertainment!

*DANICA GEE, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA*



Don't use this for sex.



Beyoncé Knowles poses with her favorite music mag.

**BEYONCÉ FLAMBÉ**

Your August cover photo of Beyoncé Knowles was the hottest picture I have ever seen of her. I was, in fact, quite beside myself when I came across it. I just wanted to say thank you, *Blender*, for making an old man very happy.

*HAROLD WINTERS, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK*

**GOOD NAME FOR A BAND! >>**

**I GOT BLISTERS FROM THE HILTON SISTERS**

*GINA HOESLY, PORTLAND, OREGON*



Do you have a good name for a band? Send it to *Blender*! We'll pick the best one we get, and — if it's yours — you'll win a slick iRiver iFP-390T flash player just like this one!

Please send your entry to *Band Names*, *Blender*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 22nd floor, New York, New York 10018.

Or:  
bandnames@blender.com.  
Good luck!



Frank Oceanfile 3 (Pop), Aphorise Reymonde (Guitar), 2), James Devarney/WireImage.com (Knowles)

# Tired of being treated like a criminal for sharing music online?



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Over 60 million other music fans use peer-to-peer programs like Kazaa and Morpheus to share their favorite tunes. Yet the record labels are bullying ISPs and hunting down college kids in an effort to shut down file sharing.

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Hideous new creatures



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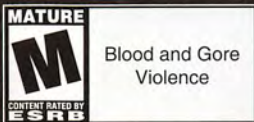


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Andrew Macpherson/Corbis Outline



3:00 AM... CONCERT...



ARE YOU TIRED OF FALLING ASLEEP JUST WHEN THINGS ARE GETTING GOOD? WAKING UP IN THE MORNING AND SEEING THE FUN TIME OTHERS HAD WRITTEN ALL OVER YOUR ~~WAKE~~ FACE? JUST WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST, **SOBE ADRENALINE RUSH** IS LETTING YOU DOWN COVERED WITH OUR UNIQUE BLEND OF FLAVORS AND ENGINEERED ~~INGREDIENTS~~ YOU'LL NEVER WAKE UP TO A MASK OF SHAME AGAINx



WOULDN'T IT BE COOL IF THIS GUY'S HAT ACTUALLY HAD SOBE ON IT?

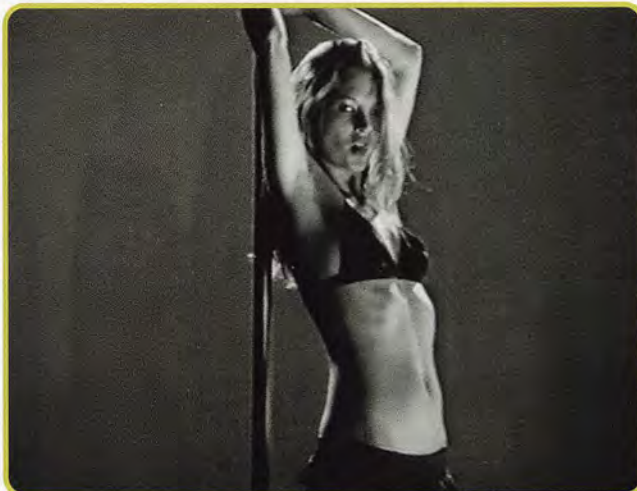


DON'T BOTHER READING THE ~~STUFF~~ STUFF

# BURNER

ALL THE MUSIC. ALL THE NEWS. ALL THE TIME

★ RYAN ADAMS VS. BRITNEY ★ BEYONCÉ'S SECRET TATTOO ★ JACKO! ➤➤



## Stripped!

Sexy supermodel Kate Moss dances on a pole in her underwear for a new White Stripes video. Arty!



Jack White, pre-car crash

★ **THE WHITE STRIPES** have enlisted **Kate Moss** to appear in the video of their new single, a bluesy rendition of the Burt Bacharach classic "I Just Don't Know What to Do With Myself." The single is a Britain-only release, and the clip will not be shown on MTV in America.

Directed by **Sofia Coppola** (*The Virgin Suicides*, *Lost in Translation*), the moody black-and-white pop promo features the British supermodel pole dancing in a dank nightclub.

The connection between the video narrative and the song's lyrical themes remains unclear.

"It was entirely Sofia's idea," said a representative for the band. "Jack [White] was really keen to work with her, and was receptive to her concept. Kate appeared because she's a friend of Sofia's and a really big fan of the band."

Moss has been a devotee of the White Stripes since their 2001 album, *White Blood Cells*, when the Detroit act found itself unexpectedly hailed as



the U.K.'s favorite new rock group. She has attended several London club shows.

The White Stripes will be touring America in November, making up dates they were forced to cancel after White shattered his left index finger in a July car accident. He recently underwent hand surgery during which doctors implanted three permanent metal screws to hold the bones together.

The band also plans to record a new album, its fifth, by the end of the year. *NICK DUERDEN*





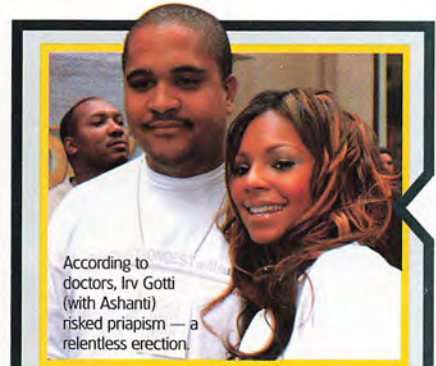
## News Roundup!

limpbizkit frontman **FRED DURST** has spoken of his distress after splitting with **BRITNEY SPEARS**, and claims that **JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE** contributed to the relationship's demise. "Things were getting out of control, and Justin was calling her and freaking out," he said. "Was my heart broken? Yes."

**IRON MAIDEN** drummer Nicko McBrain, 51, was arrested for allegedly running into a parking-lot attendant with his car. Police charged him with third-degree assault and second-degree reckless endangerment after he made good on his threat to knock over valet Mark Robinson, who was blocking the way into the parking lot.

**PAUL McCARTNEY** has written an open letter to KFC accusing it of abusing 750 million chickens a year. On behalf of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, he called on KFC to improve its rearing practices. The fast-food chain announced that the former Beatle should "let it be."

> "Kate is a really big fan of the band."



According to doctors, Irv Gotti (with Ashanti) risked priapism — a relentless erection.

## SEXTASY!

Irv Gotti brings Ecstasy and Viagra to R. Kelly show, goes to jail



### >>> BELEAGUERED MURDER

Inc. chief Irv Gotti was caught backstage at an R. Kelly show with an Ecstasy tablet and a few Viagra pills. His arrest comes as he fights allegations that his company has laundered drug money.

According to local officials, Gotti — real name Irving Lorenzo — was stopped by security at the Network Associates Coliseum in Oakland, California, on August 15. Released on bail, he faces a possible sentence in a drug program.

In a recent interview with the *Los Angeles Times*, Gotti denied laundering money for notorious New York drug dealer Kenneth "Supreme" McGriff, saying he merely helped him finance a film. *NOEL BODDIE*



Bassist Mike Gordon (left) and Phish

## SUSPECT?

What was Phish's bassist doing with a 9-year-old girl in a shed?

>>> **PHISH BASSIST** Mike Gordon, 38, was arrested and charged with endangering the welfare of a child after he was caught with a 9-year-old girl in a boathouse near Jones Beach Theater in Wantagh, New York, in August.

"The defendant stated he wanted to take 'art photos,'" a police officer wrote in the incident report. The girl's father, a leader of the local Hell's Angels, and his "associates" detained Gordon until police arrived.

Though Gordon and the girl's family issued a joint statement that it was all an "unfortunate misunderstanding" and that Gordon "is making amends," police were continuing their investigation at press time. *NOEL BODDIE*

### WORD!



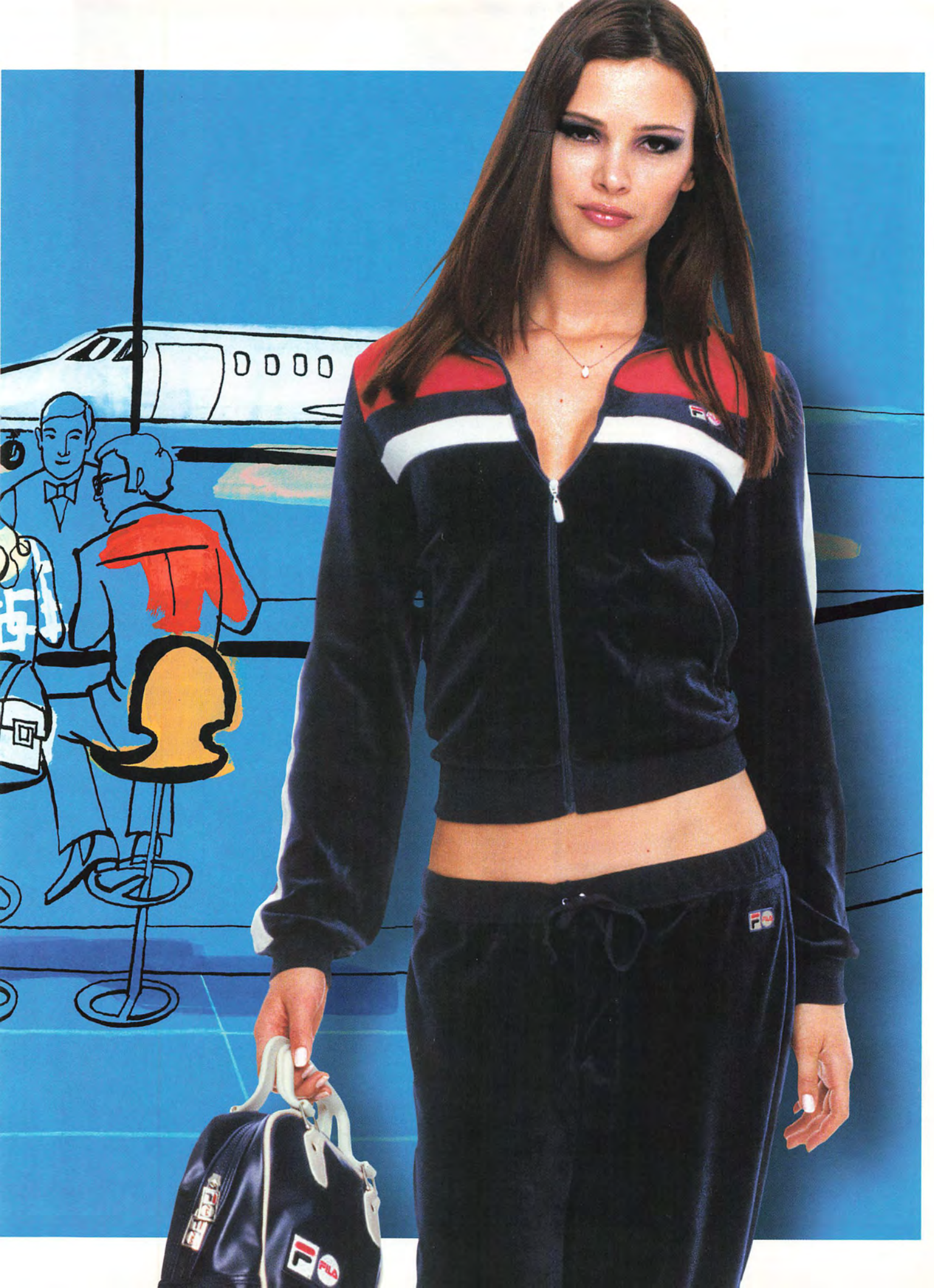
"I think I could learn to be gay."

**MOBY, MAKING THE BEST OF THE CURRENT DIP IN HIS LOVE LIFE**



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Love in the afternoon

**LOOKING LIKE A TRANSVESTITE IS THE NEW GETTING A GAY MAKEOVER**

**AND OTHER LATE-BREAKING DEVELOPMENTS**

	Steve-O arrested for taking a pee	is the new	Steve-O arrested for swallowing a condom containing E
	Chris Martin, windshield-breaking bad boy	is the new	Chris Martin, piano-playing choirboy
	Madonna sporting Gap clothes	is the new	Madonna sporting gap teeth
	Minimizing J.Lo's butt on posters	is the new	Minimizing J.Lo's vocals in concert
	Toronto attracting tourism despite threat of SARS	is the new	Bangkok attracting tourism despite threat of STDs
	Queen Latifah, smaller on top	is the new	Xtina, bigger on bottom 
	P. Diddy trying to manage the Knicks	is the new	Shaq trying to manage a music career
	Busting unsuspecting kids for downloading rock music	is the new	Busting unsuspecting rock stars for downloading kiddie porn
	Arnie	is the new	Gipper
	Cam ♥ Justin	is the new	Renee ♥ Jack

**News Roundup!**

Rob Halford has rejoined British heavy-metal band **JUDAS PRIEST** after a 12-year separation. In that time, he has recorded industrial-metal albums and openly declared his homosexuality.

**BEYONCÉ KNOWLES** has scotched suggestions that her sister **SOLANGE** will join **DESTINY'S CHILD** when the group reconvenes next year. "She's busy working on her own stuff," Knowles says.

**PINK** has sent a handwritten fax to fashion magazine *Vogue* demanding that it cease featuring fur in its pages. The singer told fur-loving editor Anna Wintour: "Won't you use your unique position to help fashion evolve rather than rot?"

**WORD!**



**"I really like to have a good shower, put on a peacock dress, sit outside and hear someone play the harp."**

**BJÖRK**



Michael Jackson models his curtains-and-pajamas ensemble. *Ichiban!*

**Incog-weirdo!**

Wacko Jacko to launch Japanese clothing line? *Chamone!*

➤➤ **MICHAEL JACKSON**, 45, who recently made a public appearance wearing window curtains on his head and pajama pants decorated with red tarantulas, is branching out into designer clothing.

The King of Pop's exotic sartorial style will inspire a line launching in spring 2004, only in Japan.

"Jackson, who has a huge following here, fits that rising fashion image. There's a growing trend among young

Japanese men for dark suits," says a spokesman for Wakita, the clothier behind the star's as yet unnamed apparel line.

The collection will offer a slightly less "wild" version of Jackson's everyday attire and stagewear. Each

piece will carry an authentic MJ logo and photos evocative of the pop singer.

With Jackson were his toddlers, Prince Michael I and Paris,

who went without their usual face-covering masks. *CHUCK MINDENHALL*

**The collection offers a "wild" version of his everyday attire.**

**DOGG IN DO-DO!**

*Girls Gone Wild* stars: "Snoop Dogg gave us Ecstasy!"

➤➤ **THE BAY COUNTY**, Florida, sheriff's department has filed accusations that two women in Snoop Dogg's *Girls Gone Wild* video were "enticed" to disrobe with marijuana and Ecstasy.

Jaime Capdeboscq, then 17, and Whitney Candiotta, 18, are pursuing a federal suit against Dogg and *Girls Gone Wild* creator Joe Francis, claiming they are pictured on the video cover without their permission. They also deny taking the drugs.

Dogg's lawyers have filed rebuttals arguing the women "voluntarily" flashed and "consumed alcohol and other intoxicants," and that they knew they were on a commercial film set. *PHIL SUTCLIFFE*



Snoop Dogg orders three more lawyers.



Marix Photos (Love); Arnold Turner/WireImage.com (Steve-O); Gregg DeQuire/WireImage.com (Queen Latifah); Snoop Dogg; P. Diddy; Splash News (Zellweger and White); Ray Fickshaw/WireImage.com (Jackson head); Bauer-Griffin.com (Jackson); Mr. Shuggies (still-life); Gary French (illustration); Theo Wang/WireImage.com (Schwarzenegger); James Deane/WireImage.com (Diaz and Timberlake); Splash News (Zellweger and White); Ray Fickshaw/WireImage.com (Jackson head); Bauer-Griffin.com (Jackson); Mr. Shuggies (still-life); Gary French (illustration)

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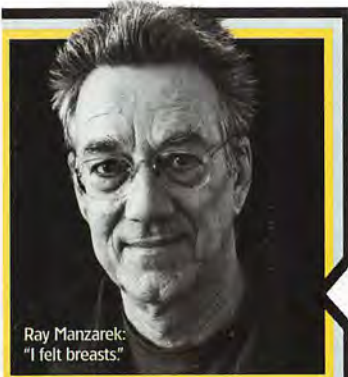
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Ray Manzarek: "I felt breasts."

**Do You Rock? \***

**Ray Manzarek**

Does the ex-Doors keyboardist and legendary acid lover . . . rock?

**Have a gambling fixation?**  
No, but I've had a *candling* fixation. Hot wax dripping on a woman's breasts or my abdomen . . . that's a fixation!

**Ever trashed a hotel room?**  
Absolutely. If you're in rock & roll, you've got to. Once, at a Long Island Holiday Inn, I snorted cocaine off the ass of an 11-year-old Arab boy. All I could do was kick over the furniture.

**Most expensive item of clothing?**  
A \$15,000 flared mod-style suit from Roland Meladandri.



Ray with old pal Jim

**Most people you've woken up next to in bed?**  
Thirteen: two Arab boys, five Japanese girls, Jim Morrison, two café-au-lait girls from Harlem and three California blondes, after a Madison Square Garden gig.

**Biggest celeb in your cellphone?**  
Mel Gibson, though we've never spoken. We share a common existentialism and apocalyptic thought.

**Partied at the Playboy Mansion?**  
Chicago, 1970. We ate, drank and felt breasts. Breasts weren't as hard as they are now.

**Best high?**  
LSD. I've done it only 20 times. You need to do it until the doors of perception open. Once they do, you see things as they are — infinite! Lay off cocaine and heroin, and go psychedelic. *ROB KEMP*



Naked bunnies cavort here.

**VERDICT!**

**HE SEEMS A BIT CREEPY, BUT . . . RAY ROCKS!**

→ RAY MANZAREK IS CURRENTLY ON TOUR WITH THE DOORS OF THE 21st CENTURY.

**News Roundup!**

**American Idol** judge **SIMON COWELL** says that rumors that he is gay arise only because he is so comfortable around women. "I love women," he claims.

Horror author **STEPHEN KING** has launched a stinging attack on **CÉLINE DION**, saying that "Who Let the Dogs Out," by the Baha Men, contains more aesthetic value than the Canadian diva's entire output.

The Gap has offered \$4.8 million to former lovebirds **BRITNEY SPEARS** and **JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE** to appear together in a TV commercial. According to friends, Spears believes a lucrative reunion would be "cool."

**GWYNETH PALTROW** and Coldplay's **CHRIS MARTIN** have moved their wedding day forward from next New Year's Eve.

**WORD!**



**"If I could be anyone, I'd be a Craig David fan. It would be amazing to see how it feels to hear my music for the first time."**

CRAIG DAVID

Step three: Insert hand and rub furiously.



Step one: Push your crotch into a fan's face.

Step two: Unzip fan's shorts (fan's hands must remain tied to seat).



**"Vulgar!"**

Rapper Trina's lewd display outrages Bible Belt

→ **FLESHY** Miami-based rapper Trina caused an uproar in the rural Bible Belt town of Monroe, Louisiana, on July 12 when she fondled an audience member's genitals.

After inviting Edward Franklin, 23, onstage, Trina had a bodyguard tie his hands behind a chair and then straddled his face for 15 seconds before unzipping his shorts and reaching inside. The incident took place at the Monroe Civic Center in front of nearly 700 people — many of whom were children.

"The show was touted as a 'family event,'" said Chris Walters, the director of the Civic Center. "I went off the word of promoter Reverend Earl Davis, who put together the

show — it was to be a family show." A local paper with religious roots, the *Monroe Free Press*, riled the community further by printing photos of the rapper's theatrics. *Free Press* publisher Roosevelt Wright Jr. forbids secular music on his Baptist Church teen retreats, citing Trina's CDs specifically as strictly verboten.

Monroe City Councilman Ben Katz was "appalled" by Trina's "vulgar" behavior, saying he was "very disturbed" by the photos. At a City Council meeting on July 22, Katz raised the possibility that the rapper had run afoul of six obscenity laws. Trina, however, is not expected to face any legal trouble. She could not be reached for comment. *CHUCK MINDENHALL*

**"The show was touted as a 'family event.'"**

**Weird Band Alert!**

**PISS**

A dreadful Kiss tribute band plays air guitar, air bass and air drums! Silly!

**ARE THERE INSTRUMENTS INVOLVED?**  
Well, sort of. The four-piece from the English coastal resort of Brighton is Gene Simple (Dan Dobbs) on vocals and air bass; Port Stanley (Rik Spangle) on air guitar; Creature Piss (Darren Kis) on air drums; and Club Cealey (Simon Dobbshhead) on something called "cock-guitar." Their shows feature fireworks, food fights and cardboard-cutout masks of Kiss.

**WAIT A MINUTE: COCK-GUITAR?**  
"I play a slippery two-foot latex cock," Cealey explains, describing Piss's innovative approach.



What the hell is going on here?

"It ejaculates liquid when I hit the high notes on frenzied guitar solos. That really is a lot of inspiration for me."

**SO IT'S NOT EXACTLY A FAMILY SHOW.**  
Not really. "And it has been known," Cealey adds ominously, "for some of us to turn up for shows in our underwear." *STEVE LOWE*

Christopher Felver/Corbis (Manzarek); Henry Ditz/Corbis (Morrison and Manzarek); Brian Lowe/Zuma Press/Newscom (Playboy Mansion); Kia Wright (Trina live); Emily Stur/Veagas (Trina); courtesy of Piss; Gary French (illustration)



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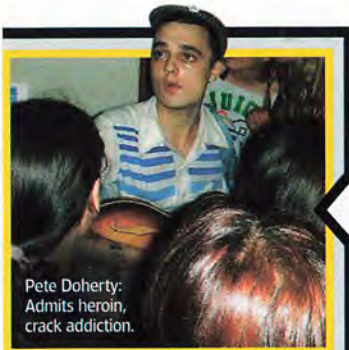
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WITH SPECIAL GUEST

# HATEBREED

FALL 2003





Pete Doherty: Admits heroin, crack addiction.

## ARRESTED!

**Former Libertines singer, out on bail for burglary, forms new band**

➤➤ **TROUBLED EX-LIBERTINES** singer Pete Doherty, an admitted heroin and crack addict, pleaded guilty to breaking into ex-bandmate Carl Barat's London home and stealing musical equipment.

In a surprise move, while free on bail, Doherty said he has formed a new group with a familiar name. "I've got a new band together — and we're still called the Libertines," Doherty said.

Referring to Barat, Doherty clarified: "If he's playing in a band called the Libertines, then I'm going to play in the Libertines without him."

In July, the drug-addled singer-guitarist for the rising London punk hopefuls was ejected from the band for erratic behavior. *STEVE LOWE*



Not having a "whale" of a time...

## FISHY!

**Fans of Black Rebel Motorcycle Club knife beached whale**

➤➤ **OVERZEALOUS FANS** of the dirge-like rock band Black Rebel Motorcycle Club recently displayed their devotion to the group by taking a knife to a beached whale.

Vandals carved BRMC into a dead Baird's Beaked whale that washed ashore in San Francisco. The rare, endangered whale, 40 feet long, weighed about 20,000 pounds. *VICTORIA DESILVERIO*



## News Roundup!

**P. DIDDY** is aggressively pursuing a stake in the New York Knicks after accusing the team's current owners of mismanagement. So far, his efforts been rebuffed. "They're not taking my calls," he says.

**BILL CLINTON**'s new cookbook, *The Clinton Presidential Center Cookbook: A Collection of Recipes for Family and Friends*, includes one of **ELVIS PRESLEY**'s favorite delicacies: the grilled peanut butter-and-banana sandwich.

**MARION "SUGE" KNIGHT** has returned to jail after a court found that the former rap mogul broke his parole in an incident involving an assault on a Hollywood nightclub valet.

Father of three **MICHAEL JACKSON** spent a reported \$10,000 while visiting a Waldenbooks bookstore in Miami last month.

## WORD!

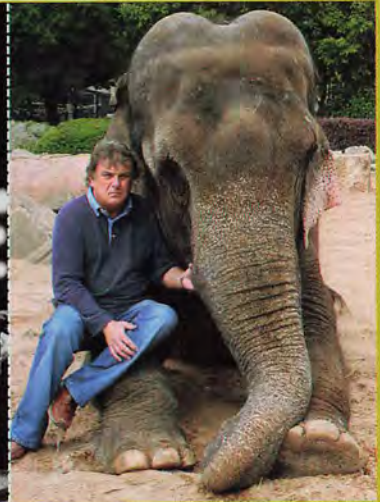


**"Is nothing sacred?"**

**BRITNEY SPEARS, ON JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE'S INCESSANT PUBLIC DISCUSSION OF THEIR SEX LIFE AFTER THEY BROKE UP**

## ☆ Where Are They Now? ☆

# Life After Rock



## Tony Williams of Jethro Tull

**THEN!**  
Bassist  
1978-1979

**NOW!**  
Elephant conservationist,  
Blackpool, England

➤➤ "BEING IN JETHRO TULL was a hoot. What other career lets you fly around the world, meet good-looking women and talented musicians, stay in the best hotels and be driven around in limos — all while getting paid big bucks?"

"People presume, because of Jethro Tull's fairly unorthodox image, we all must have been on horse tranquilizers. Nothing was further from the truth. Instead of sex, drugs and rock & roll, it was more hot tea, English card games and Japanese restaurants!

"After leaving Tull, I met the manager of the Blackpool Zoo in England, and he persuaded me to handle the zoo's marketing and public relations. Soon after I accepted the job, I started to help out the two Asian elephants' keepers in my spare time.

"I was hooked the moment I got close to an elephant. They can be gentle and, strangely, quite affectionate. However, there is always the

danger something weighing four tons can cause, sometimes in innocence, without malice.

"Over the past six years, I've become an active member of the Asian Elephant Foundation of Thailand and the Elephant Management Group of India, helping to raise funds for the conservation of Asian elephants.

"Last year, I was part of a team that traveled to India to introduce a microchip project for captive elephants to prevent the illegal trade and smuggling of working elephants from the southern borders of China.

"I love my new career! Do you want to trade places? Of course you do." *AS TOLD TO JON REGARDIE*

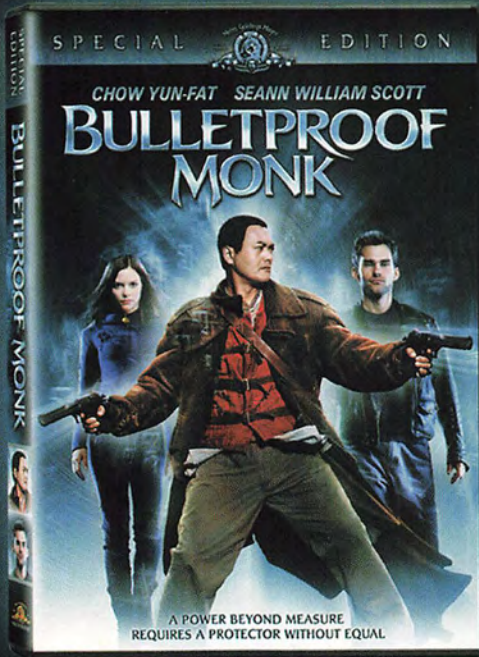


"I can see forever in your eyes."

**"I was hooked the moment I got close to an elephant."**



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# Useful Tips From the Stars!

HOWTO...

## GET FAT

When **Andrew W.K.** decided to “take up a little more space in the world,” he was 170 pounds. Now, the six-foot-three singer weighs 203 — just 12 pounds from his goal. Here, he shows how to get the most out of gluttony!

BY VICTORIA DeSILVERIO  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEGO



### 1 EAT WHILE YOU EAT!

“We have two hands for a reason. If you’re eating a burger, take it in one hand and scoop up chips or coleslaw with the other. While you’re taking a bite of the burger, get ready to eat out of the other hand. Also, never walk away from the table empty-handed! Have fists full of food: cookies, protein bars, milkshakes!”

### 2 ONLY EAT!

“While you’re eating, you may be compelled to take a sip of a beverage or to have conversation. These are time wasters! Drinks should be turned into food. Milk is perfect — it has lots of fat, and it freezes nicely. Once it’s frozen, crumble it over your food. Also, don’t risk losing interest by eating something ‘healthy’ — ever!”

### 3 DO SUPER SQUATS!

“I am not here to intimidate. I am not a musclehead. I am simply concerned with having that scale say a higher number than before. Don’t let people stop you from doing super squats — this exercise will build mass. That way, when you throw yourself against a wall, you can feel that wall give in as it should!”

### 4 TIMING IS EVERYTHING!

“Eat right before you go to bed. Consume as many late-night carbs as you can. Ideally, you should want to puke before you go to bed. Mix up a milkshake with dehydrated milk, protein powder, chicken, whatever! Get the job done. As you lie down for sleep, you should feel the milkshake building up to the back of the throat.”

ANDREW W.K.’S NEW ALBUM, *THE WOLF (ISLAND)*, IS OUT NOW.

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IN STORES  
THIS FALL!

**THE ALL-AMERICAN  
REJECTS**



**OZOMATLI**

**DIFFUSER**

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  - 4 Boston, MA
  - 6 Philadelphia, PA
  - 7 New York, NY
  - 8 Washington, DC
  - 10 Detroit, MI
  - 11 Indianapolis, IN
  - 12 Chicago, IL
  - 13 St. Louis, MO
  - 16 Orlando, FL
  - 17 Atlanta, GA
  - 18 Nashville, TN
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Fred Durst: "All right, who stole my mustache?"

## TANTRUM!

**Fred Durst quits the stage after being hit in the crotch by a lemon**

» LIMPBIKIT WERE PELTED with plastic bottles and a lemon at a show in Chicago recently, resulting in frontman Fred Durst challenging the entire 40,000-strong crowd to a fight.

The band, in Chicago with the Summer Sanitarium tour, was booed by concertgoers and faced banners that read FRED SUCKS. Durst's response was to call the fans "fucking pussies" before disparaging the city's baseball teams and a local radio station.

After a flying lemon hit Durst in the crotch, the band managed to play for only 20 more minutes. In a hail of projectiles, security guards shunted them offstage. One guard pried Durst's microphone out of his hands as he ranted at the crowd.

Durst has had some difficult times of late. In the wake of guitarist Wes Borland's departure, the singer held a heavily advertised nationwide search for an unknown replacement before hiring his close friend Mike Smith instead. He then scrapped an entire

album's worth of material — but now claims a new record is complete and due out this fall.

Despite his recent troubles, Durst remains bullish: "We're the greatest band in the world," he said. *NICK DUERDEN*



Lemon not to scale

## News Roundup!

The rapper behind the ass-obsessed 1992 hit "Baby Got Back" is returning: **SIR MIX-A-LOT's** comeback single, "Big Johnson," explores the controversial issue of penis size. "I had a lot of ladies saying, 'You have these songs about titties and asses, but what about us?'" he says.

The tour van of New Jersey rock band **THURSDAY** was recently struck by lightning while the group was driving to Hellfest in upstate New York. The following day in Ohio, Thursday dodged tornadoes on the road. No one was hurt, but according to singer Geoff Rickly, "It was like someone was trying to kill us."

**DIDO** says she gets most nervous when meeting players from her favorite English soccer team, Arsenal. "If I ever meet one of our players, I'm pathetic. I start blushing and stammering," she admits.

## WORD!



**"It's just me and my cousin, my assistant and the driver."**

**J.LO CLEARS UP ENTOURAGE MYTHS**



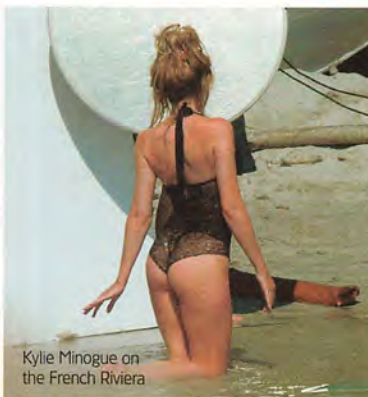
**STARS ON VACATION!**

It's a faerie! The blurry tattoo Beyoncé prefers to hide



## Sea Bunnies!

**Three pop superstars frolic — in next to nothing!**



Kylie Minogue on the French Riviera



Mariah Carey relaxes on vacation in Italy.

» **BLENDER HAS** discovered the sexy tattoo Beyoncé Knowles doesn't want you to see!

While on vacation in Montego Bay, Jamaica, Knowles wore a bikini that revealed her never-before-seen faerie high up on her left thigh. The blurry tattoo, which she says "embarrasses" her, is usually covered or airbrushed away in photographs.

Knowles, whose solo debut, *Dangerously in Love*, sold more than 300,000 copies its first week, was with Destiny Child bandmates Kelly Rowland and Michelle Williams.

Taking time off from her *Charmbracelet* tour, Mariah Carey filled out a two-piece in Capri, Italy. Carey has been taking boxing lessons for her next big-screen project, *The Sweet Science*, in which she gets in the ring opposite real-life boxing champion Laila Ali.

Kylie Minogue, whose rumored Ludacris collaboration has been spiked, frolicked in her lingerie for a photo shoot on the French Riviera. Her barely covered bum measures 11.75 inches across and 10.2 inches from top to bottom. *NOEL BODDIE*

L1 (Durst, 2); Davies + Starr/ImageBank/Getty Images (lemon); Mavrix Photos (Knowles on beach); Judson Baker (Knowles with headphones); Reflex News (Minogue); Globe Photos Inc. (Carey)

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**TOM WAITS ALICE**

"A beautifully produced album with great lyrics. I think he wrote it for a play. I draw a lot while listening to *Alice*. It inspires me in an osmosis kind of way."



**LORNE GREENE THE MAN**

"Lorne Greene is the man. He was the captain of one of the *Battlestar Galatica* ships, he's got a great voice and he's a cool cat. You don't want to mess with him!"



**BOB AND DOUG MCKENZIE GREAT WHITE NORTH ALBUM**

"The soundtrack to the film *Strange Brew*, and the heart of Canadian culture and my sensibility. 'Take off' means 'fuck off!' in 1981."



**MONTY PYTHON DRURY LANE: LIVE AT THE THEATRE ROYAL**

"When I was growing up, this record broke down a lot of things in terms of what was considered acceptable on a recorded album."

→ KID KOALA'S NEW ALBUM, *SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE DJ'S* (MINIJA TUNE), IS OUT NOW.

News Roundup!

God-fearing singer **MARY J. BLIGE** is insisting on no sex before marriage with her fiancé, Kendu Isaacs. "Before you get married, you can't really have sex," she says. "Once you start sleeping together, something happens. There's a kind of disrespect that comes."

Mötley Crüe singer **VINCE NEIL**, 42, has been charged with battery after allegedly grabbing a prostitute by the throat and throwing her against the wall at the Moonlite Bunny Ranch brothel in Carson City, Nevada. Neil visited the establishment after appearing on a bill with Poison and Skid Row.

The Chicago Police Department was forced to apologize after a televised appeal claimed that a sex-assault suspect "resembles the popular rap artist **ICE CUBE**." A police spokesman claimed no ill intent.

WORD!



"He made an ass of himself and looks like a scumbag."

**CHRISTINA AGUILERA**, ON FRED DURST'S ASSERTION THAT BRITNEY SPEARS WAS "FORWARD IN BED"



An unhinged Ryan Adams attacks Britney Spears (inset).

Slammed!

Ryan Adams says Britney Spears "reeks"

» IN A SERIES of increasingly deranged Internet postings, Ryan Adams has tried to ignite a rock-star feud with Britney Spears.

On a fan Web site, Adams described his reaction to meeting the pop princess at a Los Angeles nightclub. "What a fucking gross chunky cheerleader she was," he wrote. "She had stubby body builder legs and she just reaked [sic]. Fucking bad sunglasses in a bad LA party."

Once they discovered the online outburst, Spears's fans responded angrily to Adams's posts and accused him of being a "stupid

trailer [sic] trash wannabe star," a "fucking loser" and a "FUCKING UGLY MAMMA'S BOY."

Spears declined to comment. In other postings, Adams called London garage-punk band the Libertines "fake" and attacked the so-called "new rock revolution" championed by British rock weekly *New Musical Express*.

Even so, Adams's new album, *Rock and Roll Reverse*, ditches nü-country for a pronounced garage-rock influence. One track, "This Is It," is reportedly a love song for his new main squeeze, actress Parker Posey. STEVE LOWE

"What a gross, chunky cheerleader Britney was!" ☆

Pop Star Must-Have PELVIC BONES!

What better way to remind your fans you're female than to show off your wax job?



Paris Hilton

Ryan Starr

Pink

Taryn Manning

Tim Sizer (Kid Koala, 6); Sean Murphy/Camera Press/Betina Ltd. (Adams); James Dejaney/WireImage.com (Spears); Jean-Paul Aussenard/WireImage.com (Electra); Jeff Vespa/WireImage.com (Hilton); Arun Nevader/WireImage.com (Starr); Kevin Mazur/WireImage.com (Pink); Steve Grayson/WireImage.com (Manning)



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**HELP WANTED**  
**PERSONAL ASSISTANT**



Scott Stapp impersonator Bruce Rumery

**UNLIKELY!**

**Man successfully uses the band Creed for sex! What?**

» AN ILLINOIS MAN posed as a rock star in order to have sex with groupies.

Bruce Rumery, 42, an Elgin, Illinois, resident, placed a spurious ad in local newspapers seeking "a personal assistant" for Creed's frontman, Scott Stapp. One of the female applicants told police that after she discussed the job with Rumery, he grabbed her, gagged her with a pillow-case and sexually assaulted her.

Rumery, who was arrested in 1996 for possession of explosives, maintains the sex was consensual.

Witnesses testified the unnamed woman had called a friend after the interview, saying it "went really well." Additional discrepancies led

Judge Donald Hudson to decide Rumery's behavior was "immoral" and "completely reprehensible"

— but not criminal. He has been cleared of all rape charges.

Creed are currently facing a \$2 million class-action lawsuit filed by fans who claimed Stapp was "so intoxicated and/or medicated he was unable to sing the lyrics to a single Creed song" during a Chicago concert. Stapp, who would not comment, is taking the rest of the year off. **JONAH WEINER**



The real Scott Stapp

**News Roundup!**

**ROLLING STONES** fans at a SARS benefit gig in Toronto recently pelted opening artist **JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE** with garbage and held aloft signs claiming he is gay.

Disillusioned former Nirvana bassist **KRIST NOVOSELIC** has decided to leave the music industry. "I can't read the magazines, listen to the radio or watch music television without feeling like I've just come in from outer space," he wrote on his band's Web site. "I quit."

**DEFTONES** lead singer Chino Moreno was forced to pull out of two Summer Sanitarium dates because of a groin strain.

**ICE-T** is launching a signature brand of malt liquor, the beverage criticized by black activists for boosting alcoholism in urban communities. The new product is called **Royal Ice**.



Vanessa Carlton: "Bob, I'm going to need another piano."

**In the Studio**

**"I Was Getting Dirty!"**

With Vanessa Carlton's boyfriend, Stephan Jenkins, at the helm, making her second album is like "total playtime"

» "I FEEL LIKE ANY producer is trying to get in your pants one way or another," Vanessa Carlton jokes. "The good thing about this is at least it's out in the open."

The 23-year-old singer-songwriter is explaining the advantages of having her boyfriend, Third Eye Blind's Stephan Jenkins, produce her second album. "He really gets what I'm going for," she says. "I've never felt such freedom as I have with him. Maybe that's because I can threaten him with 'other things' in our relationship," she adds, laughing.

The couple began working on the follow-up to Carlton's 2002 multiplatinum, Grammy-nominated *Be Not Nobody* in June at Jenkins's Morningwood Studios in San Francisco, and later moved on to George Lucas's luxurious Skywalker

Ranch in Marin County, California. "It's all in and around San Francisco," Carlton says. "I get to relieve myself of all that urban Hollywood stress. I'm just out here with the fog."

Pondering influences on the new record, due next spring, she cites Jeff Buckley, PJ Harvey and the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. "Sonically I'd like to use the same approach," she says. "If you're going to hear strings, you're going to hear them squeak."

Carlton compares the spirit of spontaneity and adventure in the studio to her childhood in

the unorthodox Montessori school system. "I was out in the woods playing all day and getting dirty. I feel like I'm in Montessori recording sessions. This album is total playtime for me." **DORIAN LYNESKY**

**"Any producer tries to get in your pants."**

**WORD!**



"There's something about her that tells me, 'That girl's my vibe, you know.'"

FRED DURST, ON ANGELINA JOLIE

**Tell Us a Joke!**



**JOHN POPPER, BLUES TRAVELER**

"How many bass players does it take to screw in a light bulb? Who cares!"

AS TOLD TO DIXON BEAVERS



**ALSO IN THE STUDIO >>>**



The Vines' Craig Nicholls: Hey, he likes his haircut.

« Aussie bad boys **THE VINES** are holed up in Bearsville Studios in upstate New York perfecting tracks with producer Rob Schnapf for their sophomore record. ...

Kid-punk Canadians **SIMPLE PLAN** are currently holed up in a Los Angeles studio working on their follow-up to the platinum *No Pads, No Helmets ... Just Balls*. ...

Icon of melancholy **MORRISSEY** is currently in a recording studio in London making his seventh album as a solo artist since he disbanded the Smiths back in 1987. ...

Birmingham, England's Mike Skinner (a.k.a. **THE STREETS**) is recording the follow-up to last year's platinum *Original Pirate Material* for a spring release. ...



Steven Taczewski/WireImage.com (Stapp); Tim Jackson/WireImage.com (Popper); John Shearer (Carlton); Chris Floyd Camera Press/Berna Ltd. (Nicholls); Theo Vargo/WireImage.com (Simple Plan); Steve Jennings/WireImage.com (Morrissey); Pychal Watco/WireImage.com (The Streets); Gary French (illustration)

## Parents Furious over Son's Decision to Apply for Heineken Taste-Tester Position



Mrs. Olszewski and Mr. Olszewski.

MERLIN, OR—Michal and Aniela Olszewski are aghast that their son Joel, who graduated summa cum laude from a top Ivy League School, has turned down a job on Wall Street to apply for the Heineken Taste-Tester position.

Mrs. Olszewski said in a telephone interview this afternoon, "When he first told me, I thought he was making a really funny joke. But then I remembered Joel isn't funny."

The family, burdened by school loans and miscellaneous expenses, was counting on young Joel to start pitching in. "I'm getting too old to be working two jobs," said Mr. Olszewski, a carpenter by trade and calligraphist on weekends.

Should Heineken hire Joel, he will have to move to its Amsterdam Headquarters. When Joel asked his father to help pay for the move, Mr. Olszewski raised his hand above his head and said, "I've had it up to here."

[heineken.com/headlines](http://heineken.com/headlines)

Heineken



Bowie's 5000 grumpy before he's had his Alpo.

## BEASTLY!

David Bowie morphs into an animal for French water. *Très weird!*

DAVID BOWIE IS hawking French mineral water Vittel in a new TV commercial. In the Europe-only 30-second spot, the star encounters his alter egos, including Ziggy Stardust, Thin White Duke, Pierrot the clown and Diamond Dog. The campaign's buzzword is *renaissance*.

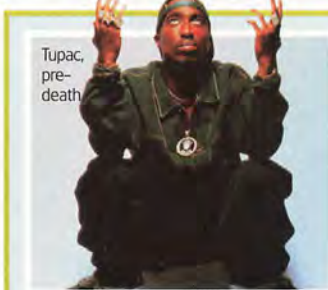


"I made this much cash."

"He has evolved his personality in each of his musical phases," said

Bernard Bureau of Ogilvy & Mather, the ad's creator. "He embodies renaissance."

The ad gave him an unknown wind-fall and features his new single, "Never Get Old." In 1997, Bowie sold his future royalties for \$55 million. *DORIAN LYNSKEY*



Tupac, pre-death

## SPOOKY!

Despite being dead, Tupac launches urban-apparel line

SEVEN YEARS after his untimely death, rapper Tupac Shakur remains prolific. After several posthumous albums, now comes his clothing line, which will be called Makaveli in honor of his alter ego.

Although Shakur never claimed a particular interest in fashion, his mother, Afeni, has collaborated with designers on clothes that are "influenced by Tupac's style and represent an evolution of streetwear, activewear and high-end fashion." *NICK DUERDEN*

This fall? Flares for men!



## Obits

**CELIA CRUZ**  
77, July 16, in Fort Lee, New Jersey, of a brain tumor. The "queen of salsa." A Cuban-born singer with operatic range, Cruz moved to the U.S. in 1960, helping to spread salsa's popularity beyond Latin America.

**ERIK BRAUNN**  
52, July 25, in Los Angeles, of cardiac arrest. Iron Butterfly guitarist who delivered the riff on the 17-minute early-heavy-metal classic "In-a-Gadda-Da-Vida." Braunn joined the group when he was 16.

**COMPAY SEGUNDO**  
95, July 13, in Havana, of kidney failure. Cuban guitarist whose greatest fame came in the last years of his life, thanks to the *Buena Vista Social Club* movie and recordings.

**SKIP BATTIN**  
69, July 6, in Silverton, Oregon, reportedly of complications linked to Alzheimer's disease. Country-rock bassist who played with the Byrds, the Flying Burrito Brothers and New Riders of the Purple Sage. Had a pop hit in 1960 with "Cherry Pie" as part of the duo Skip & Flip.



Sam Phillips with Elvis Presley signing his first Sun Records contract, 1954

# Sam Phillips 1923-2003

The man who discovered Elvis Presley and gave rock & roll to the world died in Memphis on July 30 at age 80

ELVIS PRESLEY BECAME the King. But when producer Sam Phillips met him, he was nobody. "Elvis felt so inferior," Phillips recalled. "His insecurity was markedly that of a black person."

Phillips's greatest gift, he felt, was to spot an artist, then "free him from whatever is restraining him." And when Phillips put the poor white boy together with black music, they made history.

Born January 5, 1923, on a farm near Florence, Alabama, Phillips grew up steeped in the blues — and, extraordinarily for the time and place, opposed to racism.

After a spell in radio, he founded Sun Records in Memphis in 1952, concentrating on R&B: Howlin' Wolf, B.B. King, Rufus Thomas. But his commercial fantasy of "a white man who had the Negro sound and the Negro feel" came true on July 5, 1954, when Presley took a swing at Arthur Crudup's "That's All Right."

A year later, Phillips handed over Presley's contract to RCA for a mere \$35,000, which bankrolled hits for Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash and Roy Orbison.

Eighty years old, he died of respiratory failure at St. Francis Hospital in Memphis. *PHIL SUTCLIFFE*

## SUN RECORDS Four of the best



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THE SUN YEARS  
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Mount Rushmore bass unadorned: black duds, black deeds, black humor and never young.



**HOWLIN' WOLF**  
MEMPHIS DAYS:  
DEFINITIVE EDITION VOLS. 1 & 2  
BEAR FAMILY



Before, no one dared record bluesman Chester Burnett.



**ELVIS PRESLEY**  
THE SUN SESSIONS  
RCA



Even without drums on most songs, Presley rocked like a wrecking ball.



**VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
SUN RECORDS  
50TH ANNIVERSARY BOX  
VARESE VINTAGE



Phillips classics, from growly R&B to daffy hillbilly.



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FIND OUT WHY MOST GUYS  
ONLY DATED TONYA ONCE.

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YOU SEND QUESTIONS, WE GET ANSWERS. WHO LOVES YA, BABY?

# Dave Matthews

➔ Is he a good hugger? Can he recommend a decent bottle of red, and how often does he “shoe the mule” — or masturbate, for that matter? The 36-year-old South Africa native was good enough to answer all your questions — even the ones about spanking!

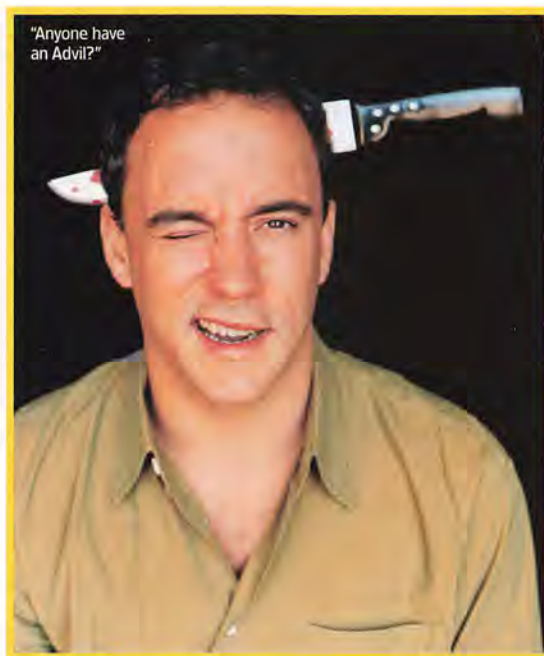
BY DAVID KEEPS  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS BUCK

★ IF YOU THINK Dave Matthews’s concerts are generous in length, just try interviewing him. After an hour spent sitting on the balcony of his room in the superswank Peninsula Hotel in Los Angeles, Matthews has made it through only half of his Dear Superstar debut. Currently out on the road bringing home the bacon for his twin daughters and wife, Matthews has to finish the interview from his tour bus between gigs a week later.

“I’m on a cellphone, watching trucks go by,” says the 36-year-old native of Johannesburg, South Africa, who, when not touring, now calls Seattle home.

Not content to make hit albums, play sold-out stadiums and rake in millions of dollars — “I keep trying to get rid of it, but it keeps finding its way back to me” — Matthews is taking the bold step this month of releasing a dark solo effort, *Some Devil*, his first CD without his fabled band. It’s an apt title for a record by Matthews, a self-effacing, surprisingly sharp-witted guy who refers to himself during our afternoon together as a “sad bastard” and a “painful little prick.”

Matthews does not limit his barbs to himself, either. “What a fucking moronic question,” he cheerfully responds to one reader’s query. Hey, he said it, not us. . . .



“Anyone have an Advil?”



Badly Drawn Dave

**Who is the best hugger in the band?**  
MONTYHALL66, SUNRISE, FLORIDA

I’m sure this is a clever reference to a video we did of people walking around New York City hugging each other shortly after a recognizable date in September. Other than that video, there isn’t a rigorous competition as to who can most effectively satisfy somebody in need of a hug. On a good day, I am a reluctant hugger, but I would describe my hugs as hug-like.

**You were a bartender. Did it make you a good listener?**

UNDERTHETABLEANDDREAMING, MAUMEE, OHIO  
If you work at night, as I mostly did, you make a lot of money, but you tend not to be given a great deal of time to listen to people. When I did work in the day, I think I learned a lot. You can imagine someone who comes into a bar fairly regularly in the afternoon may have a story of how he or she got to be there. I don’t

know if it made me a really good listener as much as it made me a sort of unpunishable plagiarist.

**Did you acquire any good pickup lines while bartending?**

BENNYHANA, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

I remember an old regular — he must have been well into his early seventies — asked the waitress if he could eat her pussy. And it required some restraint on her part to laugh instead of decking him. But I thought that was a pretty bold line.

**If you had a drink named after you, what would the recipe be?**

LOLO, 1977, RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Hmmm. I guess the name for that has already been taken: Scotch on the rocks. I’d prefer no drink be named after me. You could name a sandwich after me. A butter-and-avocado sandwich — that’s pretty edgy, isn’t it?

**You used to be quite a drinker. How’d you know when you’d had enough?**

DAVEFANATIC, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

That’s the problem. I think if you could look at yourself soberly while you’re getting plastered — the heavy eyelids, the eventual collapse of the whole face — it’s probably a lot earlier than most of us think. Someone once told me that I was very good-looking and quite eloquent after a couple of drinks, but then I just sort of became pathetic and sad. I was with [comic TV actor] Dabney Coleman, enjoying quite frequent evenings of drinking together, and he would count all the drunken mistakes I made. I’d fall off a chair, and he’d say, “That was 15!” Get into the wrong car: “Twenty-four!”

**I have \$100 to spend on a bottle of red wine. Any recommendations?**

VINOVERITAS, HUNTINGTON, NEW YORK

I don’t care. I might have favorites that are Italian, such as those ➔

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“I think I’m small potatoes — that’s my problem.”

★ DAVE MATTHEWS

from Brunello di Montalcino, but in our present social climate it should probably be French. I'm not by any means an expert. In fact, I'd like to change my answer to 10 bottles of Mad Dog 20/20.

**What do you spend your money on? Do you have a secret rock-star indulgence?**

COWBOYS-N-INDIANS, ANGLETON, TEXAS

I don't have an extravagant jewelry collection or a 55-car garage. I think I'm small potatoes — that's my problem. I think I should want to become a land baron. I want to own enormous tracts that I could mine or just move dirt around. I could pretend to be an environmentalist, and then one day I'll start farming tar — I'll just pave a bunch of shit.

**You have a role in the upcoming film *Where the Red Fern Grows*. How good an actor are you?**

BILBAO\_81, OBERLIN, OHIO

I don't think I'm an actor, but I can pretend OK. The director said, "In this scene, you've just come around back from shoeing the mule," and I thought that was fucking hysterical, like spanking the monkey or choking the chicken. But he meant I literally was shoeing a mule.

**You've confessed to being a committed monkey spanker, have you not?**

DIGGITY\_D, OGDEN, UTAH

I'm still in the depths of that. I mean, I'm not standing on the street corner frozen with need, frozen with the urge to spill it right there. I like to think I'm a recovering onanist. You could become sleepy and bleary-eyed if you



Kids' crushed hopes not pictured.



"Dear Dave, could you look really bored?"



Bush produces Iraq war evidence.

overdid it. I mean, not as a 15-year-old. Then there's never enough time alone: "Why do I go to school? I could be home masturbating!"

**What is the secret to singing like a woman?**

MAXINRELAXIN, HOUSTON

Is that from someone who doesn't like me? Do I sound like a woman, is that what he's suggesting? I just try to sing pretty and drag my way up there. If I could go higher, I would. I'm aiming for munchkin-dom, but so far I've managed only to sing like a woman.

**Have you ever seen any of the DMB tribute bands?**

DMBHEAD03, SAYRE, PENNSYLVANIA

Never. There's one called Tripping Billies, and the most



Dave makes his band disappear.

originally named one, The Dave Matthews Band Cover Band. I've heard a tape or two. And let me tell you, that's just strange.

**How much money would they have to offer you to appear as a judge on *American Idol*?**

SURFERGRRRL, WELLS BEACH, MAINE

We used to say to my mom, "Mom, would you eat dog shit for a hundred dollars?" No. "Would you eat dog shit for a thousand, a million dollars?" She said, "I won't do anything stupid for money." That would be my response as to whether or not to be on *American Idol*. I wouldn't eat shit for any amount of money. I might like to be on *Fear Factor*, though, because I think I could eat anything.

**In your opinion, was George W. Bush lying about the reason the United States went to war in Iraq?**

CITIZENCAINE, VINELAND, NEW JERSEY

Yes — what *isn't* he lying about?

**If you were to endorse a candidate for 2004, who would it be?**

ALOHADAVE, KAILUNA-KONA, HAWAII

Anyone but the guy we have right now, so that leaves it wide open. I often like what I read about Howard Dean, but I wouldn't mind him getting a little more confidence.

I'm still looking. I haven't found a candidate who truly embraces my position of peace. They're all out there pretending not to be soft on terrorism, so they want to be stupid about it. Nobody has the spine to start a debate on the effectiveness of the war on terror, which from its name to its implementation is so full of irony.

**I'm going on vacation to South Africa. What must I see and do?**

HOTSTUF, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Go to the places people tell you not to go. But don't go there stupidly. If you're going to Johannesburg, the Bassline is a great club. Go to Soweto and Cape Town. There are also some incredible natural wonders and parks in South Africa that'll make you hate every zoo you've ever been to.

**Did you ever have a mullet?**

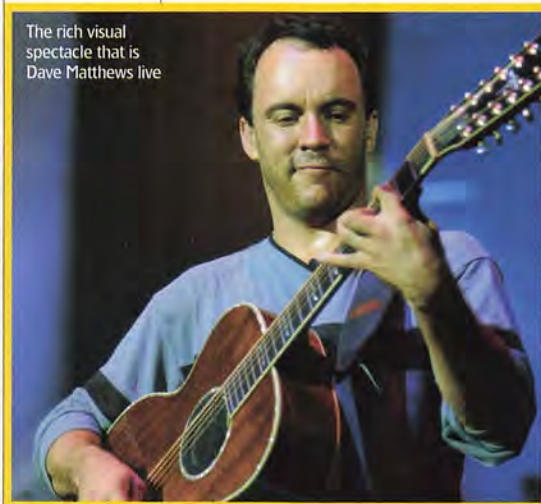
POPSTARZZ, PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS

I've had some terrible long hair and terrible short hair, but I never went

"I like to think I'm a recovering onanist."



Jam-band fans enjoy some grass.



The rich visual spectacle that is Dave Matthews live



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★ DAVE MATTHEWS

with the '80s thing. I never had the courage to sculpt my hair.

**You went to an English-style school in South Africa. Which was worse, the rugby or the canings?**

JOHNNYDEE, EASTCHESTER, NEW YORK

Well, I enjoyed the rugby, although it instilled a certain amount of fear. Caning just taught me to get away with shit and not get caught. I'm not as opposed to it as I think a lot of people would be having experienced it — detention just seemed like such a waste of time, and caning was the precise punishment for what you had done. Plus it was always amusing afterward showing each other your bruises, the phenomenal colors that come up on your ass. The spectrum of bruising is just amazing.

**What's the longest you've ever gone without showering?**

BOINGBOING18, ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON

Not recently, but I'll say a week. You go any longer than that and people start thinking you're fucking crazy.

**What's the stupidest thing you've ever done on mushrooms?**

PELLMELL1999, TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Not many stupid things, actually. Other hallucinogens have caused me to do stupid things — bad decisions while one's mind is warped by LSD, like jumping from high places and throwing myself off unnecessarily tall precipices. Or walking for very long periods of time clad scantily, if at all, in the beating African sun.

**Why do you wear a copper wedding ring?**

MOODYMANNY, CRANSTON, RHODE ISLAND

That's an idea my wife and I had. We found three pennies from the year she was born and three from the year I was born — which is a more difficult task than you might imagine — and had them melted down and turned into a band. It turns my finger green, and the ring itself changes color. I'll get out of the tub and it'll be almost black, and then I'll be walking down the street playing with it and I'll look at it and go, "Oh, my



Nothing homoerotic going on here.

**"That's probably the worst line I've ever written."**



Exfoliants work better for some than others.



Quaker Oats: Ghastly!



Mushrooms: Lovely!

goodness, it's like a brand-new penny!" It's very satisfying.

**What's the strangest gift you ever got from a fan?**

HUMANBEAN\_06, FRANKENMUTH, MICHIGAN

A set of pots and pans, used. It would be nice if it was just humorous, but I think it was maybe a crazy person. And no, I didn't keep them; I have my standards when it comes to my kitchenware.

**Do you recycle your trash?**

HELLYUN\_61, WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

Somewhat obsessively. On the road it becomes difficult, but we try. But at home it's much more easily controlled. I live in Seattle, and social obligation is alive and well in Seattle.

**You were raised a Quaker. What tenets did you learn that you'd like to pass on to your daughters?**

WHEELZDEALZ, DOVER, DELAWARE

That peace is the most important



DMB "disappointed" by Great Wall of China.

thing. And in that, I think love is included. Above all things, it's the most righteous. Not war for peace, not guns or bombs for peace. Peace itself, a natural state.

**Why have you made a solo record?**

**What can you do solo that you can't do with the band?**

BIFFUS, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The drive was not so much to do something without the band as it was just to do something on my own. A lot of the record is just me and my guitar. It was fun to go into a room and just make up some music and not think about anything but what was on my mind. The process is really different, but I think it's only going to make my love of working with the band even stronger.

**Have you ever asked a woman to "hike up your skirt a little more and show the world to me"?**

CRASHTEST, ELKO, NEVADA

That's probably the worst line that

I've ever written. I've had to answer for that line more than anything. We were recording "Crash Into Me," and then it got to the end. I'm always rambling on, so to amuse myself and [producer] Steve Lillywhite, I sang, "Hike up your skirt a little more and show the world to me." I guess it stuck in people's minds.



Wake up, Jimmy, it's solo time!

**Why is the guitar strap you use always so short?**

AMPEDEUP, INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI

Because I learned to play the guitar sitting down, so it's just not comfortable anywhere else. I really wish I wore my guitar down by the waist like Jimmy Page did, but then I can't reach the guitar. If I had a longer strap, I'd have to get a chair.

**Do you have any recurring dreams, and if so, what do you think they mean?**

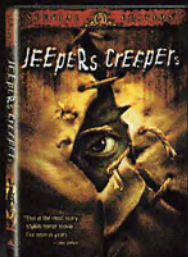
FLUTTERBY, MODESTO, CALIFORNIA

Being caught with my pants down. I take that to mean performance anxiety. I also used to have a recurring dream when I was waiting tables that I couldn't get the food and drinks to the table. That's performance anxiety, too. I guess I'm just not good enough. [BLENDER]



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BLENDER EXPLORES THE FINEST TUNES IN HISTORY

## One Nation Under a Groove

It's the booty-loosening funk masterpiece that launched a hundred hip-hop jams. It took only an hour to make and nearly featured a banjo. But will George Clinton remember how he and **Funkadelic** came up with that title? Maybe — if only he hadn't taken all that acid. . . .

**IT WAS THE SUMMER OF** 1978, and the sun was rising over the broad sweep of the United Nations building in New York. As dawn's first light banished the long shadows of night, Funkadelic's George Clinton was standing in United Nations Plaza, watching the daily ceremony of the raising of the flags of all nations. Inspired by this awesome symbol of planetary unity, Clinton turned to one of his girlfriends and asked how she felt about it. "One nation under a groove," she replied, sparking to life one of the most influential funk hits of all time.

At least, that's how it happened according to the normally reliable *Billboard Book of Number One Rhythm & Blues Hits*, which got its information from Tom Vickers, former "minister of information" for funkmeister Clinton.

Ask the infamously acid-fried Clinton today, though, and he'll spin an entirely different yarn. It was 1976. "We had been booked onto two shows at one time," he explains in his lazy North Carolina-meets-Detroit drawl. "We were playing at the Sheraton Hotel in Washington, D.C., and we were not informed that we'd been booked on another gig in Maryland, somewhere between Baltimore and D.C. All the local crews, the Soul Searchers and the rest, were down at this other show in Maryland at the beach, and they had been announcing that we were going to be there.

"Later, we saw these friends of ours who had been there, and they said, 'You know, they waited for you all day long.' We asked them how the gig had been, and they said that it was like one nation under a groove."



One Nation Under a Groove (1978)



George Clinton: "Hey, soul brothers, who tie-dyed 'Binky,' my 'special blanket'?"

### VITAL STATISTICS

**SONG**  
"One Nation Under a Groove"

**ARTIST**  
Funkadelic

**LABEL**  
Warner Bros.

**PERFORMERS**  
Garry Shider, Mike Hampton *guitar*  
Bernie Worrell, Junie Morrison *keyboards*  
Tyrone Lampkin, Bootsie Collins, Jerome Brailey, Larry Fratangelo *drums and percussion*

Cordell "Boogie" Mosson, Rodney "Skeet" Curtis, Bootsie Collins *bass*

Bernie Worrell *bass synth*  
Garry Shider, Junie Morrison, George Clinton *lead vocals*

Raymond Davis, Lynn Mabry, Ron Ford, Dawn Silva, Debbie Wright, Garry Shider, Jeanette Washington, Mallia Franklin, Junie Morrison, Cordell Mosson, George Clinton, Greg Thomas *vocals*

**PRODUCER**  
George Clinton

**RELEASED**  
September 16, 1978

**HIGHEST CHART POSITION**  
28

Ask Clinton tomorrow, and he might offer yet another variation, but today's version does seem more believable than Tom Vickers's fanciful tale.

Garry Shider, Funkadelic guitarist and Clinton's second in command, seems to confirm his bandleader's recollection when he says that the phrase *one nation under a groove* was around the Funkadelic camp for about two years before the group recorded a track under that name. "We'd just come off the road in 1978," Shider recalls, "so we were in Detroit, at United Sounds studio, which is where we did a lot of our records. I had a guitar line that was like a banjo-picking thing. I went in and recorded it; then Junie [Morrison] came in with the keyboard part. We didn't even use any drums on it when we first cut it. George was up in the control room with a little microphone, hollering his lyrics in our ears."

"We kind of just ad-libbed the lead vocal parts," Clinton says. "I didn't have anything but 'one nation under a groove' — that was the only part I had. The rest I just sang off the top of my head."

What came off the top of Clinton's remarkable head was an invitation to form a nation united by music, spiced up with potent lyrical and melodic reminders of the rich heritage of black music — from the gospel protest of "We Shall Not Be Moved" through James Brown's proto-funk and the Jacksons' Motown soul hits.

It was no more than an hour from the moment Shider started playing his distinctive guitar lick to the second the STOP button was pressed on the completed tape that formed the basis of the final song. Funkadelic added the finishing touches the following day.



> "We just ad-libbed. I sang off the top of my head!"



Funkadelic: Look out for the giant banana peel!

We tried to mix it, but none of [the mixes] was ever as good as the tape we made that day. By mixing it, all we were doing was losing the spontaneity of it."

The completed track, unfortunately, ran more than seven minutes, commercial suicide for a single. Someone would have to hack it back to a length radio programmers could deal with, but not George Clinton. "Basically, I make music for myself, and if it happens to sell, then fine," he says. "I make my own ego versions and take them home with me, but as far as the single, I trusted the engineer. I didn't miss what he edited out, other than the solo part. I don't really worry about commercial stuff."

On November 4, "One Nation Under a Groove" entered the *Billboard* Top 40, peaking at a disappointing number 28. More significant to Clinton, though, were the six weeks the song spent at number 1 on the R&B charts, starting September 30.

While there, it permeated deep into the consciousness of nearly every funkified kid in America, to such an extent that a decade and a half later, hits as diverse as rapper Ice Cube's "Bop Gun" (1994) and Kirk Franklin's gospel-powered "Stomp" (1997) heavily sampled "One Nation Under a Groove" to achieve success. And when then up-and-comers the Red Hot Chili Peppers were looking for a way to fuse funk with their punky rock, they chose George Clinton as their producer. And everyone knows where that led. *JOHNNY BLACK*



"Because my guitar part sounded like a banjo," Shider says, "we put a banjo with that to enhance the sound, but then we took the banjo out again. We called in Michael Hampton to play the lead guitar solo; then the girls came in to sing."

For most bands, even in the late '70s, it was standard to cut a rough demo version before attempting a finished track, but Funkadelic simply didn't work that way. "There was no demo for the song," Clinton explains. "The cassette we cut after the background had been added — that was actually what was released.

### WHO'S WHO >>>



**GEORGE CLINTON**  
Producer, songwriter and singer who founded both Parliament and psychedelic fusioners Funkadelic.



**GARRY SHIDER**  
Gospel-rooted Parliament/Funkadelic second in command, co-songwriter, guitarist and vocalist.



**WALTER "JUNIE" MORRISON**  
Funkadelic keyboardist who cowrote and produced the Ohio Players' "Funky Worm."



P. Diddy wants you to notice his little beard.

## Who's the rapper with the highest level of education?

DANA KINGSTON, AKRON, OHIO

Not all hip-hop figures were disorderly schoolkids. Gang Starr, for example, are pretty bookish: Guru got a business-administration degree from Morehouse College, and DJ Premier studied computer science at Texas's Prairie View University. P. Diddy studied business at Howard University. Chuck D was kicked out of Adelphi University in Long Island, but he completed his courses as a mature student post-fame.

Still, you'd be hard-pressed to find a better-educated rapper than Chuck's protégée, Sister Souljah. Bill Clinton's least favorite hip-hopper graduated from Rutgers University with a degree in American history and African studies. Better known these days as a lecturer and author, she has also attended Cornell University and Spain's University of Salamanca. Now that's a whole lot of study.

## Have any musicians had sex changes and enjoyed successful careers as both a man and a woman?

TRACEY CONLEY, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Wayne County is usually credited as rock's foremost transsexual, though this '70s New York drag-punk scenester (who wore a fake vagina with straw pubic hair onstage) never went the whole way; s/he just had a nose job, took hormones and changed his name to Jayne. "I'm used to my little friend by now," he declared.

The only important modern musician to have a mid-career sex change is Walter/Wendy Carlos, the influential synth pioneer who provided the soundtracks for *A Clockwork Orange* and *Tron*. Rather awkwardly, his 1968 Moog album, *Switched-On Bach*, became a sales phenomenon while he was undergoing initial treatment. The process was completed in 1972 but was kept secret until a tell-all *Playboy* interview in 1979. Before that, Carlos went to great lengths to avoid detection, even appearing on TV interviews with fake sideburns and stubble.

## Did Pink Floyd record *Dark Side of the Moon* to sync up to *The Wizard of Oz*?

LISA WAKELAND, VIA E-MAIL

This refers to the popular stoner theory that Pink Floyd's 1973 masterpiece was intentionally recorded to soundtrack the 1939 classic. Apparently, if you start playing the CD and movie simultaneously, many magical moments of synchronicity occur (Dorothy runs as Roger Waters



Another thrilling night at the Donnas' clubhouse

## In the Melissa Joan Hart movie *Drive Me Crazy*, there is a band called the ElectroCutes. Is that the Donnas?

JEREMY MINNICK, PHOENIX

Well spotted. Early in their career, the Donnas played in the background in *Drive Me Crazy* and also *Jawbreaker*, starring Rose McGowan. "They're not really our favorite movies; when we watch them we get embarrassed," says Maya Ford, a.k.a. Donna F.

In fact, the ElectroCutes were the real early incarnation of the Donnas, which initially was just a wacky alter ego side



The ElectroCutes: Note uncanny Donnas resemblance.

project. "We really took the ElectroCutes seriously, but with the Donnas we could just eat tacos and write a song in a few minutes and that was it," says Torry Castellano (Donna C). "The Donnas had gotten a lot further than the ElectroCutes had, so we just kept the name."

sings "No one told you when to run"; the words *goody-good bullshit* greet the Good Witch). But don't get too excited: Pink Floyd deny this and are scathing about any purported links. "It's obviously completely rubbish," guitarist David Gilmour has said. "What are people doing with their lives? I feel a little sad for them."



Pink Floyd's short-lived image makeover was a little too "directional."

## I'm utterly confused by the lyrics in the Pixies' "Debaser." I was told it is about a French art film. Is that true?

JEREMY WEGNER, MILWAUKEE

The inspirational film is *Un Chien Andalou* (*An Andalusian Dog*), the 1928 surrealist classic by crazy Spaniards Salvador Dalí and Luis Buñuel. The "slicing up eyeballs" line refers to a scene that seems to show a woman's eye being cut with a razor blade. "Girlie so groovy" refers to the part where a man admiring a woman rolls his eyes upward as blood begins to spurt from his mouth.

Pixies singer Frank Black recently said the song was "a textbook idea of what's shocking." Which doesn't exactly solve any riddles, but hey, that's surrealism for ya. [BLENDER]



Jayne County before the operation. Or after. Whatever.

## YOUR QUESTIONS >>

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NEXT BIG  
THING  
SPECIAL!

# COMING ATTRactions

One loves graveyards, another is having an affair with her neighbor, a third craves the fame her parents already enjoy. Welcome to the turbulent inner lives of the season's most promising (and beautiful) pop-stars-to-be



## BONNIE MCKEE

At 15, she was hooked on drugs and dated men twice her age. At 18, she has made a record about it

→ THERE MAY BE budding pop stars more flirty, bratty, world-weary and dangerous than 18-year-old Bonnie McKee. If so, *Blender* can't wait to meet them! Part ultradepressed poetry girl, part Lolita and self-described "attention whore," McKee has one of the most provocative new records of the fall, and the personality to match.

"When I was 8 years old, my mother would say, 'You're such a sexpot,'" recalls the former Seattle raver. "I was always putting on lipstick and lying on top of my grandmother's piano in sunglasses. I wanted to be a bad girl so much."

Written entirely by McKee and heavily influenced by one of her heroes, the delightfully unhinged Fiona Apple, *Trouble* is confessional dance-pop at its most slick and sultry. The album mostly documents the fourteenth and fifteenth years of her turbulent life, when she got kicked out of high school, developed a nasty meth habit (she has since cleaned up) and, if her lyrics are any indication, had a fair amount of sex.

*Trouble's* most eyebrow-raising moment comes in "January," a song in which McKee feverishly awaits the day she reaches the age of legal consent.

"It's about the 30-year old boyfriend I had when I was 14," McKee explains matter-of-factly. "There's a lot of that in the rave scene: men who have Peter Pan syndrome and little girls who want to grow up fast."

McKee's relationships with men have become no less complicated and only moderately less illicit. Shortly after her eighteenth birthday, she married her longtime Seattle boyfriend; though still hitched, she has started



"Being a pop-star-in-waiting really makes my head hurt!"

"When I was 8, my mother said, 'You're such a sexpot.'"



→ PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK HOELCK

TIGER COTTON BRA AND  
LOLLIPOP COTTON  
UNDERWEAR FROM  
URBAN OUTFITTERS  
VINTAGE SCARF, WRIST-  
BAND AND SOCKS ALL  
MCKEE'S OWN

seeing someone else, a clean-cut guy who lives down the hall from her in Los Angeles. She doesn't recommend this sort of thing.

"Cheating is bad," she says. "That's a big mistake that I've made, and I've really hurt people. I've never lied about it, though. I've always been honest."

McKee's relentless truth-telling, especially regarding her sexuality, is *Trouble's* chief asset. It is also giving her label headaches. "They're like, 'It's a little too sexual,'" McKee says. "I'm like, 'Do you know how much money this is going to make you?' It's not like it's something I've contrived. It's just the way I am." OLIVER JONES



Bonnie McKee:  
Dull walls  
brightened by  
appointment only.

GREEN MESH CAMISOLE  
(SCRUNCHED TO A BRA TOP) BY  
COSABELLA FROM PARTY RAID;  
LINGERIE FROM URBAN  
OUTFITTERS; STRIPED KNIT SCARF  
FROM URBAN OUTFITTERS; ADIDAS  
WRISTBAND; MCKEE'S OWN

## ALL ABOUT ME! →

### FULL GIVEN NAME

**BONNIE LEE MCKEE**

### BIRTHDATE

January 20, 1985

### DISCOVERED

"By my friend's mother's  
babysitter."

### WOULD DIE TO MEET

"I'd like to say Michael Jackson, but  
I don't want to seem like a freak, so  
I'll say Johnny Depp."

### WORST MISTAKE

"Um, getting married!"

### FIRST BIG PURCHASE

"I bought a piece of art for \$900  
by this guy named Trevor Carlton."

### MOST DIVA-LIKE DEMAND

"Sushi."

## ALL ABOUT ME! →

FULL GIVEN NAME

**KATHRYN ROSEMARY BULLARD**

BIRTHDATE

January 27, 1987

OBSESSIONS

"Nicotine, caffeine and Christopher Guest movies. And I used to be obsessed with knives."

WOULD DIE TO MEET

"William Shakespeare."

WORST MISTAKE

"Being depressive."

FIRST BIG PURCHASE

"I'd like to buy an island."

FAVORITE SONG RIGHT NOW

"'Chelsea Girls' by Nico."

ROMANTICALLY ATTACHED?

"I don't believe in boyfriends. I always get hurt."

MOST DIVA-LIKE DEMAND

"I like having bath salts and oils."

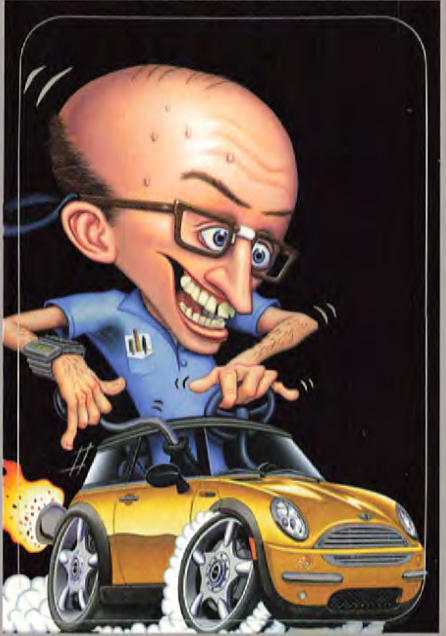
→ PHOTOGRAPHY BY GABRIELLE REVERE

RHINESTONE SWALLOW RING  
BY UCCI CUCCI AT EVIL  
SUGAR SILVER ANKLE  
BRACELET BY JILL PLATNER

The funny thing is  
that Katy usually  
eats only pants.

Stylist: Lisa DeFronzo; Hair: Jessica; Makeup: Annie Cummings; Amber; Wigs: The Hair Co.; Make: Harlowe-Byrne using NARS; Hair: Cory Tuttle

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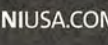
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## KATY ROSE

Knives! Therapy! Dead people! The fun never stops with this 16-year-old wild child

→ "GRAVEYARDS ARE MY favorite places," confesses 16-year-old Katy Rose, mascara-ringed and bent over a bowl of fruit. "My therapy building used to be right by Westwood [Memorial Park] in Los Angeles, and I would go to Marilyn Monroe's grave every day and bring her flowers. But my favorite cemetery is in Atlanta, where my family's from. All these Civil War soldiers are buried there, and when it gets really hot, you can smell the dead bodies. I just think that's the coolest thing!"

Rose isn't exactly the head-cheerleader type. The singer-songwriter doesn't even attend high school. After a miserable 10-year run in Catholic school ("Catholicism is complete and utter bullshit, and if that offends people, oh well"), she has turned to tutors and independent study. "I like being alone," she explains. "I have a huge imagination, but it used to scare me. I'd see ghosts everywhere."

Growing up with musicians for parents (her father, Kim Bullard, was a tour keyboardist with Crosby, Stills & Nash, and her mother was a local backup singer) helped Rose translate her imagination into songs. "I would bring my poetry to my dad, put melodies to it and record it. He played it for some friends in the business, and they said, 'When does she want the record deal?' I was about 13, and it was awesome."

Three years later, Rose has released *Because I Can*, a smart, cynical brat-rock set with a glossy sheen. Think of her as a jaded Avril Lavigne. "They all come up here to find a scene/But wind up girls on Methedrine," she jokes wryly on "Overdrive," her lead single, a song about Los Angeles and crushed dreams.

"I grew up fast," she explains. "My father was touring and my mother was depressed a lot, so I had to take care of her and my little sister." Rose still works out her substantial adolescent turmoil in therapy — and on her new album. "There are two things battling on my CD: a self-destructive side that says, 'I hate you!' and another that says, 'No, you have to take care of yourself; you're the only one who can!'"

*Which side wins?*

She sighs, pawing at her pants in search of a cigarette. "I haven't found out yet. I'll tell you later." JONAH WEINER

**"Catholicism is complete and utter bullshit, and if that offends people, oh well."**



Ana Victoria's secret fear? Her own reflection!

→ PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT MAXWELL

SKIRT BY NICOLE MILLER, AVAILABLE AT LOEHMANN'S  
TANK BY HANES; BRA BY VICTORIA'S SECRET; BANGLE BRACELETS FROM LOEHMANN'S; SHOES BY MICHAEL KORS, AVAILABLE AT BLOOMINGDALE'S

## ANA VICTORIA

Born to Latin-music royalty, the sultry balladeer sets her sights on America's bedrooms

→ ANA VICTORIA, 19, pretty and doe-eyed, was born into music. Singing, she says, was always her only destiny: "Growing up in the spotlight was never a problem for me." Her father, Diego Verdaguier, and mother, Amanda Miguel, were celebrated pop stars in Argentina. "So much attention, so many fans! In these circumstances, music came naturally to me."

She was born in Los Angeles but grew up in Mexico City, where her parents dominated the Latin-music scene. Victoria started singing seriously when her other ambition died a natural death: "I wanted to be a jockey because I love horses, but I grew too tall!" A couple of years ago, she relocated to New York, where under the supervision of Arista Records CEO Antonio "L.A." Reid, she wrote and produced her debut, *Love Is All*, a romantic record on which her dramatic vocals rain all over a

succession of wind-blown ballads. In other words, the new Céline Dion is born.

"It's a concept album," she proclaims, "about all the different perspectives of love. It is very sensual, and you can listen to it in the car or with

friends or even . . ." — a slight blush comes to her powdered cheeks — ". . . in the bedroom, if you want!"

Hardly lacking ambition, a driven Victoria is now preparing for a life of ubiquity. "I guess I will have a big audience in Latin America because of my parents," she acknowledges. "That is wonderful, because I do really want to become very famous. But because I am such a creative person, I also want to be able to touch the heart of the whole wide world." She grows serious for a moment, draping a hand over her heart. "And I believe that if I work hard, I will do just that, yes?" NICK DUERDEN

### ALL ABOUT ME! →

FULL GIVEN NAME  
**ANA VICTORIA BOCCADORO**

BIRTHDATE  
December 8, 1983

DISCOVERED  
By producer L.A. Reid at a music convention in Miami

OBSESSIONS  
"The soft skin of a man."

WOULD DIE TO MEET  
"Michael Jackson. He is very interesting, don't you think?"

FIRST BIG PURCHASE  
"My Wrangler Sahara Jeep, limited edition."

WON'T TOUR WITHOUT  
"Someone I love around me."

FAVORITE SONG RIGHT NOW  
"The Police, 'Every Breath You Take.'"

ROMANTICALLY ATTACHED?  
"No, not at the moment!"

**COMING  
ATTRACTIONS**

Holly Palmer feels sad that she doesn't have a whole dress.

→ PHOTOGRAPHY BY DEAN ISIDRO

DRESS BY ELISA JIMENEZ  
EARRINGS BY FAUSTO  
PUGLISI AT EVA, 180  
MULBERRY STREET,  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

**ALL ABOUT ME! →**

**FULL GIVEN NAME**  
**HOLLY PALMER**

**BIRTHDATE**  
July 21, 1970

**OBSESSIONS**  
"Edith Piaf, the new Cadillac CTS and Alex, my boyfriend."

**WOULD DIE TO MEET**  
"I guess I would die to meet God!"

**WORST MISTAKE**  
"Not trusting my instincts."

**FIRST BIG PURCHASE**  
"My guitar, a 1969 Gibson ES150."

**WON'T TOUR WITHOUT**  
"My humidifier and pitch pipe."

**FAVORITE SONG RIGHT NOW**  
"The Postal Service, 'The District Sleeps Alone Tonight.'"

**MOST DIVA-LIKE DEMAND**  
"Do you have another bottle of water?"

**HOLLY PALMER**

With David Bowie and Dr. Dre in her corner, this music-biz survivor hopes the third time is the charm

→ HAVE A LITTLE sympathy for Holly Palmer, because the poor woman has suffered for her art. "I've just spent the past two and a half years in the studio working on this record," she says of her second album, *I Confess*. "For me, making records is a necessary evil. I don't enjoy it at all. What I love to do is sing onstage. The recording part sucks."

But it was worth it. Following her rather middle-of-the-road, self-titled debut, from way back in 1996, *I Confess* is terrifically bright and breezy, part traditional singer-songwriter fare, part soulful strut — with production assistance, no less, from hip-hop heavyweight Dr. Dre.

Born and raised in Southern California and boasting the sunny disposition to prove it, the 33-year-old has crisscrossed the nation several times in pursuit of a career. By 1995, she had settled in New York and had done the folk-circuit route; she later toured with k.d. lang in support of that debut — a record, she says now, that "didn't move any mountains."

**"I'm not in a world dominated by Britney and Avril."**



She relocated to London, recorded another album so uncommercial her record company refused to release it and limped back home wondering what to do next. But then she got a phone call from a producer friend who wanted her to show off her singing skills on the spot for an

unnamed rock star. She duly sang her heart out, and the rock star applauded politely. He was David Bowie.

"I ended up playing on his album *Hours*, and I went on tour with him," Palmer says. "What an experience! At first I was doing backup singing, but one day he asked me if I could play some percussion, and suddenly I had all these bongos to play. It was so much fun!"

Now, settled in Los Angeles, Palmer is back concentrating on her solo career. Her album may have been borne of personal demons ("Love can be a rocky as well as a glorious road to travel"), but she sings joyously.

"I'm not in a world dominated by Britney Spears and Avril Lavigne," she insists. "I'm in a world dominated by me, and I always stay true to my own instincts." *NICK DUERDEN*

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BY GUERRILLA UNION, ON  
STRAUSS, GLASSES BY SPITFIRE

"Megastar and  
scrawny hack...  
start your engines!"





# The Ho'lympics!

➔ Is **Ludacris** really a hot-rod-racing, lady-killing superstar, or is he a wuss? Only one way to find out. *Blender* challenged the rapper to the inaugural Ho'lympics, four events designed to prove who's got game, and who's just lame

BY NEIL STRAUSS  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEGO



"LEMME SEE THAT belt," Ludacris demands as *Blender* stands in the basement of the rapper's palatial new three-story Atlanta home.

*Blender* shows him the belt. It is one of our prized possessions. The buckle is a silver, orb-shaped cigarette lighter, which can be removed to impress ladies. When *Blender* flicks its Bic, Ludacris gasps.

"I want that," he says.

"We bet you do," we tell him.

A mischievous smile flashes across his face, and he rubs his chin thoughtfully. "I'll tell you what," he says. "If I win today, I get the belt."

But what does *Blender* get? Ludacris goes quiet and looks around the room: at the big-screen TV, the fully stocked bar, the movie poster for his star turn in *2 Fast 2 Furious*, the half-eaten waffles on the table. His eyes settle on a pair of black sneakers over the television set, and he exclaims in triumph, "Jam Master Jay's tennis shoes!"

A deal is made.

The occasion is the inaugural Ho'lympics, an epic summit in which two great powers — the hip-hop nation and the mass media — will engage in a fierce battle of wits, brawn, skill and sex drive to determine which is more, generally speaking, fly.

Representing the hip-hop nation is Ludacris, the crown jewel of the Dirty South, with more than 7 million

albums of fast-rhyming twang sold in his name. Representing the mass media is *Blender*, the third-most successful magazine at Dennis Publishing (out of four) and known throughout our office as the best music magazine in the history of the world.

Odds makers have given *Blender* a slim chance for victory, and for good reason:

**Bra after bra comes off between Ludacris's nimble fingers.**



Ludacris (second from left); *Blender* (third from right); girls (on knees)

FROM LEFT: BRA BY INTIMO PRIVATO. HOTPANTS BY LEG AVENUE. BOOTS BY ACHE. BRA AND PANTIES BY LEG AVENUE. BOOTS BY FRYE. BRA AND PANTIES BY LISA PETERLICK FOR FINE. BOOTS BY FRYE. BRA AND PANTIES BY INTIMO PRIVATO. BOOTS BY FRYE. BRA AND PANTIES BY COMPANIA DELLE INDIE. BOOTS BY FRYE.

Like most hip-hop stars, Ludacris is a competition junkie. Hip-hop is a continual game of one-upmanship, and you can't stay on top of the rap world for as long as Ludacris has without possessing what TV sports commentators can't resist calling "fire in the belly."

The competitive juices of the former Chris Bridges, though, run far beyond music. He loves to shoot guns, race anything with a motor, jump out of planes (with a parachute) and, of course, bed women at a rate that would almost make R. Kelly blush. His new video, "P Poppin'," in which he tops 2 Live Crew's world record for most T&A in a three-and-a-half minute clip, is a lurid spectacle of exotic dancers contorted into quasi-gynecological poses. Elsewhere on his

new CD, *Chicken and Beer*, Ludacris tries his best to upend every expectation of him and outdo his rivals in lewdness, sensitivity and skill.

"There's competition in sports, and, most importantly, there's competition in hip-hop," he says, sitting in his basement playroom after winning a warm-up game of Connect Four against his skyscraping, charismatic manager, Shaka Zulu. "I love competing against the best."

Today, instead, he will be competing against *Blender*.

## EVENT #1

### ONE-HANDED BRA UNHOOKING

"MAN, WHO THOUGHT of this idea?" Ludacris asks. He pauses, and then remembers the answer: "It was me."

Arranged kneeling on a black leather couch in front of him are five women, oiled up and wearing only their undergarments. The challenge is to see who can unhook all five bras, with one hand behind his back, more quickly. A stopwatch is ready. There will be two heats.

"The only reason you might win," Ludacris tells *Blender*, "is because girls are always taking them off for me."

He fumbles with the first bra, but eventually pops it off. His crew — assistants, friends, managers and record-label flacks — cheer him on from the sidelines. The second bra is a snap (literally); the third is a challenging array of six clasps; and the fourth a complicated fastening system. Seconds tick by as he tries to figure out how it works. He reddens, but eventually gets it off before moving on to the fifth. His time is just over a minute.

Having watched carefully, we move through the line with relative ease until running afoul of the fourth bra. Ludacris cries "Cheater!" as we look over the woman's shoulder to figure out the clasping system. Our time is 45 seconds.

Prepared for round two, ➔



## THE HO'LYMPICS!

Ludacris moves through the line like KY Jelly as bra after bra comes off between his nimble fingers. As soon as he pops the last bra, he looks up at the time-keeper. "How was that?" he asks.

"Eighteen seconds," she says.

Ludacris runs around the room throwing his fists in the air, galloping into the foyer and punching the walls. The event is his. Or so he thinks. *Blender* moves down the line with equal dexterity. Our time: 18 seconds. A draw is declared.

Ludacris takes a step back and addresses the crowd. "I'd just like to thank lady number 3," he begins, "for making this possible."

ROUND ONE LUDACRIS: 1 BLENDER: 1

### EVENT #2

## HIP-HOP SCRABBLE

"DID ANYONE BRING a Scrabble board?" *Blender* asks.

The assistants, stylists, prop people, photographers, sketch artists, referees and fans look around dumbly. Suddenly a voice calls out, "I have one." That voice belongs to Ludacris, who runs upstairs and fetches a still-wrapped "deluxe version" of the game.

"I have a lot of stuff like this," he says, "because I like entertaining." Indeed, his house is a self-styled theme park, offering a lake for bass fishing, a dirt track for 2 *Fast 2 Furious*-style racing, a swimming pool and barbecue pit for summer parties, a full-size basketball court, tennis courts, a golf driving range, a plush movie theater (complete with a glass-encased snack counter) and indoor games from Uno to pool.

Ludacris settles at a table near his theater — "The Ludaplex" — and spreads



"Whaddya mean *outherb* isn't a word?"



"How much for fashizzle?"

out the Scrabble tiles. He hands the instructions to his assistant, who will act as referee.

The rules are simple: Only hip-hop lingo can be used.

Thus, words such as *here* and *there* are not allowed, but *herre* and *thurr* are golden.

Ludacris draws seven tiles, arranges the letters on his board and claps his hands together. Slowly, his eyes dancing with glee, he lays his first word onto the board: *N-E-G-R-O*.

**"That's a double word score, you bastard," Ludacris taunts.**

"That's a hip-hop word right there," he declares.

However, *Blender* puts down an even longer word, *S-E-R-V-I-N*. And the race is on. Ludacris parries with *M-O-F-O*.

Shaka Zulu's 10-year-old son stands nearby. "What's a mofo?" he asks.

"It's somebody who's crazy," Ludacris tells him.

*Blender*, at the ready, adds *C-R-A-Z-Y* in front of *MOFO*. The judge adds up the points and then turns to *Blender*. "Do you want to know what the secret to this game is?" he asks.

Ludacris quickly cuts him short. "Hey, chill out — the game ain't over," he says. The heat is on.

"I'm thirsty," says the 10-year-old.

Ludacris turns to his assistant and says, "Awww, let the little nigger have a drink." He then lays down *N-I-G-G-A-S*.

And so it goes: *HOV*, *HUMV*, *TWEET*, *EGO*, *RIDE*, *REAL*, *FO*, *RAW*, *NANN* and *PUNANN*. It seems as if anything goes, but when *Blender* puts down *H-O-Z*, Ludacris balks.

"That's not right," he says.

Evidently, for the man who wrote one of rap's biggest hits about the subject, the word can be spelled only two ways: *h-o-e-s* or *h-o-e-z*. But *Blender* presents evidence in the form of the Juvenile song "Hoz Ain't Nuthin' but Hoz," and Ludacris relents. He then bends the rules with his next word, *J-E-N*.

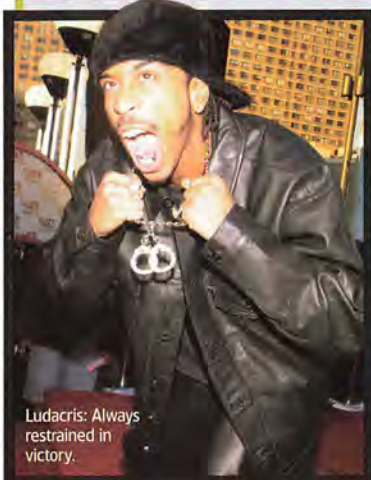
"Like Jen from the block," he says, in reference to J.Lo. "That's a double word score, you bastard."

That double word score puts Ludacris over the top. He ends up taking the game, 256 to 236.

There is such a thing as a good winner. Ludacris is not one. "Y'all are at a loss for words," he gloats, snatching a victory chicken breast from a Def Jam employee. "I beat you in Scrabble."

ROUND TWO LUDACRIS: 2 BLENDER: 1

## LUDACRIS HIS LIFE IN CDs



Ludacris: Always restrained in victory.



**BACK FOR THE FIRST TIME**  
DEF JAM SOUTH, 2000

☆☆☆

"Reach up in the sky for the ho-zone layer!" Ludacris puns on "Ho." His debut sets slapstick wordplay and leering come-ons to subsonic bass booms and threatening synths, and crowns him the clown prince of Dirty South hip-hop.



**WORD OF MOUF**  
DEF JAM SOUTH, 2001

☆☆☆☆

Luda's triple-platinum breakthrough set features the hater kiss-off "Rollout (My Business)," the gluttonous "Area Codes" (from the *Rush Hour 2* soundtrack) and "Saturday." Here, his musical drawl turns phrase after phrase into delirious hooks.



**LUDACRIS PRESENTS DISTURBING THA PEACE GOLDEN GRAIN**  
DEF JAM SOUTH, 2002

☆☆

Ludacris's Atlanta homies Tity Boi, Lil' Fate, Jay Cee, Shawna and I-20 don't lack personality. But slack production undermines them, with the rare exception ("Move Bitch").  
JONAH WEINER

"I want your BOD!"

"I want your BOD!"

"I want your BOD!"

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EVENT #3

40-OUNCE RIFLE SHOOTING

LUDACRIS WALKS ALONG the edge of his lake, muddy from the rain, with a .22-caliber rifle. "There's two things in life: to be scared or prepared," he says, "and I'm prepared like a motherfucker."

A Def Jam employee is hard at work setting up a pyramid of 40-ounce beer bottles on a dirt mound. Well, actually, she couldn't find any 40-ouncers at the store, and the Coronas she bought instead have been guzzled already. So a diet root beer pyramid is erected instead.

Ludacris stands at the ready, lovingly polishing the muzzle of his rifle.

"Um, is the safety on?" we ask.

The goal is first to shoot off the can at the top and then systematically knock off each layer of the four-level pyramid, one at a time.

"This is the best thing ever," Ludacris says as he sticks a bullet in the chamber. He cocks, aims at the pyramid and squeezes the trigger. Nothing happens. The safety is indeed on.



Nice cans!

He fires off his first shot and demolishes both the first and second row of cans. With three more shots, the entire pyramid is destroyed.

He hands the gun to *Blender*.

"Beat that," he says.

We do. With the first shot, we knock off the top can. The crowd gasps in admiration. The second bullet eliminates the second row, and a third shot explodes the rest of the diet root beer. Victory is ours.

ROUND THREE LUDACRIS: 2 BLENDER: 2

EVENT #4

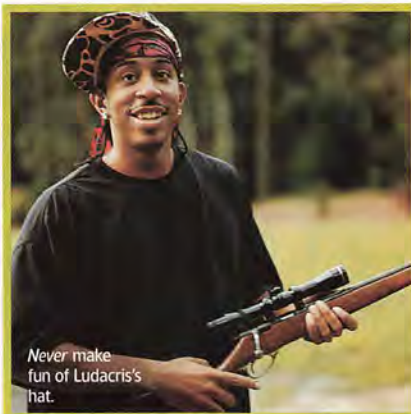
FAST, FURIOUS ATV RACING

REMEMBER THE OPENING chase scene in *2 Fast 2 Furious*, when Tyrese careens over an open drawbridge? Well, *Blender's* race with Ludacris is nothing like that. What we possess in marksmanship, we lack in motorcycle experience, and Ludacris's brand-new four-wheel ATVs operate just like motorcycles.

Shaka Zulu gives *Blender* a quick lesson in shifting gears, then pauses to discuss with Ludacris which bra models



"I thought you were bringing the fuzzy dice!"



Never make fun of Ludacris's hat.

they want to mack. "Well, that one's mom is here already, so she's out," Ludacris says. He turns to another: "Hey, how old are you?" The answer, 20, is satisfactory.

The 20-year-old holds a checkered flag in her hands. She lowers it, and the race around Ludacris's lake is on. Actually, *race* wouldn't quite be the right word for it. Let's just say that Ludacris won by about 25 bras.

ROUND FOUR LUDACRIS: 3 BLENDER: 2

AND THE WINNER IS... THE MEDAL CEREMONY

LUDACRIS SITS IN the corner and discusses the awards ceremony with Shaka Zulu for several minutes. Finally, he stands up and is ready to receive his accolades. "We sit down and we think about everything," he

says about his conferences with his manager. "We have a science, and it works."

That, he says, is how he signed the platinum rapper Chingy to his imprint; why he raps in songs by everyone from Kylie Minogue to Trick Daddy; and what made him decide to compete for the Ho'lympics gold in the first place.

"That's funny as hell," Ludacris says as the bra models come by with the medals. "They got the gold and the platinum awards."

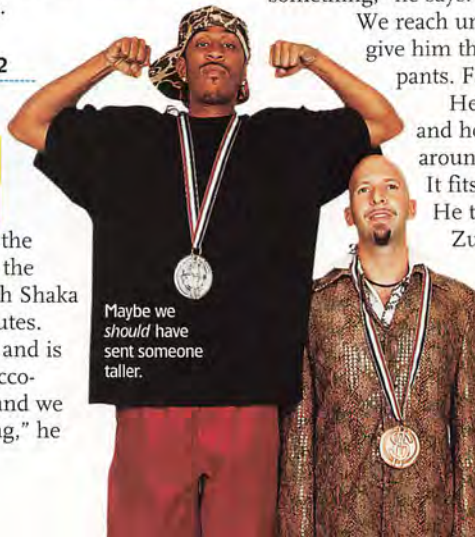
He is told that the second medal is actually a lesser silver one. "In hip-hop," he says, "that's platinum." As the world champion of hip-hop Scrabble, he does have final say in the matter. So bra model number 4 kindly bequeaths Ludacris with the winning platinum as the world heaves a sigh of relief. The artist has triumphed over the press once again.

As we walk away with the ignominious gold medal around our neck, Ludacris stops us. "You forgot something," he says.

We reach under our jacket and give him the belt off our pants. Fair is fair.

He raises his shirt and hooks the belt around his khaki pants. It fits. 'Cris is happy.

He turns to Shaka Zulu, at the pool table in the next room, and hollers, "We got to start having Ho'lympic parties in the crib for real!" [BLENDER]



Maybe we should have sent someone taller.



ROWLEY  
(XL2)

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# "I'm a Good Person"



➔ In an exclusive interview with *Blender*, infamous R&B star **R. Kelly**, currently awaiting trial on 21 counts of child pornography, tells why he's still writing dirty songs, how he's getting right with God and what it's like facing a future behind bars

BY JONATHAN GOLD



WHEN YOU'RE R. Kelly, things just seem to materialize.

Tonight, he is in Harry's Velvet Room, a gilded and silk-swagged subterranean champagne lounge in the Near North Side district of his hometown, Chicago. Fresh from his daily game of midnight basketball in a suburban gym — a clean towel still slung over his shoulder, his T-shirt neatly pressed and creased — he suddenly finds himself clutching a bottle of Moët someone has thrust into his fist. Then a fifth of Hennessy, then a beaker of the weird, fruity liqueur Hpnotiq. He swigs the Hpnotiq from the bottle.

A cigar appears between his fingers; a moment later a lighter emerges from the crowd. If he is hungry, a crab cake or a tiny nibble of goat cheese already rests in his palm. The local trust-fund kids, the entourages of lesser celebrities, even the formidable Ruff Ryders posse — all seem to arrange themselves in concentric semicircles that radiate around his chair, approaching one at a time as if to kiss his diamond-encrusted ring.

Women, too, fall into R. Kelly's orbit at the Velvet Room. So he finds his arm comfortably snaked for a moment around a Pilates-honed waist or a fragrant shoulder of a girl he has never met. After a while, the women around Kelly begin to seem as blandly interchangeable as the trip-hop grooves the club's DJ will not stop playing. But they must be comforting in their sheer numbers.

"This town loves R. Kelly," says Joaquin Dean, CEO of Ruff Ryders Inc., mock-slapping himself in awe. "They do not . . . give . . . a damn."

\*\*\*\*\*

OUTSIDE THE PRIVILEGED midnight world bound by the velvet rope, though, life has been very different for Robert Sylvester Kelly. For nearly a decade — almost since the beginning of his solo R&B career in 1993 — he has been



↑ Down by law: Kelly at Cook County Courthouse in Illinois before pleading innocent to charges of child pornography, June 28, 2002

surrounded by darkening rumors of his compulsion for sex with underage girls. Lawsuits have been filed against him by a string of different women — schoolgirls, aspiring singers and rappers, a record-company intern — some of whom allege they were seduced by Kelly when they were 15 or 16. One claimed he coaxed her into having an abortion. Some suits were settled out of court; two are still pending.

None of it seemed to touch him. In August 1994, he married the then 15-year-old singer Aaliyah in a Chicago hotel room, having falsified the marriage certificate to make her 18. Aaliyah's family separated them, the marriage was annulled and she never saw him again. Authorities didn't investigate the case,

and the scandal ultimately evaporated: The following year, he produced a number 1 single for Michael Jackson and hits for Céline Dion and Toni Braxton; in 1996, he had his biggest hit, the ubiquitous inspirational anthem "I Believe I Can Fly." It won three Grammys.

Things began to unravel only at the end of 2000, when the *Chicago Sun-Times*

published an exposé of Kelly's history of pursuing young girls. But by that time, the Special Investigations Unit of the Chicago police had already been examining his case for two years.

At the beginning of 2001, a videotape was mailed anonymously to the newspaper. It showed a man alleged to be Kelly having sex with a young girl in a wood-paneled sauna room similar to those in both of his Chicago homes. Then, in February 2002, days before Kelly's performance at the opening ceremony of the Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City, a second tape appeared in the *Sun-Times's* mailroom. That tape contained the now-infamous 26 minutes of footage of a man who looks very much like Kelly having sex with — and urinating on — a girl who police say was no older than 14 at the time. By the end of the month, VHS copies of the tape could be bought on streets across the United States for \$10 a pop.

Finally, on June 5, 2002, Robert S. Kelly was arrested outside his rented house in Davenport, Florida, charged with 21 counts of taping and producing, and enticing a minor to participate in, child pornography. He later surrendered to

**"Osama bin Laden is the only one who knows what I'm going through."**



**WORLD EXCLUSIVE!**  
**R. KELLY SPEAKS**

Kelly ponders an uncertain future. Photographed at the W Hotel, Chicago, July 4



police in Chicago and was released on \$750,000 bail. Kelly has denied that he is the man in the video, and his defense team has said that the girl on the tape was over 18. Regardless, Kelly is not permitted to leave Cook County, Illinois, without first seeking the permission of the court.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THERE WILL ALWAYS be teenagers looking to get into trouble, and there will always be celebrities willing to oblige them. *Blender* has tagged along on rock tours where all manner of debauchery took place in plain sight. Much of it, in all likelihood, involved women as young as the woman on the “R. Kelly Sex Tape.” Pop stars, famously, function as America’s collective id; sex, drugs and rock & roll are not grouped by accident.

If it is indeed R. Kelly on that tape — and many people believe it is — he was terrifyingly oblivious to the potential consequences of what he was doing. But what is especially astonishing about the video is that its star keeps mugging for the camera, fiddling with the angle to show his genitals to maximum advantage, switching from one sexual act to the next with something like precision, yet appear-

ing not so much gleeful as profoundly, miserably bored. This is not a man — whoever he might be — being taped against his will.

“People can say whatever they want about you without knowing the facts,” says Kelly, settled into a chair in a hotel suite 20 floors above Lake Michigan. “They can criticize you without even knowing you, and hate you when they don’t even know you. All of a sudden, you’re, like, the bin Laden of America. Osama bin Laden is the only one who knows exactly what I’m going through.”

It’s close to 5 in the morning, and Kelly’s entourage is still at least a dozen strong: tour dancers, a makeup artist, an



Hometown hero: Live at the United Center, Chicago, May 1999

executive who would like Kelly to produce another few songs for the boy band B2K and some buddies who rode the mile from the club to the hotel in Kelly’s Hummer, which sports a giant flat-screen TV stretched behind the front seat.

Kelly — call him Rob, he says — has the expensively buff, rangy pres-

ence of a pro athlete, which you wouldn’t expect if you had seen him only on MTV. But he also cultivates a sort of vaporousness, the actor’s gift for melting into the shadows. He looks unstarry enough to be a member of his own entourage.

Kelly has been counseled by his cabinet of attorneys and handlers not to discuss with *Blender* any particulars of the pending court case, or of his sexual history in general. In stepping around the topics, he refers often to God and repeatedly compares the way he employs sex in his songs to the use of violence in action movies. When asked about Andrea Lee, his wife of seven years, he says, mechanically, “I don’t really talk about her.” Only

**“It’s hard being me.  
But it’s always been  
hard being me.”**

★

after 20 minutes or so does he relax into something approaching conversation.

He has finally made it up here to be interviewed, 11 hours late, after a night spent much like any other. He usually wakes up around sunset, heads out for dinner at McDonald's, plays fiercely competitive basketball in a gym near his suburban home until 1 or 1:30 A.M., then spends the next several hours in the studio before crashing sometime between 10 A.M. and noon. Tonight, with a couple of fresh BET awards and countless hours of unreleased music in the can, he is taking a rare few hours off from recording to talk to *Blender*.

As the pink dawn breaks behind him, a friend hands Kelly a room-service menu, which he scans and hands back in disgust. He sends an associate out for White Castle hamburgers. "Enough for everyone, you hear?" He beams — a job well done. What Kelly knows, what everyone in the room knows but dares not acknowledge, is that these White Castle dawns may not last forever: His trial is expected to begin in October or November.

For the last year, as his personal life began to disintegrate, Kelly has been on an extraordinary professional roll. He has worked at a furious pace, writing, recording and producing a mountain of material — his hit singles "Ignition," "Snake" and "Thoia Thoing"; Ginuwine's "Hell Yeah" — that includes some of the best, most libidinous music he has ever made. For the man whose credits include such sex-drunk classics as "Feelin' on Yo Booty" and "Bump n' Grind," that's no small compliment.

*How do you manage to concentrate on music with all the turbulence that's surrounding you?*

"A lot of it," he says, cupping his chin in a tired hand, "has to do with the whole drama going on around R. Kelly. If you tell me on the court that we've got an hour to make a basket, I'm going to take



Light my fire: Tyrese, Kelly and Cam'ron (from left) on the video shoot for Kelly's hit "Snake (Remix)."

my time. But if you tell me the pressure's on, tell me I've got two minutes, then I'm going to focus. Everything's like that with me. When I have a little pressure on me, my passion starts to feed my talent."

Kelly says he's been buried in the studio for six months, working constantly. Ideas for songs come to him all the time: in the kitchen, in the bathroom, on the basketball court. When he hears something in his head, he'll just stop the game and take out his Dictaphone.

"I love music, and music loves me back. We're kind of married, and I'm pregnant by music. I have three to four years' worth of work you've never heard in the vaults. I've come up with at least 20 to 25 albums."

*Do you feel as though you're working toward some sort of deadline, given what's coming up?*

"Not really. I'm just finishing up. I have a lot of DATs to finish up, collaborations and things."

*What's it like being R. Kelly right now?*

"It's hard being me. But it's always been hard being me. It's hard to be famous and free. Everybody wants to know: 'What are you going to write?' People assume that what I say in a song shows what kind of person I am . . . how good or bad I am.

"That's what I love about Marvin Gaye: He never held any punches. If he felt sexual, he was just going to say,

straight-out bold: 'Let's Get It On.' You know, I'm a male, and I've got an idea of what women want to hear, and also what men want to tell their women. And I don't believe in doing a ballad that just talks about *love*."

R. Kelly spits out this last word as if no concept could be any less appealing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A WEEK EARLIER, outside the dressing rooms at this summer's BET Awards in Hollywood, nobody would talk about R. Kelly and his troubles.

Erykah Badu put a finger to her lips when *Blender* asked about him. 50 Cent, at the head of a flying wedge of hired muscle, blew by without slowing. Missy Elliott ducked back into her dressing room. Beyoncé Knowles's posse wouldn't let the question of R. Kelly get within 20 feet of her, and Jay-Z looked at *Blender* as though we had stepped in something evil.

Kelly himself skipped the stroll down the red carpet. Yet when he rolled onstage with his dancers, the women in the audience screamed, and when he won the award for Best R&B Singer, the women screamed some more. BET recognized the drama and scheduled Kelly as the final performer. In his acceptance speech, he remarked how proud he was that black people had stuck together behind him.

"I'm at my best when I'm wanted," Kelly says, "and I'm no good when I'm not. That's my kryptonite, when I'm not wanted. They showed me a lot of love."

R. Kelly's people, the family of musicians with whom he surrounds himself, clearly adore him. B2K tell everyone he's the best producer in the world. Tyrese, for whom Kelly produced the track "Pick Up the Phone" for the *2 Fast 2 Furious* soundtrack, says he's a genius, so dedicated that he'll stay up for three days in a row working lest he miss out on something.

"He's the real-deal R&B king," Tyrese says. "No other singer in the history of R&B has spent so much time making hits for other people."

"I'm a male, and I've got an idea of what women want to hear."



## THE R. KELLY FILES >>>

Rumors of R. Kelly's sexual habits stretch back over a decade



### JANUARY 8, 1967

Robert Kelly is born the third of four children.

### 1991

R. Kelly meets manager Barry Hankerson's niece Aaliyah, who is 12.

### 1991

In a lawsuit filed in 1997, Tiffany Hawkins alleges that in 1991, when she was just 15, she started having sex with Kelly.

### NOVEMBER 1993

Kelly's first solo album, *12 Play*, is released. It sells more than 5 million copies.

### JUNE 1994

Aaliyah releases her Kelly-produced debut. Two months later, they marry, though she's underage.



### 1996

Kelly marries a 22-year-old dancer, Andrea Lee. He scores his biggest hit, "I Believe I Can Fly" (from the movie *Space Jam*), which wins three Grammys.

### JANUARY 1998

Kelly settles Hawkins's suit for a reported \$250,000.

### DECEMBER 1998

Kelly allegedly picks up 16-year-old Patrice Jones while she is out on her prom date.

### JUNE 1999

In a lawsuit filed in 2002, Jones claims that by June 1999, she was pregnant by Kelly, who forced her to have an abortion in September, effectively ending their relationship.

### Chicago Sun-Times



### APRIL 2000

In a lawsuit filed in 2001, former Epic Records intern Tracy Sampson alleges that in April 2000, she started having sex with Kelly when she was 17.

### NOVEMBER 2000

Kelly's fifth album, *TP2.com*, debuts at number 1.

### DECEMBER 2000

The *Chicago Sun-Times* runs an expose claiming that Kelly has a habit of seducing underage girls.



Attorney Ed Genson pleads Kelly's case in Polk County Courthouse, Bartow, Florida, June 6, 2002



↑ Loveland: Kelly's supporters offer words of encouragement outside a Chicago courthouse.

But even some of Kelly's most ardent fans have become cynical. Take LaTiisha from Duncanville, Texas, who paid more than \$100 and sat for more than three hours to hear Kelly perform an abbreviated 20-minute set at a concert benefiting a charity founded by Dallas Mavericks owner Mark Cuban that aids the families of U.S. soldiers killed or gravely injured in Iraq. "The man's a genius," LaTiisha tells *Blender*. "But here's some advice: Next time, he'd better check ID."

"None of this really hurts me," Kelly says. "It's like a party. If there's too much promotion, you got a line all the way down the block, people can't get in, the police trying to shut the damned party down — because you overpromoted it. Right now, I'm being overpromoted. It's gotten so big," he adds, "you might just as well lock me up."

Kelly says that these days he spends a lot of time talking to the Reverend James Meeks, a Chicago-based community leader who's his pastor, his spiritual advisor and the man who sat beside him throughout the BET interview he gave last year proclaiming his innocence.

"We chat after church sometimes; we talk during the week about everything

that's going on and how I feel about it. We just get into God and the whole nine. Then I get into the studio — I'm always in the studio — and stay busy with my music. What's the sense of hearing a lot of lies and rumors about yourself?

"My mama always told me that the higher you go, you're going to pay a price," he continues. "And you've got to believe that God's got your back. She told me this way back, when I was recording my second album. And I listened. You know, I grew up in a house full of women." Kelly reaches into a White Castle sack and insists that *Blender* share his cold fries. "I never saw my father. I was raised by my mom, my grandmother, my great-grandmother. My mom was pretty much like me. Loving of people, all colors, all castes, wanting to be around people and have fun. She sang. She could really sing. We were like best friends."

His voice softens almost to a whisper. Although this moment, when Kelly collapses into tears at the thought of his late mother, is familiar to anybody who has ever been to one of his concerts, his sadness feels very real.

"She knew," he says. "She called me a genius, you know. The same thing any

**"I'm taking a few punches, but I can't think this is going to knock me out."**

Clockwise from top left: Reuters New Media Inc./Corbis; Stephen J. Carreira/AP Photo; Alphonse; Raymond; (still-life); Reuters New Media Inc./Corbis; Kurt Stratton/Newscom; The Associated/Getty Images/Newscom

**EARLY 2001**

The *Sun-Times* receives the first anonymous videotape purporting to depict Kelly and an underage girl having sexual relations. The tape is given to Chicago police.

**AUGUST 25, 2001**

Aaliyah dies in a plane crash.



**JANUARY 2002**

Kelly announces that his collaboration with Jay-Z, *The Best of Both Worlds*, will hit stores March 26.

**FEBRUARY 2002**

The *Sun-Times* receives a second tape, which also purports to show Kelly having sexual relations with an underage girl, who police say was 14 at the time.



**FEBRUARY 8, 2002**

On the eve of his performance at the opening ceremony of the Winter Olympics, Kelly proclaims his innocence to Chicago radio station WMAQ.

**LATE FEBRUARY 2002**

The alleged sex tape is available on the streets.

**APRIL 3, 2002**

Former Kelly protégée Sparkle tells Los Angeles radio station KKBT that the girl on the alleged sex tape is her niece.

**MAY 8 AND 9, 2002**

Kelly proclaims his innocence on BET and MTV. By the end of May, a fourth woman, Montina Woods, files a \$50,000 suit against Kelly, accusing him of secretly taping their sexual encounter.



**JUNE 5, 2002**

Kelly is arrested at his Florida home on 21 counts of child pornography. By mid-June, Kelly surrenders to Chicago authorities, posting a \$750,000 bond.

**JANUARY 22, 2003**

While in Miami, Kelly is again arrested on charges of child pornography. Authorities say they found 12 photos of a nude girl while searching his rented residence during his previous arrest.

**FEBRUARY 18, 2003**

Kelly's new album, *Chocolate Factory*, is released, debuting at number 1.

**JUNE 24, 2003**

Kelly ties with Jaheim for Best Male R&B Artist at the BET Awards in Los Angeles. JENNIFER VINEYARD



mama calls her son whether he has a gift or not, really. But she was always thankful for the gift of life."

His voice catches in a sob, and he turns away toward the window, watching the first sailboats of the day make their way onto the lake.

"There's a lot of people going through a lot of things right now that are deeper than me, you know. I see kids and people starving; a baby just died the other day from starvation. People think I'm going through something — but I know God is real. My own situation is not so heavy. We'll be all right."

Right now, R. Kelly leads the life of a celebrity litigant: touring whenever a judge will grant him permission to do so, writing and recording new tracks for labelmate Britney Spears, readying his first greatest-hits collection and preparing for his trial.

If he's found guilty, Kelly could face a lifetime in jail as the United States' most infamous sex offender.

He says he isn't planning his life assuming the prosecution will succeed.

"I can't think like that. Because I have to think good. I'm a good person. Good people think good; they think positive. That's why they do good. You've got to understand: When you're a celebrity at my level, the game gets harder. I'm in life's boxing ring. I go in there expecting to get hit. You don't train to get in there and not get hit — you take the punches. So I'm taking a few punches, but I can't think this is going to knock me out," he says. "I can't think like that." [BLENDER]

# Sex Pistol! ★

➔ Brash **Distillers** frontwoman Brody Armstrong survived a hellish childhood, a punk-rock divorce and a controversial new romance to stand now on the brink of stardom. “I won’t be crucified,” she tells *Blender*

BY MICHAEL ODELL  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUDSON BAKER



THE ROCK lovebirds just won’t break their clinch.

It’s nearing show-time, but at the elevators of Manhattan’s chic W Hotel, Queens of the Stone Age frontman Josh Homme is muttering gruff niceties into the ear of a statuesque young woman. Luckily, her heels provide the elevation required to successfully negotiate the coings of the six-foot-six QOTSA giant. Homme is the more famous of the grungy twosome, but all eyes in the hotel are firmly fixed on the young woman. Her T-shirt is safety-pinned at the cleavage. She has ketchup on her left breast. Then there’s the calling card tattooed on her left shoulder: a human skull accessorized with a pink ribbon. Above and below, the gothic type exhorts you to FUCK OFF.

The “It punk” in question is Brody Armstrong, singer and songwriter with Los Angeles band the Distillers. Though we can hardly help ourselves, Armstrong plainly makes *Blender* feel as if we really should be staring someplace else.

This romance has largely, up until now, been but a rumor. On message boards and in punk fanzines, word had spread over recent months that 24-year-old Brody had left her husband, Tim Armstrong, leader of the punk group Rancid, for Homme, whose band currently enjoys unanimous critical adulation and near-platinum sales. Pierced gossips hissed about Brody’s motives, insinuating that she was a social-climbing mercenary who had traded up in partners in order to form a modern-rock power couple on the eve of her band’s major-label debut. They hurled Kurt-and-Courtney comparisons at her like poison darts.

But Homme and Armstrong are past caring about the sniping chitchat. Some



The Distillers, from left: Anthony Bradley, Andy Granelli, Brody Armstrong, Ryan Sinn

neat scheduling means their respective bands are currently on Lollapalooza together, and Armstrong will later cite post-show fun as a reason for feeling “not exactly the tits.”

Today’s lingering farewell is due to a sudden divergence in band duties. The Distillers have time scheduled at a New York studio, where they’re nearly done mastering their third album, *Coral Fang*. Homme, meanwhile, heads with his band for a performance on *The Late Show With David Letterman*. Later, Armstrong and her band have a sweattier, smellier date at New York’s legendary punk venue CBGB.

Distillers guitarist Anthony Bradley, drummer Andy Granelli and bass player Ryan Sinn wait for their singer on a sofa in the hotel foyer.

“Where’s the Beaver?” asks Bradley, using a cozy band nickname for Armstrong. The singer parts from Homme and apologizes for being tardy. She was up late partying last night, but she’s paying a heavy price: She has a

fuzzy head and a cracked, husky voice — which, actually, is proving a recording hallmark. But most of all, she’s having weird dreams.

“I dreamed I was smoking crack. Then I dreamed I was having sex with a dolphin. The last was that my mom had a baby boy, and I was baby-sitting and put him inside a plastic bag.

“Now what the fuck is all that about?”



A LOT ABOUT Brody Armstrong and the Distillers invites such inquiry. The macabre lyrical world of their first two offerings, *The Distillers* (2000) and *Sing Sing Death House* (2002), hint at Armstrong’s past, the sort of upbringing that even most social workers would need a stiff drink to read about. It was as though someone forgot to buy Armstrong’s folks a *Good Parenting* handbook and bought them *Fucking It All Up* instead.

She was born Brody Dalle in Melbourne, Australia, in 1979. Her English father, whom she calls “a cab driver and drunken poet,” was thrown out of the house by her mother when Brody was 17 months old. He left for the U.K., return-

**“The weak get crushed. And I’m not one of those.”**





Brody Armstrong:  
Your ad here!

ing three years later to start a new family. However, Brody's mother was so concerned about his reappearance that she moved out of Melbourne, taking Brody with her, and left no forwarding address. Armstrong's vivid dream life figures strongly here: She remembers a recurring childhood nightmare of two alligators in a hot tub fighting to the death.

By her early teens, Armstrong was struggling. She left home and began compiling a magnificent delinquent case history. "I dabbled in drugs, but there was no addiction problem," she says. "But my mom and I fell out big time. I was terrible. I would have thrown me out. I was a very, very bad girl. But also just a teenager trying to figure out who I was."

She was also playing guitar, inspired by punk acts from Discharge to Devo. When she was 13, her guitar teacher taught her the Hole song "Teenage Whore," and a year later Armstrong formed a band, Sourpuss, with her best friend. When she was only 16, Sourpuss played the second stage at Australia's Somersault festival, a gig that changed her life.

Also on the bill were Hole and Rancid. Armstrong met Courtney Love that day; they're still friends (Armstrong, in fact, plays guitar on two tracks on Love's forthcoming solo album, *America's Sweetheart*). She also met 28-year-old Rancid frontman Tim Armstrong, and the two fell mohawked-head-over-heels in love.

Initially, their relationship was strictly long-distance. Brody and Tim would write to each other as often as they could, and Brody, with Tim's encouragement, formed the first incarnation of the Distillers, taking the name from a brewery found along the train route from Melbourne to the industrial Australian beach town of Geelong. Frustrated by the 8,000 miles between Melbourne and Los Angeles that separated them, Tim, a sweet, gentle man and a much-beloved figure on the U.S. punk scene, asked Brody to marry him. Upon turning 18 in 1997, she moved to L.A. and married him the following year, ditching the fledgling Distillers back in Australia.

Though initially she hated America, finding L.A. in particular "vulgar," she still recruited a new Distillers lineup: Kim Fuellerman on bass, drummer Mat Young and Rose Casper →

on guitar. Fuellerman had been working at Epitaph Records (Rancid's label), and the band signed a deal with Epitaph. Interestingly, when she talks about that time today, Armstrong says her need for independence was already an issue in the marriage.

"I don't like being codependent," she says. "And I had to rely on Tim for everything."

By the time the Distillers released *Sing Sing Death House*, Young and Fuellerman were out of the band. Casper would play on the album but depart soon after. Why? Armstrong, ever more ambitious, had decided the band was in a rut and canned them all.

"I fired them all for indifference," she says. "I was a 22-year-old tyrant with a definite idea of how things should be. They weren't hungry for it."

She recruited Andy Granelli from San Francisco punk band the Nerve Agents, and Granelli brought Ryan Sinn with him. Anthony Bradley, the Distillers' former T-shirt salesman, came aboard later. But further changes were imminent. The Distillers, who had built up a fevered following with their open-throated live shows, signed to Sire Records. Meanwhile, Tim

and Brody's marriage fell to pieces.

"I got married when I thought I knew everything about the world," she says. "I realize I knew nothing. I didn't know the fundamentals of relationships, the roles we play, honor and trust, etc."

*Blender* suggests that an 18-year-old girl marrying a 30-year-old man might indicate some unresolved paternal issues.

"Yeah," she allows. "I wasn't calling him Daddy, but yeah. I

learned a lot from him. Especially about how he runs his band. But I did it myself, too. Tim's not a demigod; he came up through the ranks like me."

Though she told the alternative newspaper *LA Weekly* this June that she still loves her husband and always will (the two are still legally married), things are not so rosy now. "Oh, yeah, we're best of friends," she says with some sarcasm. "We pub-hop together, go to strip joints. What do you think?"

Now her relationship with Homme, another older man with rock-star stature, is a matter of speculation.

Armstrong shoots *Blender* a look that could incapacitate our spinal column when we ask whether Homme plays on her new album.

"Sure," she answers, rolling her eyes. "Josh wrote our new album. And Tim wrote the last one. That's what I use these people for."

Actually, *Coral Fang* could not be anything other than the product of Brody Armstrong's pitch-black imagination. Backed by major-label dollars and produced by Gil Norton (who has worked with the Pixies and Foo Fighters), it far exceeds the raw potential of the Distillers' first two albums. The one-dimensional bile splatter of *Sing Sing Death House* has given way to better structures, though the pace is still brutally intense, and Armstrong's vision of the universe still gothic and curdled. The sing-along suicide anthem "Die on a Rope" and the scabrous "Dismantle Me" hint at the turbulence of her personal life.

"'Die on a Rope' is about . . . well, that's personal, but really obvious, too. I'm asking my hangman, 'Will I die on a rope?' 'Dismantle Me' is my personal dialogue with a certain person, too. Let's just say you can't come out of the abyss unscathed," she says.

It's this lyrical waywardness as well as the trajectory of her personal life that have earned Armstrong the "new Courtney Love" moniker. She's surprisingly sanguine about the comparison. Love and British punk queen Siouxsie Sioux are the

**"I dreamed I had sex with a dolphin. What's that about?"**



THREE'S A CROWD

## Bizarre Love Triangles!

Brody Armstrong isn't the only rock star to leave one musician for another — they're all doing it! Read on if you don't believe us . . .

### MÖTLEY!

Pamela Anderson went from making domestic porn videos with her hubby, Mötley Crüe drummer **Tommy Lee**, to a brief stopover at Swedish male model Marcus Schenkenberg before adding herself to **Kid Rock's** lengthy list of rock-star accessories.

### KINKSY!

The Pretenders' **Chrissie Hynde** romanced Kinks leader **Ray Davies** in 1980, then broke his heart in 1984 by swapping him for younger model **Jim Kerr** of Simple Minds, whom she divorced in 1990.

### SLEAZY!

After divorcing **Dan Donovan** of Big Audio Dynamite, Brit "actress" **Patsy Kensit** wed **Jim Kerr** (yes, him again) in 1992 before moving on to **Liam Gallagher** of Oasis — only to learn that he was making extracurricular babies two weeks after their marriage.

### JAZZY!

This May, shortly after **Elvis Costello's** stormy 16-year marriage to former Pogue



Pammy, Kid and Tommy

**Cait O'Riordan** ended, he got engaged to "smoldering" Canadian jazzier **Diana Krall**. "There's nothing scandalous," he said, and gosh darn it, that seems to be true.

### DEADLY!

Cute Aussie soap starlet **Kylie Minogue** beefed up her image in 1989 via a high-profile sexsociety with **Michael Hutchence** of INXS, who later committed suicide during his romance with **Paula Yates**, former wife of Live Aid supremo **Bob Geldof**.

### STONESY!

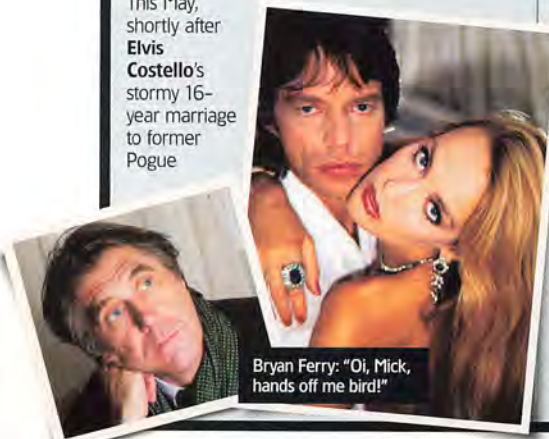
When **Mick Jagger** seduced **Bryan Ferry's** girlfriend, leggy blonde model **Jerry Hall**, in 1977, he was continuing a longstanding Rolling Stones love-triangle tradition . . .

### JUNKIE!

. . . whereby actress/junkie **Anita Pallenberg**, in 1967, had switched her affection from rhythm guitarist **Brian Jones** to lead guitarist **Keith Richards**.

### BLUESY!

Model **Patti Boyd**, one of the few women to have had three famous songs written about her ("Something," "Layla," "Wonderful Tonight"), would not have achieved that tally if she hadn't abandoned **George Harrison** in 1970 in favor of **Eric Clapton**. JOHNNY BLACK



Bryan Ferry: "Oi, Mick, hands off me bird!"



*Lingerie*



Some men are mostly good. They buy miniature poodles and aromatherapy candles. Women love these men, but only as shopping buddies.

Other men are mostly bad. They install waterbeds in vans and consider women in comas fair game. These men don't get the girl, they get pepper-sprayed.

Then there are the men who've found that perfect balance: they're both sweet and seductive. They say the right thing at the right time. They do the right thing at the right time. And they're exactly what women want.

**Part good. Part bad. That's the essence of every man.**



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"This one goes out to the scary mohawked guy"  
Live at CBGB, July 2003



only role models that she will admit to.

"I don't know Courtney that well, to be honest. What I do know is that she's kind of underachieving until she's president of the United States. She's that smart. And she has come through a Greek tragedy unbroken."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE DISTILLERS' CBGB show is a veritable oven. Josh Homme is here, as is Seymour Stein, the man who signed the Ramones and Madonna — both of whom reside somewhere in the Distillers' genetic lineage.

Armstrong has changed from her dress-down ketchup-print T into a striped top and wrestling boots, all plucked from her pink suitcase. As they launch their attack, some diehards in the crowd know all the words and punch the air, but the new material is mostly just appreciated rather than met with screw-faced hysteria. The crowd-surfing really gets going during "City of Angels," their radio breakthrough. Perhaps it's a sign of Armstrong's appeal to women that the song heralds the start

← "I thought you were bringing the bolt cutter."

of an inter-gender stage-diving face-off. *Blender* counts three guys and three girls tossed overhead. The guys are chest-beating gorillas; the women kiss one another when they hit the stage. The women win this round easily.

The Distillers, sans Armstrong, leave the stage drenched in sweat. The New York crowd senses a band on the verge of something much larger. They clamor for more. Armstrong doesn't seem to care, though, offering her fans a double helping of middle finger.



QOTSA's Josh Homme: Stud!

Earlier, just before sound check, Armstrong had shown *Blender* the provisional artwork for *Coral Fang*. Pulling it from her bag was a spontaneous, friendly gesture, like a friend offering you a smoke. But when you take a closer look at the drawing, it tightens the throat: It depicts a statuesque woman, nude except for high heels, being crucified, a stab wound to her left abdomen gushing blood.

People are probably going to read a lot into that image.

"It's already happening," Armstrong says. "But the difference with me is that I'm a survivor. I won't be crucified. I decided a long time ago that I could achieve my vision. The weak are crushed. The weak are killed. I'm not one of those." [BLENDER]



# REVENGE OF THE ASS WIPERS!

## FRANK SINATRA

**EMPLOYEE** George Jacobs

**JOB** Valet

**BOOK** *Mr. S: My Life With Frank Sinatra* (HarperCollins, 2003)

**THE DIRT** Filthy. Recalling the sight of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich making out naked at his boss's pad in Palm Springs, California, leads the valet to declare, "I had no doubt I had the coolest job in the world."

Jacobs began every day by spraying cover-up on Sinatra's bald spot. He procured lots of women, assisted by Sinatra's "whore wrangler" Jimmy Van Heusen. Sinatra kept a "people to do" book of starlets, and he "did" most of them, including "mercy fucking" an overweight Marilyn Monroe and bringing an underage Natalie Wood over to his pad for "singing lessons."

After a failed relationship with his hero Humphrey Bogart's widow, Lauren Bacall, Sinatra referred to her as "the Jew bitch" and told everyone she was terrible at giving blow jobs. Jacobs — a black man whom Sinatra called "Spook" — suspects that Sinatra had sex with his wife. "Sinatra was the pope of pussy, and JFK was honored to kiss his ring," he writes, adding that Kennedy was a premature ejaculator who did coke with Peter Lawford.

Jacobs also remembers a lot of Sinatra's mafia pals swinging by. He was fired in 1968 after 15 years with Sinatra for dancing with the singer's soon-to-be ex-wife, Mia Farrow.

**WHERE IS HE NOW?** After stints working for Steve McQueen, George Hamilton and Bill Cosby, Jacobs is out of the valet game.

DIRT-O-METER >>>



## EMINEM

**EMPLOYEE** Byron Williams

**JOB** Bodyguard

**BOOK** *Shady Bizness: Life as Marshall Mathers' Bodyguard in an Industry of Paper Gangsters* (Big Willz Records/Manage Me Productions, 2000)

**THE DIRT** A textbook disgruntled



>>> Bodyguards, drug dealers, gofers — they're the reliable lackeys trusted to clean up after the stars. But what happens when they break their code of silence? And which of their tell-all books is the dirtiest? Find out with this handy guide. . . .

BY BEN MITCHELL



"Doo-be-doo-be-doo. By the way, you're fired."  
"Thanks, boss."

employee, Williams claims \$6,000 worth of paychecks were canceled when he resigned. Em's former bodyguard dives right in with an anecdote about the rapper threatening him with a 9-mm pistol, during which Williams fingered his own gun, "praying not to take [Eminem's] life in self-defense."

There was a lot of narcotic recreation going on — Williams alleges he saw Eminem take as



Byron Williams: Now busy at General Motors

many as 14 different drugs in one day, often until he didn't know what country he was in. There was also much groupie action — so much that one of Williams's jobs was to take Polaroids of naked women looking horny, for evidence in case they later filed false rape charges.

A more sinister accusation is that Eminem's manager, Paul Rosenberg, preferred the rapper drugged up to the eyeballs,



because he was easier to control. Williams concludes that Eminem is the most miserable man he knows. All of this has been denied by the rapper and his management.

**WHERE IS HE NOW?** After a leave of absence while in Shady's service, Williams returned to his old job as an inspector at General Motors.

**DIRT-O-METER** >>>



## BON JOVI

**EMPLOYEE** Michael Francis

**JOB** Bodyguard

**BOOK** *Star Man: The Right Hand Man of Rock & Roll* (Simon & Schuster, 2003)

**THE DIRT** After the Australian leg of Bon Jovi's 1989 *New Jersey* tour, the band celebrated with a "Lost Week" at an exclusive hotel resort on the Great Barrier Reef. The guys rated groupies during the preceding shows, and the top 25 were lucky enough to join them. Expenses included \$15,000 for champagne and \$20,000 for a golf cart — customized to look like a Rolls Royce — that went missing.

Francis partnered Jon Bon Jovi in a tennis tournament, playing manager Doc McGhee and strip-club owner Big Lou in the final for \$10,000. McGhee's racket "disappeared" — he was forced to play using his hands before letting Bon Jovi win. Flying home, Bon Jovi prayed aloud: "Please, God, just let me get away with this, and I promise I'll never sin again."

**WHERE IS HE NOW?** Francis was fired in 1992. "It's not personal; it's business," Bon Jovi said. Francis is now a security consultant for Kiss.

**DIRT-O-METER** >>>



## KISS

**EMPLOYEE** C.K. Lendt

**JOB** Business manager

**BOOK** *Kiss and Sell* (Billboard Books, 1997)

**THE DIRT** Unsurprisingly for a business manager's book, *Kiss and Sell* offers a lot of numbers — mostly showing how much money Kiss lost as their career spiraled down the toilet in the early '80s.

There's also lots of tour naughtiness: Guitarist Ace Frehley was spending \$1,000 a week on champagne. Androgynous vocalist Paul Stanley spent a lot of time on the phone with his therapist while girls

were lining up to have sex with Gene Simmons (who claimed his biggest regret in life was "not having two dicks") or — in some cases — the entire crew.

It wasn't all number-crunching for Lendt, either — he tells a charming story about going to a bath house while on a trip to Japan in 1977 and receiving "an unusually intense and almost heart-stopping hand job."

**WHERE IS HE NOW?** Lendt teaches an entertainment-business course at New York University. His comfortable living is supplemented with consultancy work and investments.

**DIRT-O-METER** >>>



**Gene Simmons's only regret: "Not having two dicks."**



"Linda" (inset); Don Henley (left); Glenn Frey (right): Guess who's the "sensitive" one.

## THE EAGLES

**EMPLOYEE** "Linda"

**JOB** Hooker

**BOOK** *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again* (Dove Books, 1995)

**THE DIRT** Linda claims to have bedded Don Henley and Glenn Frey (disappointingly, on separate occasions — 1988 and 1990, respectively). She reveals that she found herself falling in love with Frey, as he was such a sensitive lover — even with a prostitute.

She says Henley, on the other hand, lined her up with two other

girls and serviced them all repeatedly: "We would just as soon have been painting our nails or reading a book," remembers the seasoned pro, though the three women still cheered Henley on with shouts of "Check me into the Hotel California, sweet thing!"

**WHERE IS SHE NOW?** Appeared in a "documentary" of the book in 1996. As is often the case with shadowy, high-class prostitutes, exact whereabouts are unknown. Possibly still having sex for money.

**DIRT-O-METER** >>>



The Spice Girls with Muff (inset) — or, as they knew him, "whatshisname"



Staghton, 1998)

**THE DIRT**

Though *Spiced Up!* was "unofficial and unauthorized," scandal is thin on the ground — the admission that Victoria

"Posh Spice" Beckham is not, in all honesty, posh is the kind of revelation on offer here. Elsewhere, the Girls get a bit ticked off with Geri "Ginger Spice" Halliwell when naked photos of her are plastered all over British tabloids. Fitzgerald also admits to having shaved a few years off some of the Girls' ages, claiming Emma "Baby Spice" Bunton was 18 rather than a haggard 20.

Mostly, though, Fitzgerald bitched about how unpleasant some British journalists were while bending over backward to get the group blanket exposure in their papers. His nicey-nicey approach stems from his Buddhism: a wasted opportunity.

**WHERE IS HE NOW?** Persona non grata with the Girls, he no longer works as a press officer. His six-figure fee for the book eased his employment woes.

**DIRT-O-METER** >>>



## THE SPICE GIRLS

**EMPLOYEE** Muff Fitzgerald

**JOB** Press officer


**BOOK** *Spiced Up!: My Mad Year With the Spice Girls* (Hodder &

# Do you really want to see 22 minutes of drunken behavior and 32 acts of sexual deviancy?

Fellow Students,

Don't log onto college.movielink.com between September 15th and October 15th. Sure, high-speed, reliable downloads of your favorite movies seems like a great idea. But what about the message those films send? The people at Movielink want you to watch movies like *American Pie*, a film rife with drunken behavior, sexual deviancy, and a very unsanitary display involving food. Choose education over entertainment. Don't be lured in by the prizes. Granted, 'the ultimate PC entertainment system' sounds great, but think of the distraction. Up all night, watching movies, playing games, people stopping by with booze. Is that really how you want to spend your college years?

Tracy Tuckey



StudentsAgainstMovielink.com



## STUDENTS AGAINST MOVIELINK COLLEGE FILM FESTIVAL



REVENGE OF THE ASS WIPERS!

### TUPAC SHAKUR

**EMPLOYEE** Frank Alexander

**JOB** Bodyguard

**BOOK** *Got Your Back* (St. Martin's Press, 1999)

**THE DIRT** Alexander claims Shakur told him that he used to service Madonna and Biggie Smalls's wife Faith Evans, and once spent the night with O.J. Simpson's daughter, Arnelle. Others were not so keen — Janet Jackson insisted on an AIDS test before kissing Shakur in the movie *Poetic Justice*.

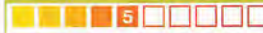
But the faux-thug wasn't fussy. Alexander says women who went backstage "didn't go into that room and not come out fucked." Shakur's secret weapon?

"Tupac had a fuckin' horse cock." Otherwise, he just smoked a lot of weed and pretended he was tough.

Shakur was killed in 1996, presumably on one of those rare occasions when Alexander — who is never shy to point out what a first-class bodyguard he was — *didn't* have his back. All in all, the book is quite flattering of its subject.

**WHERE IS HE NOW?** Alexander eventually found God and was baptized in 1998. He is now a youth minister.

DIRT-O-METER >>>



### THE ROLLING STONES



**EMPLOYEE** "Spanish Tony" Sanchez

**JOB** Gofer

**BOOK** *Up and Down With the Rolling Stones* (William Morrow and Company, 1979)

**THE DIRT** The twin staples of any proper rock band: drugs and women. Can-do hanger-on Sanchez provided the narcotics, and here he gives up the dish on the women: He once consoled Mick Jagger's girlfriend Marianne Faithfull (while admiring her "full, firm breasts") by selling her some grass and having sex with her. During a subsequent three-in-a-bed session, Faithfull noted, "Why,

Tony, you're harder than Japanese arithmetic."

Sanchez remembers Brian Jones bedding 60

Jagger: bourgeois; Richards: a terrible driver.

women in a month, and he scorns Jagger as bourgeois, too worried about people spilling coffee on his Persian carpets to have a good time. He portrays Keith Richards as a pussy-whipped, paranoid tightwad — and a terrible driver. On hearing of Sanchez's plans to write a book, Richards allegedly met with him in New York, producing a gun and saying, "Which do you want, man, the .38 or the .45?"

**WHERE IS HE NOW?** Died in 2002.

DIRT-O-METER >>>



Frank Alexander: "Nothing to worry about, boss. Nothing at all!"

# There's nothing funny about sex with pies.

## RICK JAMES

**EMPLOYEE** Rayce Newman

**JOB** Drug dealer

**BOOK** *The Hollywood Connection* (SPI Books, 1994)

**THE DIRT** Saved financially by MC Hammer's sampling of "Super Freak" on "U Can't Touch This," James had the funds to freebase himself to oblivion, typically spending his monthly \$25,000 allowance in two weeks.

Enter Newman, his dealer, who visited James to drop off drugs four or five times a night before dropping by one evening and staying for six months. Once, desperate to get high, James was smoking the scrapings from his pipe and set himself on fire. The last time the dealer saw James, the star became enraged when he realized his mother had found out he was using. "He threatened to kill me, like he always did," Newman



Rick James undresses you with his... drugs.

remembers.

**WHERE IS HE NOW?** Newman became an editor at a newspaper in Northern California, but left the position under a cloud in 2002.

**DIRT-O-METER** >>>



The Lennons: "O!! Where are you going with that cardboard box?"



## JOHN LENNON

**EMPLOYEE** Frederic Seaman

**JOB** Aide

**BOOK** *The Last Days of John Lennon: A Personal Memoir* (Birch Lane Press, 1991)

**THE DIRT** Hired in 1979. Fired by Yoko Ono — whom he calls an adulterous junkie — in 1981, the year after Lennon was shot, for wearing the ex-Beatle's clothes. Seaman helped Albert Goldman write the unflattering *The Lives of John Lennon* before deciding to tell his side of the story using stolen diaries, for which he pleaded guilty to a larceny charge in 1983.

*Last Days* is more depressing than dirty, depicting Lennon as a moribund recluse, terrified of fans and tortured by a lack of affection from Ono. Seaman also



Seaman: "This? I found it down the back of my couch."

reports that Lennon sometimes had premonitions of his own death — which, sadly, proved to be correct.

**WHERE IS HE NOW?** Seaman turned Lennon's letters, photos and diaries into a lucrative business. In 2002, a New York court ordered him to return all Lennon-related material to Ono. Seaman did so and said he was sorry.

**DIRT-O-METER** >>>



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**STUDENTS AGAINST MOVIELINK COLLEGE FILM FESTIVAL**



# “We’re Super Ridiculously Gay!”

➔ Super-ridiculously-gay in love with each other, that is. But can the love vows of matchbox twenty’s **Rob Thomas** and his adorable wife, Marisol, withstand an evening on the town with prying, drunken *Blender* editors? Yes!

BY ROB TANNENBAUM  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHEW SALACUSE



THE ROCK-STAR tantrum begins with a dinner roll.

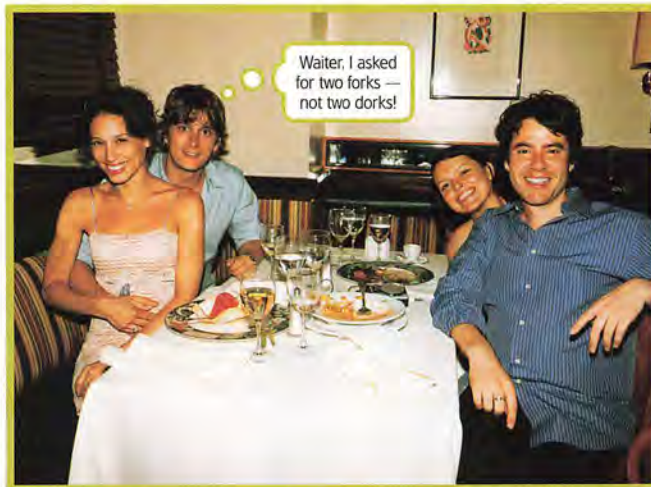
Our first bottle of wine hasn’t even been opened, and the double date has already turned nasty. Even though he picked the restaurant, even though *Blender* is paying, even though he’s nearly mauling his incredibly hot wife, Rob Thomas is still enraged. He aims a roll at *Blender*’s head, then puts it down. Seconds later, the singer lays waste to his popular “nice guy” image, sneering and giving us a closeup view of his right middle finger.

Thomas is pretending. He has read the article about this magazine’s first rock-star double date, with the Russian hellions t.A.T.u., which was also nearly this magazine’s last rock-star double date, given that the girls were worse dinner company than cannibals. But let’s face it: Thomas hasn’t got one damn thing to be angry about. Except, maybe, his disgusting habit of talking with his mouth full of salmon.



ON A SUMMER Sunday night, Thomas, 31, and his incredibly hot wife, Marisol Maldonado, 27, have driven an hour from their house in Westchester County to a pricey Italian restaurant in New York City, which is a little surprising. If *Blender* were married to Marisol, we’d keep her locked in the house. But Thomas seems less like a rock star than, oh, a guy who owns a bike shop and plays in a cover band on weekends. You could trust him with your wallet — though not, perhaps, with your wine cellar or your stash of pot.

Accompanied by *Blender* colleague Victoria DeSilverio, we learn a lot about Thomas: He’s funny, profane, informal, unschooled about wine, clumsy (“The poor dear,” his wife says with a shake of her head) and self-mocking. And also



dated Eurotrash, was on vacation with friends. She went to see Thomas’s band, not quite sure who they were.

Thomas was 40 pounds heavier than today, in the midst of a drug-and-Jack Daniel’s spree and considered a “belligerent asshole,” even by his best friends. “I was so very fucked up, that night and in general. She was



clean; she smelled pretty,” he recalls. “It made me feel bad about myself.” A drunken, bloated redneck from Florida (*Blender*: “Did you take your sister to the prom?” Thomas: “No, but I fucked her”), he thought she was uninterested in him, but Marisol was dazzled by their brief encounter: “As soon as we met, I knew that was the guy I was going to be with,” she swoons.

Her family, however, did not swoon. “This is the guy?” her mother snapped when Marisol showed her a matchbox twenty video. “Mari, he’s fat. And not just fat — he looks like shit. This is how I raised you?”

On their first date, Thomas says, “I told her I was gonna marry her. Then we had our first kiss. I told her that if she stayed with me, I would never kiss anyone else as long as we lived. It was,” he declares unabashedly, “super-ridiculously-gay romantic.”

“That’s us,” Marisol adds. “Super-ridiculously gay.” They touch constantly, call each other “baby” and feed each other bits of food. Meanwhile, *Blender*’s date is

tender: For most of the night, he rests his hand gently on Marisol’s lower back. Lucky bastard.

Over the first bottle of white wine, they tell the story of their romance, which begins, like all rock romances, backstage. Matchbox twenty were playing Montreal in May 1998. Marisol Maldonado, a Puerto Rican model from Queens, New York, who idolized George Michael and



Please don't tell the hot-tub story.

So there were three of us in the hot tub. . . .

ROCK STAR DOUBLE DATE ☆



date started four hours ago: swapping. Thomas, who is probably used to the suggestion, says, "As long as it's you and me, sure."

Marisol's family calls Thomas "the albino Latino" and has adopted him as one of their own, which is a great relief, he says, as he comes from "the most dysfunctional family." It's well-known to matchbox twenty fans that Thomas's parents divorced when he was 2 years old, that he lived with his grandmother (who sold marijuana and bootlegged liquor) in South Carolina, that he ate dog biscuits as a snack, that he moved to Florida with his mother and was then homeless for three years when she got cancer.

There's also a prisoner in the family tree. Thomas reveals that his aunt Marcella is in jail for having her husband killed by Pee Wee Gaskins, a '70s serial killer from South Carolina who raped, tortured and murdered female hitchhikers. "Aunt Marcella broke out of jail and burned down her daughter's trailer," Thomas says with a laugh.

As the night comes to an end, *Blender* mercifully decides not to steal Marisol away from Thomas. Without her, after all, he would only return to his deprived, overweight redneck life of drinking Jack Daniel's and snacking on

dog biscuits. "We love being married," Thomas says. "And we have a strange relationship. We're *always* together."

*Everywhere? Even in the bathroom? "Sometimes!"* they answer in unison. [BLENDER]

Double Date Report Card	
Willing to let <i>Blender</i> pay	A+
Willing to swap partners	F
Physical affection for each other	A+
Interest in our lives	A
Willing to joke about sister-fucking	A++
Knowledge of bad '70s songs	A
Rob Thomas's relatives	C
Marisol's Lucite-and-rhinestone "hooker shoes"	A+
Overall grade (docked a "+" for not swapping)	A



**"We have a strange relationship. We're always together."** ☆

gazing enviously at Thomas and checking her cellphone regularly.

Another bottle of wine, and Thomas talks about rumors: "We heard one that Kevin Spacey and I were out doing blow and having sex at Hollywood parties."

In fact, *Blender* learns, Thomas has met Spacey. Was he attracted to the actor? "A little bit." A-ha! So you admit that you're Kevin Spacey's lover! He shrugs. "For *Blender*? All right, yeah."

Another bottle of wine, and Thomas is telling stories about matchbox twenty's recent tour with Sugar Ray, which ended in a night of mutual pranks, including Sugar Ray onstage "butt-naked except for G-strings and big sombreros." Thomas laughs. "It was good touring with those guys," he says, "because they make us look credible."

Another bottle of wine, and the men at the table bore their dates by reminiscing about '70s pop hits, which is how Thomas ends up crooning Hall & Oates's "She's Gone" and Robert John's "Sad Eyes" to a fancy Italian restaurant. Then he suggests we write a screenplay together. Then he suggests we leave

without paying the \$500 tab. Then he gives us his home and cell numbers. Then he suggests more wine.

There's a lull at the table. Thomas pipes up: "Guys, listen: strip club?"

This seems like the perfect opportunity for *Blender* to suggest an activity that has preoccupied us since the



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➔ *Blender* and a host of stars have selected 1,001 of the most heart-pounding, mind-blowing, rip-snortin', ear-blistering songs ever written. Everything you need, in fact, to create the ultimate playlist. Use it well.

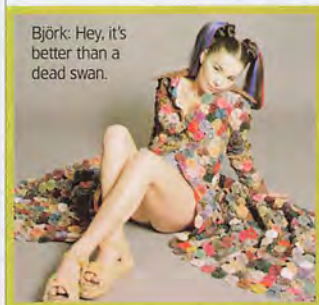
BY CLARK COLLIS, MATT DIEHL, JOHN HARRIS, DORIAN LYSKEY, CRAIG MARKS AND JONAH WEINER

### MY FAVORITE SONGS ➔

## JASON MRAZ

Make-out songs, breakup songs and one for that orgy at the gay bar

- 1 FIONA APPLE, "PAPER BAG"** (1999)  
"As long as she's writing songs," Mraz says, "I'll always be a scared little boy."
- 2 BJÖRK, "ALL IS FULL OF LOVE"** (1997)  
"Everybody needs a good healing song. When you're sad, you can play this and remember, 'Oh, fuck, at least I still love myself, so I'm not *totally* in the gutter.'"
- 3 BRIGHT EYES, "LOVER I DON'T HAVE TO LOVE"** (2002)  
"For every guy who's ever just wanted a one-night stand, this is the song that makes you proud of that ambition."
- 4 NICK DRAKE, "SATURDAY SUN"** (1969)  
The final cut on *Five Leaves Left*, the tragic-romantic folk-jazz legend's debut.
- 5 ELECTRIC SIX, "GAY BAR"** (2003)  
"The video is what got me excited about the song: It's got, like, 10 Abraham Lincolns in the White House having an orgy. Everybody loves going to the gay bar — it's one of those songs that helps break down barriers."
- 6 FISCHERSPOONER, "EMERGE"** (2001)  
"You can definitely 'robot' to this!"
- 7 MICHAEL FRANTI & SPEARHEAD, "WE DON'T STOP"** (2003)  
"It's about doing something for the world, but set to good music."
- 8 FROU FROU, "THE DUMBING DOWN OF LOVE"** (2002)  
Mraz rates this British trip-hop track a

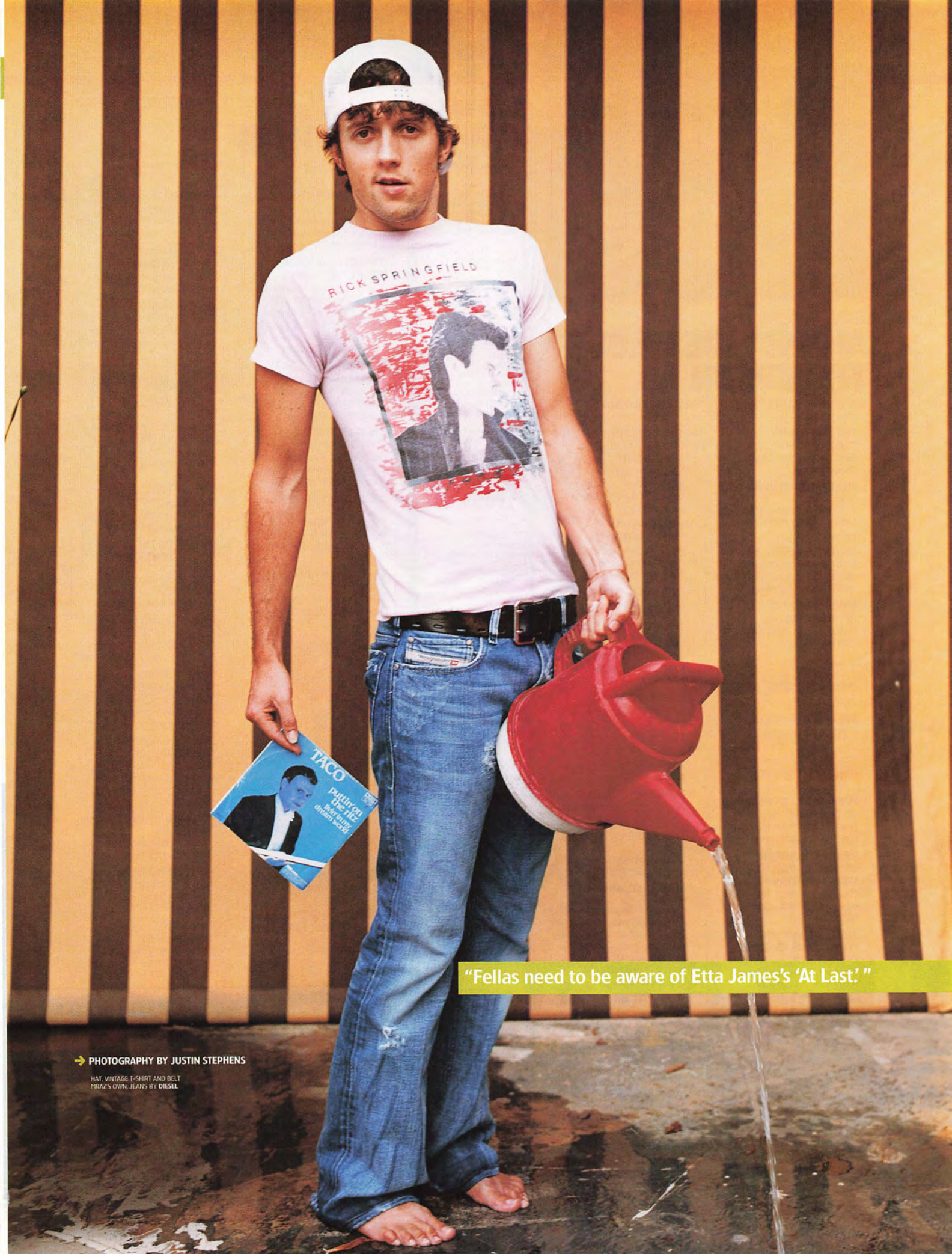


Björk: Hey, it's better than a dead swan.

primo seduction song. "But wait until you're making out, and then put it on," he says. "It'll help you go from first to second base."

- 9 GOLDFRAPP, "CRYSTALLINE GREEN"** (2003)  
"It's like Debbie Harry found the fountain of youth."
- 10 GRANDDADDY, "THE SADDEST VACANT LOT IN ALL THE WORLD"** (2003)  
"Freaky-android country music."
- 11 HALL & OATES, "RICH GIRL"** (1976)  
"If I'm feeling flamboyant, I'll rent a Chrysler Sebring from Budget, put the top down, crank up 'Rich Girl' and cruise down Santa Monica Boulevard."
- 12 HOT HOT HEAT, "OH, GODAMNIT"** (2002)  
Mraz calls this track from the Seattle buzz band's debut album "a back-of-the-bus party song."
- 13 MICHAEL JACKSON, "ROCK WITH YOU"** (1979)  
"The first record where the groove stood out for me. It taught me how to dance."
- 14 ETTA JAMES, "AT LAST"** (1961)  
"It's every woman's favorite song. Fellas need to become aware of this song and use it wisely."
- 15 JEWEL, "INTUITION"** (2003)  
"She's having fun with the big, new pop sound — the hook is very engaging."
- 16 RADIOHEAD, "NO SURPRISES"** (1997)  
"If a disastrous situation occurs, I just put this song on, and it soothes me: There are no surprises, so I know I'm going to make it."
- 17 THE ISLEY BROTHERS "SUMMER BREEZE"** (1971)  
"Jimi Hendrix used to be in the Isley Brothers, and in the distorted guitar here, you can hear his effect on the band."
- 18 KENNY RANKIN, "IN THE NAME OF LOVE"** (1975)  
Journeyman jazz guitarist/vocalist who "could scat in this beautiful soprano exactly what he could play on guitar."
- 19 DAMIEN RICE, "VOLCANOES"** (2003)  
For Mraz, this Irish singer-songwriter is "my new Jeff Buckley."
- 20 TACO, "PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ"** (1983)  
This Latin synth-pop reworking of Irving Berlin's standard is one of the more bizarre artifacts of '80s pop culture.

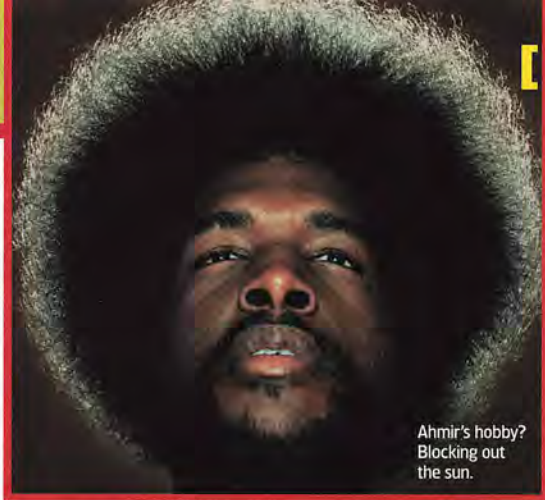
Alphonse Teilmont (sail—files.38); Kwaku Aison/Corbis Outline; (Lewig); Joe Bangay/LFI/Simmons); Getty Images (iPod); Paulo Sutch/Celebrity Pictures LA (Björk)



“Fellas need to be aware of Etta James’s ‘At Last.’”

→ PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUSTIN STEPHENS

HAT, VINTAGE T-SHIRT AND BELT  
MRAZ'S OWN, JEANS BY DIESEL



Ahmir's hobby? Blocking out the sun.

MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# AHMIR "QUESTLOVE" THOMPSON

Get your 'fro bouncing with the Roots' funky drummer

- THE BEACH BOYS, "CAROLINE, NO"** (1966)  
"Brian Wilson at his best," Thompson says.
- THE BEATLES, "LOVELY RITA"** (1967)  
A double-edged love letter to London's meter maids.
- CODY CHESNUTT, "BITCH I'M BROKE"** (2002)  
Comic chauvinism from the Atlanta soul prodigy who features on the Roots' *Phrenology*.
- DWELE, "TOO FLY" (UNRELEASED)** (2003)  
Risqué take on Stevie Wonder's "Too High."

**5**  
**JIMI HENDRIX**  
"1983... (A MERCHANT SHOULD I TURN TO BE)" (1968)  
"The most tripped-out, underwater music ever."

- FUNKADELIC, "LET'S TAKE IT TO THE STAGE"** (1975)  
George Clinton's party-starting, rival-dissing call to arms.
- WHITNEY HOUSTON VS. WENDY WILLIAMS, WBSL-FM INTERVIEW** (2003)  
"The greatest verbal catfight I've ever heard. Whitney can curse like a sailor."
- JERMAINE JACKSON, "COME TO ME (ONE WAY OR ANOTHER)"** (1984)  
"Jermaine had a lot of African rhythms on his early-'80s records."



Frank Zappa: Uncle Creepy wants you.

- THE JACKSONS, "THAT'S WHAT YOU GET (FOR BEING POLITE)"** (1978)  
"One of the first songs where Michael talks about being an introvert and a sensitive guy."
- LED ZEPPELIN, "NO QUARTER"** (1973)  
From *Houses of the Holy*: a mellow masterpiece, but still rough around the edges.
- RC LA ROCK, "THE MAESTRO"** (1981)  
"The Maestro" is a scatting early-hip-hop classic."
- LOS LOBOS, "KIKO AND THE LAVENDER MOON"** (1992)  
Cabaret jazz surrealism from Hispanic Angelenos.
- N'E'R'D, "STAR" (UNRELEASED)** (2002)  
Live peacenik joint.
- THE POLICE, "ONCE UPON A DAYDREAM"** (1983)  
"Violence and murder, done in a sly and sinister way."
- PRINCE, "MOVIE STAR"** (1998)  
Rediscovered '80s outtake.
- RICHARD PRYOR, "MUDBONE: LITTLE FEET"** (1975)  
Seventies stand-up legend's most popular character.
- SPECIAL ED, ANY SKIT** (2002-2003)  
Thompson's favorite prankster on Comedy Central's *Crank Yankers*. "He's a retarded muppet who makes crank calls, and his response to everything is 'Yay!' I listen to it every morning."
- SLY & THE FAMILY STONE, "CAN'T STRAIN MY BRAIN"** (1974)  
"A last-minute moment of true genius."
- SYREETA, "BLACK MAYBE"** (1972)  
Former Motown secretary Rita "Syreeta" Wright was Stevie Wonder's wife for two years. He produced her debut album, which featured this Beatles-influenced gem.
- FRANK ZAPPA, "YOU ARE WHAT YOU IS"** (1981)  
"Frank is an unsung genius with a wicked sense of humor."



BLENDER'S PICKS

RECENT RELEASES

- !!!, "Me and Giuliani Down by the Schoolyard (A True Story)"  
**50 CENT, "Places to Go"**  
**50 Cent, "Ya Heard"**  
**50 Cent and Sean Paul, "Dem Not Ready"**  
 Ryan Adams, "This Is It"  
 Alkaline Trio, "We've Had Enough"  
 Ashanti, "Rain on Me"  
 Atmosphere, "God's Bathroom Floor"  
 Audioslave, "Like a Stone"  
 David Banner, "Like a Pimp"  
 Beyoncé, "Crazy in Love"  
 Blood Brothers, "Every Breath Is a Bomb"  
 Bounty Killer, "Tany Gal"  
 Bowling for Soup, "Giri All the Bad Guys Want"  
 Brand New, "The Quiet Thing No One Ever Knows"  
 British Sea Power, "Remember Me"  
 Joe Budden, "Pump It Up"  
 The Bug, "Killer"  
 Steve Burns, "Mighty Little Man"  
 Cafe Tacuba, "Hoy Es Cam'ron, 'Oh Boy"  
 JC Chasez, "Blowin' Me Up (With Her Love)"  
 Chingy, "Holiday In"  
 Clipse, "Grindin'"  
 Clipse, "Guns and Roses"  
 Dandy Warhols, "We Used to Be Friends"  
 The Darkness, "Growing on Me"  
 Dashboard Confessional, "Hands Down"  
 Gavin DeGraw, "Follow Through"  
 DMX featuring 50 Cent, "Shot Down"  
 Drive-by Truckers, "Hell, No, I Ain't Happy"  
 Earlimart, "Burning the Cow"  
 Kathleen Edwards, "The Lone Wolf"  
 MISSY ELLIOTT, "Work It"  
 Eminem, "My Dad's Gone Crazy"  
 Eminem, 50 Cent, Obie Trice and Lloyd Banks, "We All Die Someday"  
 Eminem, Obie Trice and DMX, "Go 2 Sleep"  
 Eminem, "Going Under"  
 Exploding Hearts, "Sleeping Aids + Razor Blades"  
 Fanny Pack, "The Theme from Fanny Pack"  
 The Flaming Lips, "Can't Get You Out of My Head"  
 Fountains of Wayne, "Hackensack"  
 Fountains of Wayne, "Stacy's Mom"  
 Aretha Franklin, "The Only Thing I Miss"  
 Freeway, "Line 'Em Up"  
 Fun Lovin' Criminals, "Stray Bullet"  
 Ghost Blazer, "Holla at You Mommy"  
 Ginuwine featuring R. Kelly, Baby and Clipse, "Hell, Yeah (Remix)"  
 Goldfrapp, "Strict Machine"  
 Grandaddy, "I'm on Standby"  
 Adam Green, "Jessica Simpson"  
 Guster, "Amsterdam"  
 Jay Henry, "This Afternoon"  
 Hitman Sammy Sam, "Step Daddy"  
 JadaKiss with Sheek and J-Hood, "We Are D-Block"  
 Jaheim, "Fabulous"  
 Jay-Z, "Meet the Parents"  
 Jack Johnson, "The Horizon Has Been Defeated"  
 Norah Jones, "Come Away With Me"  
 JS, "Ice Cream"  
 Junior Senior, "Move Your Feet"



MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# LIZ PHAIR

Which song gives this MILF rocker "an erection"?



- ABBA, "TAKE A CHANCE ON ME"** (1978)  
A creamy mid-career confection from the Swedish avatars of Europop, from *The Album*.
- CHRISTINA AGUILERA, "BEAUTIFUL"** (2002)  
"I, among millions, commented on how bizarre Christina has looked of late, and wondered why she does it," Phair says. "This was her answer — it shut you up and put you in your place."
- ALL-AMERICAN REJECTS, "SWING, SWING"** (2002)  
The best punky power-pop anthem to come out of Stillwater, Oklahoma... ever.
- BRENDAN BENSON, "TINY SPARK"** (2002)  
The lead track from *Lapalco*, the latest album from the Detroit guitar-pop underdog.
- DAVID BOWIE, "FIVE YEARS"** (1972)  
"I don't really know what the lyrics mean, but I like the idea that something's going to end in five years."
- THE CARS, "MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL"** (1978)  
"If I'm driving and it comes on, I think I'm the foxiest chick alive."



Keith Richards: "Hey, you're not a bird!"

- EXTREME, "MORE THAN WORDS"** (1990)  
The unplugged power ballad par excellence.
- FLEETWOOD MAC, "BLEED TO LOVE HER"** (2003)  
"A 'mommy' friend of mine gave me this. She's like, 'Read the words!' She thinks it's all about how Lindsey Buckingham is still in love with Stevie Nicks. She makes a really good argument."
- BILLIE HOLIDAY, "STRANGE FRUIT"** (1939)  
"The voice of the downtrodden."
- IDLEWILD, "ACTUALLY IT'S DARKNESS"** (2000)  
"I imagine kids up in Scotland in shitty weather, rocking out in their parents' basements."
- FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"** (1776)  
"It's written like a perfect short story, reminding you what this country is built on: bloodshed in the name of an idea."

- JESSE MALIN, "WENDY"** (2003)  
A former punk nostalgist transitions to roots rock.
- MATERIAL ISSUE, "WHAT GIRLS WANT"** (1992)  
Impeccable power-pop from early-'90s Chicago trio.
- NEW RADICALS, "GET WHAT YOU GIVE"** (1998)  
One-hit wonder masterminded by tall baldie Gregg Alexander.

**15**  
**TOM PETTY**  
"YOU WRECK ME"

(1994)  
"I like the idea that's how a guy feels about you — that you wreck him. That's the sexiest thing I can imagine."

- PATRICK PARK, "THUNDERBOLT"** (2003)  
"A love story where two people are fucked up but stay together."
- QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE, "NO ONE KNOWS"** (2002)  
Stoner-rock of ages, with a backbeat that comes courtesy of Dave Grohl.
- R.E.M., "CATAPULT"** (1983)  
From R.E.M.'s first album, *Murmur*, back when they were merely the kings of college rock.
- ROLLING STONES, "SHINE A LIGHT"** (1972)  
"I never understood if Mick's talking about a woman or a man — I decided he was singing to both."
- SIMON & GARFUNKEL, "ONLY LIVING BOY IN NEW YORK"** (1970)  
"I'm into that whole downtown New York, Washington Square Park—circa-1967 vibe."



- STARLIGHT MINTS, "PAGES"** (2003)  
Soaring psychedelia courtesy of Flaming Lips protégés.
- THE THORNS, "BLUE"** (2003)  
Indie-pop supergroup made up of Matthew Sweet, Pete Droge and Shawn Mullins.
- TIL TUESDAY, "VOICES CARRY"** (1985)  
"The video always spoke to me. I loved that she was a pretty girl on the arm of a wealthy guy, trying to express herself."
- URGE OVERKILL, "HEAVEN 90210"** (1993)  
An ironic ode to eternal teen paradise from Chicago schlock-rockers. "I always fancy that it was written about me."

**25**  
**JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE**  
"ROCK YOUR BODY"

(2002)  
"I had a mini-sexual experience watching the 'Rock Your Body' video. If a woman could get an erection..."

Note: Not all of the songs mentioned above are legally available for download — yet. In those instances, *Blender* encourages you to purchase the original CD.

Alphonse Tejlmonde (still-life); Matthias Clamer/Corbis Outline (Thompson); Michael Ochs Archive.com (Zappa); Theo Wargo/WireImage.com (50 Cent); Bettmann/Corbis (Holiday); Phil Krot/Camera Press/Reena Ltd. (Hornem); Michael Putland/Retna/UK (Richards and Jagger); Andrew Hobbs/Camera Press (Reena Ltd.); Elliott. Opposite page: props: John Robinson; styling: April Johnson/independent (NY); hair and makeup: Annie Harcoe-Byrne for NARS





"I'm into that whole downtown New York, 1967 vibe."

→ PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUDSON BAKER

TOP BY KATHY KEMP FOR ANNA. PANTIES FROM URBAN OUTFITTERS. BOOTS BY MARC JACOBS. PHOTOGRAPHED AT STUBBS BBQ, AUSTIN, TEXAS

**RECENT RELEASES CONTINUED**

Kelis, "Popular Thug"  
**R. Kelly** featuring Cam'ron and Big Tigger, "Snake (Remix)"  
 Kenna, "Freetime"  
 Khia, "My Neck, My Back (Lick It)"  
 The Kills, "Fuck the People"  
 Kings of Leon, "Red Morning Line"  
 Ben Kweller, "Harriet's Got a Song"  
 Bettye Lavette, "The Forecast"  
**AVRIL LAVIGNE**, "I'm With You"  
 Ted Leo, "Where Have All the Rude Boys Gone?"  
 Lifesavas, "Hellohihey"  
 Lightning Bolt, "Assassins"  
 Lightning Bolt, "Dracula Mountain"  
 Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boys, "Get Low"  
 Lil' Kim, "Magic Stick"  
 Linkin Park, "Faint"  
 Longwave, "Wake Me When It's Over"  
 Loon, "How You Want That"  
 Liam Lynch, "United States of Whatever"  
 Madonna, "Nothing Fails"  
 Magokoro Brothers, "My Back Pages"  
 Gene Marshall, "Jimmy Carter Says 'Yes'"  
 John Mayer, "Bigger Than My Body"  
 Bonnie McKee, "Trouble"  
 The Mendoza Line, "The Triple Bill of Shame"  
**METALLICA**, "Frantic"  
 Ms. Jade, "Jade's a Champ"  
 Mya, "Free Fallin'"  
 Nada Surf, "Blizzard of '77"  
 Nappy Roots, "Nappy Holiday"  
 Nas, "Made You Look"  
 Willie Nelson, "Three Days"  
 New Pornographers, "From Blown Speakers"  
 No Doubt, "Underneath It All"  
 Northern State, "At the Party"  
 Outkast, "Hey Ya!"  
 Panjabi MC, "Beware of the Boys"  
 Pernice Brothers, "Sometimes I Remember"  
 Liz Phair, "Rock Me"  
 Pink, "Feel Good Time"  
 Polyphonic Spree, "Section 8 (Soldier Girl)"  
 Pretty Girls Make Graves, "This Is Our Emergency"  
 Radiohead, "A Wolf at the Door"  
 Rancid, "Otherside"  
 The Rapture, "House of Jealous Lovers"  
 Raveonettes, "Little Animal"  
 Red Hot Chili Peppers, "Dosed"  
 Busta Rhymes, "Light Ya Ass on Fire"  
 Damien Rice, "Delicate"  
 Amy Rigby, "Don't Ever Change"  
 Rilo Kiley, "A Better Son/Daughter"  
 Rooney, "Blue Side"  
 Katy Rose, "Overdrive"  
 Josh Rouse, "Slaveship"  
 Scarface, "On My Block"  
 The Shazam, "Squeeze the Day"  
 Simple Machines, "Nowhere Is Nowhere"  
 The Sleepy Jackson, "Good Dancers"  
 Bubba Sparoox, "Back in the Hood"  
 Bubba Sparoox, "Nowhere (Unreleased Version)"  
 Spymob, "It Gets Me Going"  
 Star Spangles, "Which One of the Two of Us Is Gonna Burn This House Down"  
 The Starting Line, "The Best of Me"  
 The Stills, "Still in Love Song"  
 George Strait/Alan Jackson, "Murder on Music Row"



Joe Perry and his pet fence, "Fencey"

**MY FAVORITE SONGS →**

**JOE PERRY**

Aerosmith's axman riffs on his favorite guitar heroes past and present

- 1 AC/DC, "HIGHWAY TO HELL"** (1979)  
 "For my money, after recording 'Highway to Hell,' AC/DC could have rested on their laurels," Perry says.
- 2 AUDIOSLAVE, "SHOW ME HOW TO LIVE"** (2002)  
 "It's great to hear Tom Morello having fun."
- 3 THE BEATLES, "TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS"** (1966)  
 "Put the headphones on, turn it up and I'll see you next week."
- 4 JEFF BECK, "I AIN'T SUPERSTITIOUS"** (1968)  
 "I don't think Les Paul ever envisioned the beating that Jeff would give the guitar with this performance."
- 5 BOB DYLAN, "LIKE A ROLLING STONE"** (1965)  
 "One of the first songs that moved us from AM to FM. I can't say enough about Dylan's influence on me and my generation."
- 6 FLEETWOOD MAC, "OH WELL"** (1969)  
 Stunning progressive blues by the Mac's pre-Rumours incarnation, featuring mercurial guitarist Peter Green. "Remember, this is not your mother's Fleetwood Mac."



- 7 JIMI HENDRIX, "VOODOO CHILE (SLIGHT RETURN)"** (1968)
- 8 JIMI HENDRIX, "ARE YOU EXPERIENCED"** (1967)  
 "He was walking on Jupiter while the rest of us just dreamed it"
- 9 ROBERT JOHNSON "CROSSROADS BLUES"** (1936)  
 "The devil's chasin' me, too."

- 10 LED ZEPPELIN, "COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN"** (1969)  
 "Holy shit — these guys really are better than Iron Butterfly and Grand Funk Railroad!"

- 11 GRAM PARSONS, "HICKORY WIND"** (1973)  
 "I have a real soft spot for all that California country-rock."
- 12 PORCH GHOULS, "A KNIFE TO CUT THE CORNBREAD"** (2003)  
 Cacophonous blues from Memphis band signed to Perry's label.
- 13 QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE, "GO WITH THE FLOW"** (2002)  
 "Rock is dead? Bullshit! It's alive and well, and this song proves it"

- 14 RADIOHEAD, "THE NATIONAL ANTHEM"** (2000)  
 "You can always count on Radiohead to do something screwy and great"
- 15 KEITH RICHARDS, "TAKE IT SO HARD"** (1988)  
 Growly, riff-driven treat from his debut solo album, *Talk Is Cheap*. "Whenever I get into an argument, I turn this song up louder than the shouting, and it all seems to go away."
- 16 THE ROLLING STONES, "HONKY TONK WOMEN"** (1969)  
 "A turning point for the Stones"



Later, Sly Stone's hair went solo.

sound. Here, they went from being pop-music bad boys to a real rock band — and became worse men!"

**17 SLY & THE FAMILY STONE, "I WANT TO TAKE YOU HIGHER"** (1970)  
 Frenzied beyond belief, and one of the highlights of the *Woodstock* movie.

**18 THE SOGGY BOTTOM BOYS "MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW"** (2000)  
 Inescapable hit from the *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* soundtrack. "I have to hear this song at least once a week. It always presses my reset button!"

**19 STONE TEMPLE PILOTS, AS YET UNRECORDED NEW SINGLE**  
 "These guys need to get back together!" You heard him, Scott.

**20 THE TEMPTATIONS, "BALL OF CONFUSION (THAT'S WHAT THE WORLD IS TODAY)"** (1970)  
 Fired-up, politically conscious Motown classic.

**21 U2, "KITE"** (2000)  
 Bono & Co. in typically expansive form. "Whenever I want to stop time, I put this song on."

**22 MUDDY WATERS, "MANNISH BOY"** (1977)  
 A stirring rendition, abetted by guitarist Johnny Winter. "One of the top five blues songs ever written, from one of the best bluesmen who ever lived."

**23 THE WHITE STRIPES, "FELL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL"** (2001)  
 Some advice from one guitar god to another: "Jack, be careful in that Porsche. They're fun, but they're fast!"

**24 JOHNNY WINTER, "HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED"** (1959)  
 Explosive Dylan cover by stick-thin, albino Texas blues hero.

**25 THE YARDBIRDS, "STROLL ON"** (1966)  
 "One of the few performances with Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page together. It's from the soundtrack to the movie *Blow Up*, in which there's a clip of their performance, a very rare piece."

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Nils Jorgensen (Rev. USA), Stephanie Pfriender/Corbis Outline (Perry), Gervet De Roos/LFI (Hendrix), Bob Gruen/Star File (Page), Claude Van Hove/LFI (Stone), Melanie Wiener/Reima Ltd. (Hendfield)



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That glass is coming out of your royalties, Dido!

MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# DIDO

The brunch-pop princess likes it "uplifting but sad"

- MARY J. BLIGE, "FAMILY AFFAIR" (2001)**  
"The beats are brilliant!" Dido says of this Dr. Dre production. "Mary's feeling every second of the song."
- KATE BUSH, "ARMY DREAMERS" (1980)**  
A Top 20 Brit hit for this eccentric diva.
- EMINEM "THE WAY I AM" (2000)**  
"You can tell he really feels it. He's not just fucking about."
- EVERLAST, "WHAT IT'S LIKE" (1998)**  
Wistful rhymes and roots guitar add up to a surprise hit.
- EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL, "MISSING" (TODD TERRY MIX) (1998)**  
"One of the first tracks that put a great song over a dance beat"
- FAITHLESS, "INSOMNIA" (1996)**  
A massive club anthem from Dido's previous group, founded by her brother Rollo. "I sang it every day onstage for a year and a half. It should've driven me mad, but I still listen to it for pleasure."
- THE FUGEES, "READY OR NOT" (1996) (1996)**  
"It's timeless. Lauryn Hill's voice is amazing. And it samples Enya!"
- DAVID GRAY, "SAIL AWAY" (1999)**  
"It's uplifting but sad, which is obviously my favorite type of music"
- WHITNEY HOUSTON, "MY LOVE IS YOUR LOVE" (1998)**  
Wyclef Jean produced this comeback track for R&B's show-stopping superstar.



Kate Bush: So hot, she felt herself up

- HUFF AND HERB, "FEELING GOOD" (1998)**  
This Ibiza dance hit rides a haunting Nina Simone sample straight to ecstasy.
- KOSHEEN, "HIDE U" (2001)**  
Pounding drum & bass grooves meet girly folk-rock.
- LOS ATERCIOPELADOS, "EL ESTUCHE" (1998)**  
"We'd play this before every show. And I still have no idea what *el estuche* means."
- JASON MRAZ, "CURBSIDE PROPHET" (2002)**  
Self-defining moment from this word-crazy troubadour.
- SINÉAD O'CONNOR, "LAST DAYS OF OUR ACQUAINTANCE" (1990)**  
"This is a hard-core way of saying goodbye to someone, but done in the most poetic way."
- ODYSSEY, "IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A WAY OUT" (1980)**  
Soulful ballad from eclectic funksters best known for the disco hit "Native New Yorker."
- JAMES TAYLOR, "FIRE AND RAIN" (1970)**  
Inspired by Sweet Baby's stint in a mental institution!
- URBAN SPECIES, "BLANKET" (1999)**  
London trip-hop. "I was listening to this when someone first handed me 'Stan.'"
- U2, "ONE" (1991)**  
"You can't go wrong with the best band in the world!"
- THE VERVE, "BITTERSWEET SYMPHONY" (1997)**  
Other than Oasis's "Wonderwall," this is Britpop's most enduring hit.
- ZERO 7, "DESTINY" (2001)**  
Perhaps the only chill-out track about watching porn.



RECENT RELEASES CONTINUED

- The Streets, "Weak Become Heroes"
- Sugababes, "Freak Like Me"
- Rob Swift, "Samba Scratch"
- L.A.T.U., "All the Things She Said"
- Richard Thompson, "She Said It Was Destiny"
- The Thornis, "No Blue Sky"
- The Thrills, "Santa Cruz (You're Not That Far)"
- Thursday, "Signals Over the Air"
- Justin Timberlake, "Cry Me a River"
- The White Stripes, "I Want to Be the Boy to Warm Your Mother's Heart"
- Lucinda Williams, "Ventura"
- Andrew W.K., "I Love NYC"
- Wayne Wonder, "No Letting Go"
- Yeah Yeah Yeahs, "Maps"
- Yo La Tengo, "Nuclear War"
- Young Gunz, "Can't Stop Won't Stop"
- Zwan, "Honestly"

CLASSIC ROCK

- .38 Special, "Caught Up in You"
- The Band, "Unfaithful Servant"
- THE BEATLES, "Rain"
- The Beatles, "Run for Your Life"
- The Beatles, "It's All Too Much"
- Chuck Berry, "No Particular Place to Go"
- Black Oak Arkansas, "Hot and Nasty"
- Bon Jovi, "Livin' on a Prayer"
- Boston, "More Than a Feeling"
- Jack Bruce, "Theme From an Imaginary Western"
- Cream, "Badge"
- Creedence Clearwater Revival, "Ramble Tamble"
- Electric Light Orchestra, "Mr. Blue Sky"
- Fleetwood Mac, "Man of the World"
- Foreigner, "I Want to Know What Love Is"
- Grand Funk Railroad, "Bad Time"
- Jethro Tull, "Hymn 42"
- The Jimi Hendrix Experience, "I Don't Live Today"
- The Kinks, "This Time Tomorrow"
- Led Zeppelin, "The Battle of Evermore"
- Led Zeppelin, "Gallows Pole"
- John Lennon, "I Found Out"
- Little Feat, "Fat Man in the Bath tub"
- Lynyrd Skynyrd, "All I Can Do Is Write About It"
- Paul McCartney and Wings, "Jet"
- Steve Miller Band, "Take the Money and Run"
- Mott the Hoople, "The Golden Age of Rock 'n' Roll"
- Elvis Presley, "Wearin' That Loved-on Look"
- Queen, "Killer Queen"
- Queen and David Bowie, "Under Pressure"
- Bob Seger, "Night Moves"
- The Small Faces, "Lazy Sunday"
- BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, "Born in the U.S.A. (acoustic)"
- Bruce Springsteen, "Brilliant Disguise"
- Supertramp, "The Logical Song"
- The Troggs, "From Home"
- The Tubes, "Prime Time"
- THE WHO, "Getting in Tune"
- Yes, "Gong for the One"
- Frank Zappa, "Willie the Pimp"



Blink-182's Mark Hoppus: Luckily, his finger's safety is on.

MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# MARK HOPPUS

Blink-182 bassist caught in toddler-pop shocker!

- BAD RELIGION, "HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?" (1988)**  
One minute, 22 seconds of punk-rock fireworks. "When I was in college, I wrote a paper using words I learned from Bad Religion songs," Hoppus says. "I got an A, although I'm still not sure what all the words meant!"
- BEASTIE BOYS, "SHAKE YOUR RUMP" (1989)**  
"Is anyone cooler than the Beastie Boys? Nope."
- THE CLASH, "LOST IN THE SUPERMARKET" (1979)**  
Punk heroes suffer Safeway-induced existential crisis.
- THE CURE, "COLD" (1982)**  
The bleakest moment off *Pornography*, an album recorded in a haze of alcohol, acid and intraband hatred.
- CHEAP TRICK, "SURRENDER" (1978)**  
Enduring smash about freaky parents, since covered by more than 30 artists, including Marilyn Manson and Green Day.
- THE DESCENDENTS, "SILLY GIRL" (1985)**  
"The first punk-rock song I ever heard. It changed my life."
- DINOSAUR JR., "THE WAGON" (1991)**  
Feral grunge kings of western Massachusetts. "I saw them play at the Hollywood Palladium on this tour — my ears rang for three days."
- DJ SHADOW, "RIGHT THING/GDMFSOB" (2002)**  
"I dig how the song begins, slowly builds and then changes completely."



Queen: "Scaramouche!," etc.

- FUGAZI, "STYROFOAM" (1990)**  
"A great song from one of the best bands of all time!"
- JANE'S ADDICTION, "OCEAN SIZE" (1988)**  
"That was the soundtrack to my high-school years. I've bought this album six or seven times."
- JIMMY EAT WORLD, "FOR ME THIS IS HEAVEN" (1999)**  
"I fell in love with my wife while listening to this song. Awww. . ."
- MODERN ENGLISH, "I MELT WITH YOU" (1982)**  
Fluke gem from shamelessly pretentious New Romantics.
- NEW ORDER, "CEREMONY" (1981)**  
Joy Division triumphantly reborn after Ian Curtis's suicide.
- NIRVANA, "SLIVER" (1990)**  
Kurt Cobain digs up childhood trauma on glorious pre-*Nevermind* single.
- PENNYWISE, "UNKNOWN ROAD (LIVE)" (2000)**  
"They've always been heroes. Probably the truest, most real band ever."
- QUEEN, "BICYCLE RACE" (1978)**  
Saucy pop excess, notoriously promoted by a nude female race.
- THE SMITHS, "CEMETRY GATE" (1986)**  
"This song made me learn who Keats and Yeats are."
- TEENAGE FANCLUB, "STAR SIGN" (1991)**  
MTV breakthrough for grunge-friendly Scottish power-poppers.
- THE WIGGLES, "RUNNING UP THE SANDHILLS" (2003)**  
"My kid loves this song, so I have to listen to it all the time."

20  
**RAMONES "BLITZKRIEG BOP" (1976)**  
"Groundbreakers. Heroes. Legends."



Aislyn Photo/Celebrity Pictures L.A. (Dido), Chris Stimmel/Idols (Hoppus), Bettmann/Corbis (Lennon), S.I.N./Corbis (Fuzze), Mick Rock/Star File (Queen), P. Hazelet/Sunshine/RetnaUK (Bush), James Devereaux/WireImage.com (Springsteen), Michael Putland/RetnaUK (Townshend)

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# SOULCALIBUR II

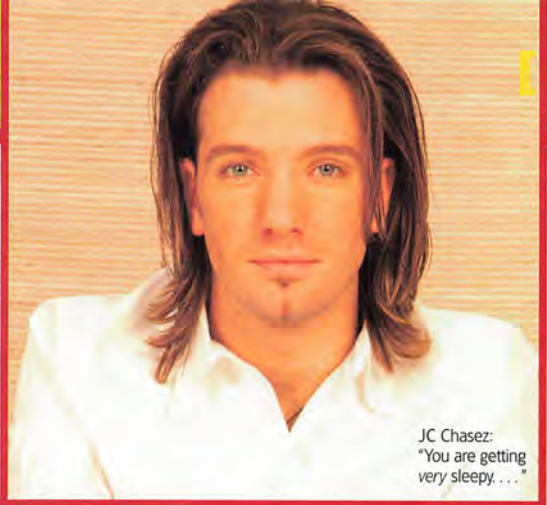


**REFLECTIONS OF TRADITION.** Exclusively on the PlayStation®2 computer entertainment system, Tekken legend Heihachi jumps into the Soulcalibur®II arena. The battle will be hard fought with old Soulcalibur favorites and new masters ready to battle anyone with the guts. And the fighting continues with over 10 modes of play, including the new Weapon Master Mode, giving you the chance to unlock hundreds of weapons, costumes, arenas and hidden characters.



Violence  
Suggestive Themes

PlayStation®2



JC Chasez:  
"You are getting  
very sleepy...."

MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# JC CHASEZ

JC's boudoir tip number 1: Ladies Love Sting

**1 A TRIBE CALLED QUEST, "ELECTRIC RELAXATION"** (1993)

Hip-hop bohos Q-Tip and Phife toast girls with "black hair and fat-ass thighs."

**2 BASEMENT JAXX, "YO-YO"** (1999)

Before their international hit "Where's Your Head At?", this British house duo stormed clubs with this track.



**3 BLACK SHEEP, "THE CHOICE IS YOURS"** (1991)

"This is a hip-hop song that kills in the clubs. I call it a 'point song,' because when everyone hears the 'Engine, engine number 9' hook, they point at each other and say it."

**4 BEASTIE BOYS "HEY LADIES"** (1989)

"My favorite moment is the guitar, and then the sample: 'Da-na-na-all the ladies in the house!'"

**5 BT, "SATELLITE"** (2000)

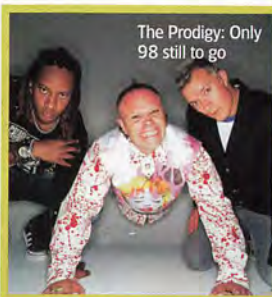
A spacey love song from the classically trained dance-music maestro who produced 'N Sync's 2001 hit "Pop."

**6 DURAN DURAN, "GIRLS ON FILM"** (1981)

Simon LeBon & Co.'s sashaying porno ode.

**7 ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA, "ORDINARY DREAM"** (2001)

In the '70s, ELO's afroed mastermind Jeff Lynne minted orchestral pop. This song comes from his comeback bid, three decades later.



The Prodigy: Only 98 still to go

**8 JIMI HENDRIX, "CROSTOWN TRAFFIC"** (1968)

"Jimi's voice sounds like he's almost talking, but he's still singing. And his guitar sounds like a kazoo!"

**9 LENNY KRAVITZ, "BANK ROBBER MAN"** (2001)

"Listening to Lenny, you think you too can hook up with a Victoria's Secret model!"

**10 BOB MARLEY, "STIR IT UP"** (1973)

One of Marley's earliest international hits.

**11 MASSIVE ATTACK, "BLACK MILK"** (1998)

"The girl's voice is stunning here, but it's all about that bass line!"

**12 THE POLICE, "ROXANNE"** (1978)

"That high note!"

**13 PRINCE, "I COULD NEVER TAKE THE PLACE OF YOUR MAN"** (1987)

Prince agonizes over impossible love on this track from *Sign O' the Times*.

**14 THE PRODIGY, "BABY'S GOT A TEMPER"** (2002)

Industrial electronica twisted into the ultimate extreme-sports soundtrack.

**15 ROLLING STONES, "BROWN SUGAR"** (1971)

"Whenever 'N Sync play shows, we play this song backstage."

**16 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, "I'M ON FIRE"** (1984)

"Hey, little girl, is your daddy home? — that's the beginning of a great story."

**17 STING, "FRAGILE"** (1987)

"I'm a big Sting man. This song introduced Sting to jazz, but it's a little bit Spanish, too."

**18 STING, "SHAPE OF MY HEART"** (1993)

"It's a love story, but he uses this great metaphor of a deck of cards to tell it."

**19 U2, "WHERE THE STREETS HAVE NO NAME"** (1987)

Atmospheric synths give way to anthemic builds on one of U2's most optimistic songs.

**20 VAN HALEN, "HOT FOR TEACHER"** (1984)

"This one puts you in full-on stupid mode!"

**SINGER-SONGWRITER**

- Jackson Browne, "Late for the Sky"
- Johnny Cash, "I See a Darkness"
- Sandy Denny, "I'm a Dreamer"
- Donovan, "Barabajagal (Love Is Hot)"
- Nick Drake, "River Man"
- Bob Dylan, "She's Your Lover Now"
- Bob Dylan, "I'll Keep It With Mine"
- Tom T. Hall, "Salute to a Switchblade"
- Joni Mitchell, "Free Man in Paris"
- Joni Mitchell, "Don't Interrupt the Sorrow"
- John Prine, "In Spite of Ourselves"
- Bonnie Raitt, "I Can't Make You Love Me"
- Paul Simon, "Kodachrome"
- Elliott Smith, "Speed Trials"
- Joe South, "Walk a Mile in My Shoes"
- Warren Zevon, "Hasten Down the Wind"

**ALT-COUNTRY**

- Bottle Rockets, "Radar Gun"
- The Byrds, "You're Still on My Mind"
- Neko Case, "Deep Red Bells"
- The Flying Burrito Brothers, "Hot Burrito No. 1"
- Robbie Fulks, "Let's Kill Saturday Night"
- The Jayhawks, "Blue"
- Old 97s, "Jagged"
- Dwight Yoakam, "The Heart That You Own"

**METAL**

- AC/DC, "Thunderstruck"
- Alice in Chains, "Would"
- Black Sabbath, "Hand of Doom"
- Britny Fox, "Girischool"
- The Cult, "Love Removal Machine"
- Def Leppard, "Photograph"
- Deftones, "Be Quiet and Drive (Far Away)"
- Faster Pussycat, "Bathroom Wall"
- GUNS N' ROSES, "Mr. Brownstone"
- High on Fire, "Eyes and Teeth"
- Iron Maiden, "Run to the Hills"
- Judas Priest, "Metal Gods"
- Killing Joke, "Change"
- Kiss, "Black Diamond"
- Impzibizkit, "Nookie"
- Monster Magnet, "Megasonic Teenage Warhead"
- Motorhead, "Ace of Spades"
- Ratt, "Round and Round"
- Thin Lizzy, "The Boys Are Back in Town"
- Tool, "Strikist"
- Van Halen, "Drop Dead Legs"

**PUNK**

- Buzzcocks, "Everybody's Happy Nowadays"
- The Clash, "Complete Control"
- The Clash, "Hitsville U.K."
- The Dirtbombs, "Chains of Love"
- The Distillers, "City of Angels"
- Modern Lovers, "She Cracked"
- The Oblivians, "What's the Matter Now?"
- Pere Ubu, "Non-Alignment Pact"
- SEX PISTOLS, "Seventeen"
- X-Ray Spex, "Oh Bondage! Up Yours!"



OUR FAVORITE SONGS →

# KINGS OF LEON

Sibling buzz band explains where Jack White "got his thing"

**1 THE BAND, "I SHALL BE RELEASED"** (1968)

This Dylan cover served as the majestic finale to the Band's *Music From Big Pink*.

**2 BUILT TO SPILL, "TWIN FALLS"** (1994)

"It's about a small-town boy and a girl who grew up together," explains bassist Jared Followill. "He moved away, but she stayed and got pregnant. We've lived in a small town our whole lives, so we knew exactly what they were portraying."

**3 JOHNNY CASH, "UNDERSTAND YOUR MAN"** (1964)

When it comes to political correctness, the Man in Black doesn't walk the line — he ignores it. "He's being a total ass," marvels drummer Nathan Followill. "But he's her man, so she has to deal with it!"

**4 RAY CHARLES, "THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS"** (1985)

"The best Christmas song ever recorded," Nathan says.

**5 THE CORAL, "BAD MAN"** (2002)

A short, sharp shock of U.K. psych-punk attitude. "When you hear this song," Jared says, "you want to break a pool stick over someone's head!"

**6 THE LEMONHEADS, "MY DRUG BUDDY"** (1992)

"When we heard it," Nathan says, "we were like, 'That's a pretty cool subject to write a song about.' I can relate — I've got plenty of drug buddies."

**7 ADAM GREEN, "BABY'S GONNA DIE TONIGHT"** (2002)

With lyrics like "It don't mean I don't love you/When I put a gun to your face," this underground NYC folk renegade is right up Jared's alley: "I love crazy lyrics — that song turns me on."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEGO

Kings of Leon, from left: Matthew Followill, Caleb Followill, Jared Followill, Nathan Followill

This page: Anthony Cuciaro/LFI; Chasez: Dennis Morris/Camera Press/Repsa Ltd.; (Marley) Jon Burian/LFI (Rose); Ross: Halim Haidos (The Prodigy); Dennis Morris/Camera Press/Repsa Ltd. (Robert)

Note: Not all of the songs mentioned above are legally available for download — yet. In those instances, *Blender* encourages you to purchase the original CD.

8 **MERLE HAGGARD, "THAT'S THE WAY LOVE GOES"** (1983)

Real country's fightingest, drinkingest outlaw shows his sensitive side on this Lefty Frizzell cover.

9 **INTERPOL, "STELLA WAS A DIVER, AND SHE WAS ALWAYS DOWN"** (2003)

Jared: "I'll listen to this sittin' on the back porch, smokin' cigs when it's raining; then I'll feel like going inside and calling an ex."

10 **ETTA JAMES, "A SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE"** (1961)

"The way she sings it, you fall in love with her," Nathan says. "And she's not even all that good-looking!"

11 **MASON JENNINGS, "GODLESS"** (1998)

This Minneapolis anti-folkie harshes guitarist Caleb Followill's mellow with this harrowing tune "about a dude whose woman got raped by someone, so he goes and kills him. So rock & roll it's not even funny."

12 **THE KILLS, "MONKEY 23"** (2003)

Jared: "It's cheesy to say, but if my heart was a guitar, it would definitely play this song."

13 **BEN KWELLER, "KNOCK KNOCK SHUM IN (A SONG FOR UNCLE STEVE)"** (UNRELEASED)

Nathan: "Ben's a friend of ours. He met our Uncle Steve, who likes his alcoholic beverages, at our humongous annual family reunion of mountain people in the Oklahoma wilderness. Uncle Steve would tell knock-knock jokes, but instead of saying 'Come in,' he'd say 'Shum in.' Kweller was thrown for a loop, so he wrote a song about it and left it on our voicemail."

14 **THE VELVET UNDERGROUND "PALE BLUE EYES"** (1969)

Caleb: "A simple melody that says so much in just three words."

15 **MY MORNING JACKET, "BERMUDA HIGHWAY"** (2001)

Fellow Southerners who serve up gloomy Americana.

16 **PAVEMENT, "ZURICH IS STAINED"** (1992)

An angular rave-up from *Slanted and Enchanted*, indie-rock's *Rubber Soul*.

17 **THE PENTECOSTALS OF HENDERSON CHOIR, "POWER FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT"** (UNRELEASED)

Nathan: "This is from a church in Tennessee we went to eight years ago. Every time the choir sang this, everyone was up jukin', jivin' and hollerin'."

18 **TOM PETTY, "ROOM AT THE TOP"** (1999)

Jared: "Late-period Tom Petty is a guilty pleasure. And when he sings 'I've got a room at the top of the world tonight, and I ain't comin' down,' he's so obviously high."

19 **THE PIXIES, "NIMROD'S SON"** (1987)

Jared: "When you hear Frank Black scream on this song, you think 'Fuck, that's where Jack White got his thing!'"

20 **LOU REED, "WALK ON THE WILD SIDE"** (1972)

Jared: "Such beautiful music and such screwed-up lyrics. It painted a picture for everything that we expected in rock & roll."

21 **SOLEDAD BROTHERS, "ONLY FLOWER IN MY BED"** (UNRELEASED)

Scuzzy blues-punk duo from Ohio best known for palling around with Jack White.

22 **TALKING HEADS, "PSYCHO KILLER"** (1977)

A herky-jerky post-punk classic.

23 **U2, "WITH OR WITHOUT YOU"** (1987)

Jared: "They played it at our high-school prom, and it made me want to die. It was so right for that moment."

24 **TOWNES VAN ZANDT, "DON'T LET THE SUNSHINE FOOL YA"** (1972)

This eccentric American songwriter covers a country-fried Gene Clark lament.

25 **NEIL YOUNG, "ROLL ANOTHER NUMBER (FOR THE ROAD)"** (1975)

Jared: "Fuckin' Neil Young — you don't get much better than that."



"Neil Young — you don't get better than that."



The Matrix, from left: Graham Edwards, Laurence Fishburne, Scott Spock

OUR FAVORITE SONGS →

# THE MATRIX

Superproducers behind *Avril* pump a little classical gas

**1 SAMUEL BARBER, "ADAGIO FOR STRINGS" (1938)**  
Pennsylvania composer's elegiac masterpiece, written when he was just 28. "The saddest, most beautiful piece of music ever."

**2 BLONDIE, "SUNDAY GIRL" (1978)**  
New Wavers' effervescent homage to 1960s girl groups.

**3 PATSY CLINE "CRAZY" (1955)**  
"A paean to mental instability, without which none of us would be in this business."

**4 DAVID BOWIE, "SPACE ODDEY" (1969)**  
Bowie's space-age parable didn't reach number 1 until 1975.

**5 DAVID BOWIE, "YOUNG AMERICANS" (1975)**  
"America is a bit like a teenager — brimming with energy and imagination, occasionally overstepping the mark, but always with a great sense of possibility. Bowie captured a big piece of that in 'Young Americans.'"

**6 COLDPLAY, "YELLOW" (2000)**  
They wrote a song. They wrote a song for you. And it was called "Yellow."

**7 DANNY WILSON, "MARY'S PRAYER" (1987)**  
Extended Catholic metaphor from Scottish trio named after Frank Sinatra's character in the 1952 movie *Meet Danny Wilson*.

**8 DON ELLIS, "THEME FROM THE FRENCH CONNECTION" (1971)**  
Avant-garde jazz trumpeter meets Gene Hackman.



Debbie Harry: "How was it for you, Mr. Saxophone?"

**9 HUMAN LEAGUE, "HUMAN" (1986)**  
R&B heavyweights Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis help out English synth-poppers.

**10 THE ISLEY BROTHERS, "BETWEEN THE SHEETS" (1983)**  
"This Isley Brothers song is five minutes and 42 seconds of pure foreplay."

**11 LENNY KRAVITZ, "IT AIN'T OVER 'TIL IT'S OVER" (1991)**  
Retro magpie sets his eye on Philadelphia soul.

**12 CRAIG MACK, "FLAVA IN YA EAR" (1994)**  
Mack's crazy, futuristic rap blows your mind every time."

**13 MAXWELL, "THIS WOMAN'S WORK" (1997)**  
Nü-soul smoothie's unplugged Kate Bush cover.

**14 WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, "REQUIEM IN D MINOR"**  
"Inside the mind of one of the most evolved human beings ever to walk the earth."

**15 NINE INCH NAILS, "CLOSER" (1994)**  
Trent Reznor kindly invites you to enjoy zoo-style intercourse.

**16 RADIOHEAD, "HIGH AND DRY" (1995)**  
"The best example of Radiohead's genius ability to link melody upon melody."

**17 KENNY ROGERS AND THE FIRST EDITION, "RUBY DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE TO TOWN" (1969)**  
"This was a great favorite in Aberdeen pubs and clubs. The drunken couples would whirl around winking at each other, oblivious that it's about a crippled Vietnam vet who wants to put a bullet in the head of his unfaithful wife."

**18 THE TOADIES, "POSSUM KINGDOM" (1995)**  
Texan post-grungers' solitary hit. "A song to start the night with — and maybe end it, too."

**19 TOWER OF POWER, "ONLY SO MUCH OIL IN THE GROUND" (1975)**  
The mid-'70s energy crisis gets the funk treatment.

**20 2PAC & DR. DRE, "CALIFORNIA LOVE" (1995)**  
Shakur's post-prison classic, and the only collaboration between two gangsta legends.



NEW WAVE

Bauhaus, "Kick in the Eye"  
B-52s, "Give Me Back My Man"  
Blondie, "Call Me"  
David Bowie, "New Career in a New Town"

The Brains, "Money Changes Everything"  
Kate Bush, "Running Up That Hill"  
The Cars, "It's All I Can Do"  
Lloyd Cole and the Commotions, "Forest Fire"  
Edwyn Collins, "A Girl Like You"

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS, "Pilot Act"  
The Cure, "In Between Days"  
the dB's, "Black and White"  
Depeche Mode, "But Not Tonight"  
Duran Duran, "Ordinary World"  
Ian Dury and the Blockheads, "Reasons to Be Cheerful, Part 3"  
Dwight Twilley Band, "I'm on Fire"

Echo and the Bunnymen, "The Cutter"  
Eddie and the Hot Rods, "Do Anything You Wanna Do"  
English Beat, "I Confess"  
Brian Eno, "Candy Tells Me"  
The Fall, "Cruisers Creek"  
Suzanne Fellini, "Love on the Phone"

The Flying Lizards, "Money"  
Nick Gilder, "Hot Child in the City"  
Debbie Harry, "Jam Was Moving"  
Human League, "Love Action"  
Icicle Works, "Birds Fly (Whisper to a Scream)"  
Jesus & Mary Chain, "Sidewalking"  
Joan Jett, "French Song"  
Jim Carroll Band, "It's Too Late"  
The Knack, "Fly Sharon"

Kraftwerk, "We Are the Robots"  
Robin Lane & the Charbusters, "Why Do You Tell Lies"  
Magazine, "Shot by Both Sides"  
The Neighbors, "Prettiest Girl"  
New Order, "Bizarre Love Triangle"  
The Normal, "Warm Leatherette"

NRBQ, "Ridin' in My Car"  
Gary Numan, "Cars"  
OMD, "If You Leave"  
Pet Shop Boys, "Left to My Own Devices"  
Pet Shop Boys, "West End Girls"  
Pigbag, "Papa's Got a Brand New Pigbag"  
Plimsouls, "A Million Miles Away"

The Police, "Can't Stand Losing You"  
Prentenders, "Tattooed Love Doll"  
The Primitives, "Crash"  
Prince, "When You Were Mine"  
Pylon, "Cool"  
The Records, "Starry Eyes"  
Roxy Music, "Both Ends Burning"  
Pete Shelley, "Homosapien"  
Soft Cell, "Say Hello, Wave Goodbye"

Squeeze, "Pulling Mussels From a Shell"  
TALKING HEADS, "Love-Building on Fire"  
The Teardrop Explodes, "Reward"  
They Might Be Giants, "Birdhouse in Your Soul"  
Thompson Twins, "Hold Me Now"  
The Undertones, "My Perfect Cousin"  
Violent Femmes, "Blister in the Sun"  
The Waitresses, "I Know What Boys Like"  
Kim Wilde, "Kids in America"  
Wire, "Mannequin"  
Yaz, "Only You"



MY FAVORITE SONGS →

## BERT MCCrackEN

The *Used*'s scuzzy frontman reveals his sensitive side

**1 AFI, "GIRLS NOT GREY" (2003)**  
"They're my favorite band," McCracken says. "It's very intense. He pours his heart out, but tastefully."

**2 BURNING AIRLINES, "THE SURGEON'S HOUSE" (2001)**  
Brutal emo via former members of original D.C. punk heroes Jawbox and Government Issue.

**3 CAMEL, "UNEVENSONG" (1977)**  
"Camel's a prog-rock band from the '70s — they're kind of like an underground Genesis. The bridge is, like, 10 minutes long. Crazy shit."

**4 CKY, "BRAN'S CHINESE FREESTYLE" (2000)**  
Jackass-endorsed retro rock that makes the ultimate skateboard soundtrack.

**5 THE CLASH, "STRAIGHT TO HELL" (1982)**  
"This is one of my all-time favorite Clash songs. There's no better chorus — they're just like, 'Go straight to hell!'"

**6 CURSIVE, "THE RECLUSE" (2003)**  
Yelping, desperate indie-rock from Bright Eyes' Saddle Creek label homies. "It's about fucking. I can totally relate."

**7 DR. DRE, "NOTHIN' BUT A 'G' THANG" (1992)**  
"A classic party pleaser."



Sgt. Flea's Lonely Hearts Club Band

**8 FISCHERSPOONER, "EMERGE" (2001)**  
"That's a gentle jam, dude."

**9 GLASSJAW, "APE DOS MIL" (2002)**  
Complex metalcore from Long Island's heaviest band.

**10 INK & DAGGER, "THE FINE ART OF ORIGINAL SIN" (1998)**  
"Three and a half minutes about fucking and vampire shit."

**11 JOHN LENNON, "WATCHING THE WHEELS" (1980)**  
Haunting hit single from the former Beatle's final album, *Double Fantasy*. "I never liked the Beatles until I was older. I was 16 when I really got it."

**12 LETTER KILLS, "CAN'T BELIEVE" (2003)**  
Crowd-participation rager from Warped Tour up-and-comers.

**13 THE MARS VOLTA, "ERITARKA" (2003)**  
"The Mars Volta are constantly surprising, but especially on this song: It creeps, and then it switches and starts rocking."

**14 MR. BUNGLE, "EXISTENTIAL BLUES" (1991)**  
Bizarro cover of Dr. Demento novelty staple from ex-Faith No More vocalist Mike Patton.

**15 STEVIE NICKS "EDGE OF SEVENTEEN" (1981)**  
"C'mon, man, she's an animal: freaky and so fuckin' sexy!"

**16 PINK, "FAMILY PORTRAIT" (2002)**  
"It's good because it speaks out for kids from broken homes. Pink's dope."

**17 RANCID, "SALVATION" (1994)**  
"They live to play music, and that's the message of a lot of their songs — they've inspired so many kids to do what they dream."

**18 RUN-DMC, "IT'S TRICKY" (1986)**  
Old-school boom-box banger from the original rap superstars.

**19 SOCIAL DISTORTION, "BALL AND CHAIN" (1990)**  
"Pretty good songwriting for punk-rock dudes."

**20 SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE, "HOW IT FEELS TO BE SOMETHING ON" (1998)**  
Ambitious offering from the original emo band's first reunion album.

**21 THRICE, "COLD CASH & COLDER HEARTS" (2003)**  
Intelligent Cali thrash-pop pulsing with hooks and heart.

**22 TRANSPLANTS, "D.J.D.J." (2002)**  
Souful hardcore from Rancid's Tim Armstrong and Blink-182's Travis Barker.

**23 2PAC, "I AIN'T MAD AT CHA" (1996)**  
"2Pac is the original 'emo' rapper: He just let it hang out at all times."

**24 VENETTA RED, "SHATTERDAY" (2003)**  
Former grunge band that read the tea leaves and climbed aboard the screamo bandwagon. "Zach Davidson's voice is just amazing."

**25 RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS "SOUL TO SQUEEZE" (1994)**  
"Soul to Squeeze gets me in the mood for love — that's all I'm saying."



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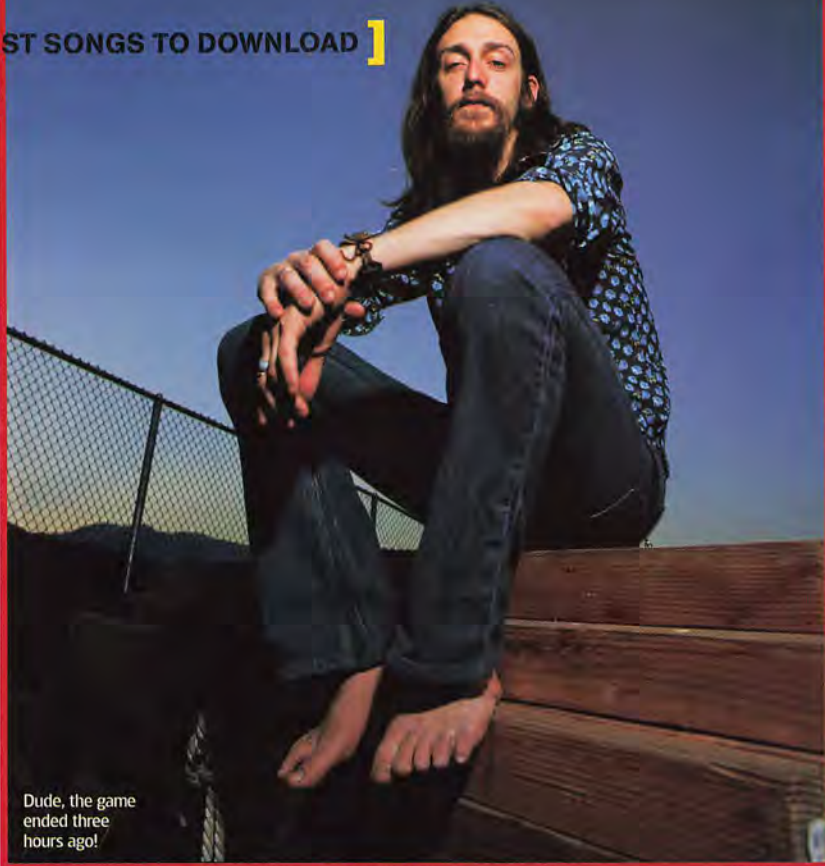


"I was 16 when I really got the Beatles!"

→ PHOTOGRAPHY BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER

ALT-ROCK

- Archers of Loaf, "What Did You Expect?"
- At the Drive-In, "One Armed Scissor"
- Beck, "Beercan"
- Björk, "Pagan Poetry"
- Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, "Whatever Happened to My Rock 'N' Roll?"
- Blink-182, "First Date"
- Blur, "The Universal"
- The Breeders, "Cannonball"
- Bright Eyes, "One Foot in Front of the Other"
- Bush, "Glycerine"
- Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, "Into My Arms"
- Concrete Blonde, "Joey"
- Dinosaur Jr., "Freak Scene"
- Dismemberment Plan, "The Ice of Boston"
- Elastica, "Connection"
- Everclear, "Santa Monica"
- The Flaming Lips, "Fight Test"
- FOO FIGHTERS, "All My Life"
- Fugazi, "Waiting Room"
- Garbage, "Queer"
- Green Day, "Longview"
- The Hives, "Hate to Say I Told You So"
- Hole, "Awful"
- Hüsker Dü, "Could You Be the One?"
- Idlewild, "Roseability Pt. 2"
- Jawbreaker, "Indictment"
- Jimmy Eat World, "The Middle"
- Lemonheads, "Confetti"
- Local H, "All the Kids Are Right"
- Magnetic Fields, "Washington, D.C."
- Modest Mouse, "Do!" the Cockroach"
- The Moldy Peaches, "Jorge Regula"
- Mountain Goats, "No Children"
- Negativland, "U2"
- Oasis, "Live Forever"
- Sinead O'Connor, "I Want Your (Hands on Me)"
- Pavement, "Here"
- Pearl Jam, "Corduroy"
- Liz Phair, "6'1"
- Phantom Planet, "California"
- The Pogues, "Dirty Old Town"
- Possum Dixon, "Watch the Girl Destroy Me"
- Public Image Ltd., "Rise"
- Pulp, "Common People"
- Queens of the Stone Age, "Feel Good Hit of the Summer"



Dude, the game ended three hours ago!

MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# CHRIS ROBINSON

Mr. Kate Hudson digs deep into his crates for some boho weirdness

- 1 **HORACE ANDY, "DO YOU LOVE MY MUSIC"** (1977)  
Heavy-petting-friendly slice of lover's rock from reggae icon and Massive Attack associate.
- 2 **ASH RA TEMPEL, "TIME"** (1972)  
Radiohead, "Everything in Its Right Place"  
Radiohead, "Fake Plastic Trees"  
The Replacements, "Hold My Life"  
Saint Etienne, "Like a Motorway"  
Semisonic, "Closing Time"  
The Shins, "New Slang"  
Soundtrack of Our Lives, "Sister Surround"  
The Specials, "Too Much Too Young"  
Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, "Afro"  
Spoon, "The Way We Got By"  
Stone Roses, "I Wanna Be Adored"  
Stone Temple Pilots, "Interstate Love Song"  
The Strokes, "Last Nite"  
Suede, "Drowners"  
Super Furry Animals, "Man Don't Give a Fuck"  
Supergrass, "Caught by the Fuzz"  
System of a Down, "Chop Suey!"  
That Petrol Emotion, "Big Decision"  
Unrest, "Yes She Is My Skinhead Girl"  
Veruca Salt, "Seether"  
The Walkmen, "We've Been Had"  
Ween, "Freedom of '76"  
**WEEZER, "The Good Life"**



- 9 **JOHN COLTRANE, "A LOVE SUPREME"** (1964)  
Spirituality has rarely been celebrated quite so brilliantly as in this jazz standard.
- 10 **BOB DYLAN, "TOUGH MAMA"** (1974)  
Dylan's Band-assisted tribute to a lady he'd like to "blow a little smoke on."
- 11 **FUNKADELIC, "COSMIC SLOP"** (1973)  
"Garry Shider on lead vocals! One of my favorite vocalists of all time. He wears the diaper in Funkadelic. But a very talented guy."
- 12 **JERRY GARCIA, "BIRD SONG"** (1972)  
Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter's tribute to his deceased friend Janis Joplin.
- 13 **THE GRATEFUL DEAD, "DARK STAR"** (1969)  
The Dead's space-rock live staple — approximately 2 million bootleg versions to choose from.
- 14 **THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND, "WITCHES HAT"** (1968)  
"An English-sounding psychedelic folk band. One reason I fell in love with my wife [actress Kate Hudson]: On the first weekend we spent together, I put this on,

and she said, 'I love this music.' I was like, 'Wow, this is the one.' If your girl is down with Incredible String Band, marry her!"

- 16 **BERT JANSCH, "REYNARDINE"** (1971)  
Obscure guitarist's haunting take on a traditional British folk song.
- 17 **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK, "VOLUNTEERED SLAVERY"** (1969)  
Blind saxophonist and flautist unleashes party-hearty fusion of jazz and R&B.

- 15 **DAVID CROSBY "MUSIC IS LOVE"** (1971)  
"I love people who are pains in the ass like David. I include myself in that category."



See Spot hump Bob Dylan's leg.

- 18 **THE METERS, "FIRE ON THE BAYOU"** (1975)  
Possibly the funkier track from probably the funkier band.
- 19 **THELONIOUS MONK, "MONK'S DREAM"** (1952)  
More jazz, this time from the genius ivory tickler and funny-hat fan.
- 20 **SLY & THE FAMILY STONE, "CAN'T STRAIN MY BRAIN"** (1974)  
"If I were going to dance around in my underwear to one of these tracks, this would be the one. But I don't wear underwear."
- 21 **PINK FLOYD "CAREFUL WITH THAT AXE, EUGENE"** (1967)  
"I love the fearlessness. But I should have included a Syd Barrett song on this list. His records are beautiful."

- 22 **GABOR SZABO, "RAMBLER"** (1973)  
Late Hungarian jazz guitarist's improvisational cut from his album of the same name.
- 23 **PETER TOSH, "NO SYMPATHY"** (1975)  
"Peter Tosh's whole thing, as wild as he became, was that the truth is the most dangerous thing in the world. That's something that has always appealed to me."
- 24 **NEIL YOUNG, "WHEN YOU DANCE YOU CAN REALLY LOVE"** (1970)  
Prime-time Young: "There's something super-haunting about the sound of it."
- 25 **THE ZOMBIES, "BEECHWOOD PARK"** (1968)  
Highlight of the psychedelic rockers' underappreciated swan song, *Odyssey & Oracle*.



Alphonse (eymonde (still-ite) Neil Zozower (Robinson); Richard Young/RevUSA (Young); Liam Duke/Camera Press/Retna (Grobli); Roger Ressemeyer/Corbis (Garcia); Ken Regan/Camera 5 (Dylan); Clay Patrick McBratton/Retna Ltd. (Weezer)

Note: Not all of the songs mentioned above are legally available for download — yet. In those instances, *Blender* encourages you to purchase the original CD.

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"And what's up with that airplane food?"

MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# LOU REED

Doo-wop and R&B dominate the VU legend's iPod

- CHET BAKER, "MY FUNNY VALENTINE"** (1953)  
Elegantly wasted version of the Rodgers & Hart standard by heroin-loving singer/trumpeter.
- CHUCK BERRY, "LITTLE QUEENIE"** (1959)  
An archetypal Berry cut. "Chuck knows the shit and lays it down," Reed says.
- BO DIDDLEY "BRING IT TO JEROME"** (1957)  
"Bo in his original form: sexy and contagious."
- RAY CHARLES, "(NIGHT TIME) IS THE RIGHT TIME"** (1959)  
The other godfather of soul in a down-and-dirty duet with Margie Hendrix. "I have never heard anything to compare to Ray and the incomparably sexy Margie."
- ORNETTE COLEMAN, "LONELY WOMAN"** (1959)  
"Not a week goes by where I don't find myself humming this."
- CHRIS CONNOR, "WHEN SUNNY GETS BLUE"** (1959)  
A jazz standard sung by the Kansas City-born cool-jazz chanteuse.
- DION AND THE BELMONT, "I WONDER WHY"** (1958)  
Ornately arranged doo-wop/rock & roll fronted by New Yorker Dion DiMucci. "Dion is possibly the all-time great white-voiced rock & roller."



Elvis: One helluva shadow puppeteer

- FATS DOMINO, "THE FAT MAN"** (1949)  
The New Orleans giant's first 45, with a justified claim as one of the first rock & roll records.
- EDDIE AND ERNIE, "OUTCAST"** (1964)  
"This was the first song that suggested to me the power of the electric bass."
- LORRAINE ELLISON, "STAY WITH ME"** (1966)  
Impossibly emotional soul classic by Philly diva, later covered by Bette Midler in *The Rose*.
- THE EXCELLENTS, "CONEY ISLAND BABY"** (1963)  
Reed named his 1976 solo record after this Brooklyn doo-wop classic.
- WANDA JACKSON, "LET'S HAVE A PARTY"** (1960)  
"Wanda was the first white female rock & roller."
- RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK, "OLD RUGGED CROSS"** (1969)  
More trailblazing jazz, by a blind Ohio saxman. "Truly ecstatic."
- LILLIAN LEACH AND THE MELLOWS, "SMOKE FROM YOUR CIGARETTE"** (1955)  
A regional doo-wop hit from Long Island. "I've always loved it."
- ROY ORBISON, "CRYING"** (1961)  
"Only k.d. lang can come close in the power-ballad department."
- CARL PERKINS, "HONEY DON'T"** (1956)  
"A great guitar picker. He gave me a pick one time when he played New York!"
- ELVIS PRESLEY, "THAT'S ALRIGHT, MAMA"** (1954)  
"The creator before the fall!"
- BILLY LEE RILEY, "RED HOT"** (1957)  
Blazing rockabilly, originally released on the late Sam Phillips's Sun label.
- JIMMY SCOTT, "SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME"** (1963)  
"Possibly the best vocalist ever in any style."
- NOLAN STRONG AND THE DIABLOS, "THE WIND"** (1954)  
"Incomparable doo-wop, full of high romance."

CULT

- Syd Barrett, "Gigolo Aunt"
- Big Star, "Thirteen"
- John Cale, "Andalucia"
- Bob Dorough, "Three Is a Magic Number"
- Fugs, "Boobs a Lot"
- John Martyn, "Solid Air"
- Harry Nilsson, "Without Her"
- Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazlewood, "Sundown Sundown"
- Sparks, "This Town Ain't Big Enough for Both of Us"
- Tom Waits, "Downtown Train"
- The Walker Brothers, "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine (Anymore)"

POP-ROCK

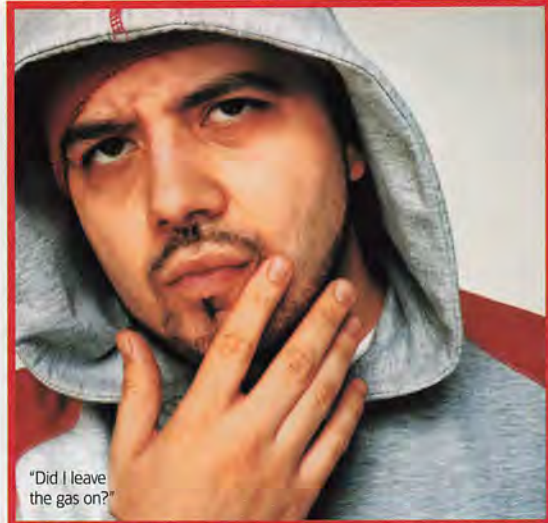
- Badfinger, "Baby Blue"
- Crowded House, "Weather With You"
- Five, "When the Lights Go Out"
- The Bobby Fuller Four, "Let Her Dance"
- The La's, "There She Goes"
- The Lovin' Spoonful, "Darling Be Home Soon"
- The Merseys, "Sorrow"
- Jennifer Paige, "Crush"
- Republica, "Ready to Go"
- Tommy Roe, "Sweet Pea"
- Todd Rundgren, "Couldn't I Just Tell You"
- Dusty Springfield, "I Just Don't Know What to Do With Myself"
- Ringo Starr, "It Don't Come Easy"

KARAOKE POP

- ABBA, "Winner Takes It All"
- America, "Sister Golden Hair"
- The Babys, "Isn't It Time"
- Laura Branigan, "Gloria"
- Bread, "Everything I Own"
- Glen Campbell, "Wichita Lineman"
- Mariah Carey, "Make It Happen (Unplugged)"
- Skeeter Davis, "End of the World"
- Jay Ferguson, "Thunder Island"
- Flying Machine, "Smile a Little Smile for Me"
- Gary Glitter, "Do You Wanna Touch Me? (Oh Yeah!)"
- Hall & Oates, "She's Gone"
- Sophie B. Hawkins, "Damn, I Wish I Was Your Lover"
- The Hollies, "The Air That I Breathe"
- Natalie Imbruglia, "Torn"
- Billy Joel, "I've Loved These Days"
- Lisa Loeb, "Stay"
- Loverboy, "Turn Me Loose"
- Eddie Money, "I Wanna Go Back"
- OTC, "How Bizare"
- Dolly Parton/Kenny Rogers, "Islands in the Stream"
- Suzi Quatro, "Stumblin' In"
- Britney Spears, "...Baby One More Time"
- Billy Squier, "Everybody Wants You"
- The Sweet, "Love Is Like Oxygen"
- Bonnie Tyler, "It's a Heartache"

CLASSIC SOUL

- The Bar-Kays, "Soul Finger"
- Bobby "Blue" Bland, "Ain't No Love in the Heart of the City"
- Solomon Burke, "Cry to Me"
- Chic, "At Last I Am Free"
- Chi-Lites, "It's Time for Love"
- Chi-Lites, "Stoned Out of My Mind"
- William DeVaughan, "Be Thankful for What You Got"
- Earth, Wind & Fire, "Kalimba Story"



"Did I leave the gas on?"

MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# GREEN LANTERN

Eminem's DJ loves him some... Phil Collins?

- A TRIBE CALLED QUEST, "JAZZ (WE'VE GOT)"** (1991)  
"Most hip-hop sampled happier funk. But this jazz shit was darker."
- ERIC B. & RAKIM, "JUICE (KNOW THE LEDGE)"** (1991)  
A cautionary tale written for the urban flick *Juice*.
- PHIL COLLINS, "IN THE AIR TONIGHT"** (1981)  
"It transcends genre — to me, it's a powerful hip-hop song."



Dr. Dre: "Park your car, sir?"

- JODECI WITH GHOSTFACE KILLAH AND RAEKWON, "FREEK 'N YOU (REMIX)"** (1995)  
"This is a sexy club record, but it's all the way gangsta."
- MARLEY MARL, "THE SYMPHONY, VOL. 1"** (1988)  
"The Symphony" is Big Daddy Kane, Kool G Rap and Marley Marl's vicious tag-team cut.
- NAS, "NEW YORK STATE OF MIND"** (1994)  
"Billy Joel kept it gangsta, but Nas is a lyrical monster."
- N.W.A., "FUCK THA POLICE"** (1988)  
Everyone's favorite pig-roasting war cry.
- PUBLIC ENEMY, "NIGHT OF THE LIVING BASEHEADS"** (1988)  
A cacophonous tour of crack-decimated neighborhoods.
- RAEKWON, "ICE CREAM"** (1993)  
The Wu-Tang Clan's portliest member "breathed new life into East Coast hip-hop with all this new slang."
- JUNIOR REID, "ONE BLOOD"** (1989)  
"I recently played this at a Jamaican beach party, and people went wild."
- RUN-DMC, "PETER PIPER"** (1986)  
Jam Master Jay welds clattering bells to an 808 drum machine.
- TENOR SAW, "RING THE ALARM"** (1985)  
"The Diwali riddim is really hot now, but this one has a riddim called Stalag 17 — it's so raw."

**20 NOTORIOUS B.I.G. "EVERYDAY STRUGGLE"** (1994)  
"It's about doing what you have to do to feed your child."

Note: Not all of the songs mentioned above are legally available for download — yet. In those instances, *Blender* encourages you to purchase the original CD.

Nils Meliung/Scapino/Retna (Reed); Steve Azza/Corbis Sygma (Carey); Jill Greenberg/Corbis Outline (Dr. Dre); Michael Ochs/Archive.com (Presley); Ernie Panico/Retna Ltd. (Small); LF (Chic)

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Yeah Yeah Yeahs, from left: Nick Zinner, Karen O, Brian Chase

MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# NICK ZINNER

Sex tips and more from Yeah Yeah Yeahs' hep guitarist

**1 AALIYAH, "ONE IN A MILLION" (1996)**  
"Once, upset over an unrequited love, I got down on my knees and cried to this slow jam," Zinner says. "I'm just a big softie at heart. R.I.P."

**2 BAD BRAINS, "SAILIN' ON" (1982)**  
Early track by Washington, D.C.-based punk-reggae fusioners. "Anyone who doesn't throw down for this band should be kicked in the mouth!"

**3 ERIC B. & RAKIM "MICROPHONE FIEND" (1988)**  
"The greatest MC and the dopest jam, y'all!"

**4 BELL BIV DeVUE, "POISON" (1990)**  
"Poison" is a New Jack Swing classic from three former members of New Edition.

**5 DAVID BOWIE, "TIME" (1973)**  
"It's prophetic, decadent and campy, with a sweet guitar solo by Mick Ronson."

**6 NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS, "UP JUMPED THE DEVIL" (1988)**  
"It's cool, evil and inspiring," says Cave look-alike Zinner. "And no, he is not my dad."

**7 LEONARD COHEN, "I'M YOUR MAN" (1988)**  
"If I make it to old age, I wanna be just like him."

**8 ALICE COOPER, "LUNEY TUNE" (1972)**  
"Before he became a self-parody, Alice Cooper was amazing."

**9 THE CRAMPS, "GOO GOO MUCK" (1981)**  
"Blender readers take note: Listening to this band will improve your sex life."

**10 BOB DYLAN, "TOMBSTONE BLUES" (1965)**

Highway 61 Revisited cut with rap-esque delivery. "Bob Dylan was the best MC of the '60s."

**11 MISSY ELLIOTT FEATURING MS. JADE, "FUNKY FRESH DRESSED" (2002)**  
"Missy is the most important woman in music of this generation, in my opinion."

**12 SERGE GAINSBOURG AND JANE BIRKIN, "JE T'AIME (MOI NON PLUS)" (1969)**  
Sole U.S. hit for heavy-breathing French bon vivant. "The greatest love song ever written."

**13 THE MISFITS, "RETURN OF THE FLY" (1978)**  
The New Jersey punks' unreleased and much-bootlegged tribute to the 1959 horror movie starring Vincent Price.

**14 DINAH SHORE, "BUTTONS AND BOWS" (1948)**  
"Close your eyes and imagine a world of ponies, sugar and free money. Life is sweet!"

**15 SLAYER, "ANGEL OF DEATH" (1986)**  
"Brutality and power. Faster! Louder! Harder!"

**16 THE SMITHS, "BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN" (1985)**  
"Johnny Marr. Johnny Marr. Johnny Marr. Yeah, the other guy is OK, but really now. . . ."

**17 SONIC YOUTH, "DEATH VALLEY '69" (1985)**  
Charming tune about Charles Manson, featuring eternally confrontational New York art queen Lydia Lunch.

**18 THE STOOGES, "FUN HOUSE" (1970)**  
"I'm almost jealous of anyone who hasn't already heard this. To be able to listen to it for the first time again. . . ."

**19 SWANS, "GOD DAMN THE SUN" (1989)**  
Characteristically cheerless track from New York avant-gardists. "I'm vainly hoping this will help usher in the Swans revival of 2004."

**20 NEIL YOUNG, "ONLY LOVE CAN BREAK YOUR HEART" (1970)**  
"Young romantics, take heed. Listen to the man who sings from the heart."



CLASSIC SOUL CONTINUED

- Marvin Gaye, "Got to Give It Up, Pt. 1"
- Al Green, "Ain't No Fun for Me"
- Donny Hathaway, "I Love You More Than You'll Ever Know"
- Isaac Hayes, "Walk on By"
- Isley Brothers, "It's Your Thing"
- Jackson 5, "I Want You Back"
- Jaynets, "Sally Go 'Round the Roses"
- Oran "Juice" Jones, "The Ram"
- Gladys Knight & the Pips, "The Makiings of You"
- Labelle, "Far as We Felt Like Goin'"
- Mafo, "Suavecito"
- Curtis Mayfield, "Don't Worry (If There's a Hell Below We're All Going to Go)"
- Shirley Murdock, "As We Lay"
- Danny Pearson, "What's Your Sign, Girl?"
- Phil Phillips and the Twilight, "Sea of Love"
- Otis Redding and the Pinetoppers, "Shout Bamalama!"
- Minnie Riperton, "Les Fleurs"
- Smokey Robinson, "Cruisin'"
- Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, "Tracks of My Tears"
- Rose Royce, "I'm Going Down"
- The Showmen, "It Will Stand"
- Nina Simone, "Don't Explain"
- Benny Spellman, "Lipstick Traces"
- The Tams, "Be Young, Be Foolish, Be Happy"
- The Temptations, "Shakey Ground"
- Timmy Thomas, "Why Can't We Live Together"
- KE AND TINA TURNER, "Sexy Ida"
- Bill Withers, "I Wish You Well"
- Stevie Wonder, "As"
- Stevie Wonder, "Love Having You Around"

HIP-HOP

- 2Pac, "Hail Mary"
- 50 Cent, "How to Rob"
- B.G., "Bling Bling"
- B Rock & the Bizz, "My Baby Daddy"
- BEASTIE BOYS, "The New Style"
- Big L, "Ebonics"
- Big Punisher, "Still Not a Player"
- Boogie Down Productions, "Who Protects Us From You?"
- Ice Cube, "Dead Homiez"
- Cypress Hill, "Pigs"
- Dead Prez, "Hip-Hop"
- De La Soul, "Magic Number"
- DMX, "Party Up"
- Missy Elliott, "Get Ur Freak On"
- Eminem and Elton John, "Stan (Live at the Grammys)"
- Eve with Gwen Stefani, "Let Me Blow Ya Mind"
- Fabulous, "Can't Deny It"
- The Firm, "Phone Tap"
- Freestyle Fellowship, "Bullies of the Block"
- Doug E. Fresh, "The Show"
- Ghostface Killah, "Daytona 500"
- Hot Boys, "Ridin'"
- House of Pain, "Jump Around"
- J.J. Fad, "Supersonic"
- Junior M.A.F.I.A., "Player's Anthem"
- Juvenile, "Ha"
- Ras Kass, "Ordo Abchao (Order Out of Chaos)"
- Kool G Rap & DJ Polo, "Hem at Work"
- LL COOL J, "Goin' Back to Cali"
- Ludacris, "Southern Hospitality"
- Biz Markie, "Pickin' Boogers"
- MC Lyte, "Ruffneck"
- Method Man, "Suspect Chin Music"
- Mobb Deep, "Shook Ones Pt. II"



MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# MOBY

If loving the '80s is wrong, he doesn't want to be right

- 1 BAD BRAINS, "HOUSE OF SUFFERING" (1986)**  
"Four Rastafarian jazz musicians from Washington, D.C., who formed a punk band," Moby says. "The singer, H.R., sounds like he's about to lose his mind!"
- 2 THE BONGOS, "THE BULRUSHES" (1982)**  
Hoboken, New Jersey, indie-poppers who "were antecedents of Yo La Tengo and Pavement."



**3 NICK DRAKE "NORTHERN SKY" (1970)**  
"A wonderful celebration of what it's like to be in love."

**4 THE CLASH, "(WHITE MAN) IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS" (1979)**  
"This is the best Clash song: It has punk-rock qualities and reggae qualities, and it's their only epic — it's almost like prog!"

**5 JULEE CRUISE, "MYSTERIES OF LOVE" (1989)**  
Airy-voiced muse to director David Lynch.



The Clash: The worst-dressed gang in town

- 6 ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN, "OVER THE WALL" (1981)**  
"The lyrics, I think, were inspired by David Bowie's 'Heroes.'"
- 7 ESG, "YOU'RE NO GOOD" (1981)**  
"Flawless No Wave disco."
- 8 ROBERTA FLACK, "THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW YOUR FACE" (1969)**  
"Possibly the quietest hit ever. You almost can't hear the instruments, they're mixed so low."
- 9 GOLDFRAPP, "UTOPIA" (2000)**  
Former Tricky chanteuse turned techno hippie.
- 10 HEAVEN 17, "ARE EVERYTHING" (1981)**  
"A Human League spin-off that used synthesizers and tried to make people dance."
- 11 INTERPOL, "HANDS AWAY" (2002)**  
Effete, mopey NYC retro-rockers who made "my favorite album of the last couple of years."
- 12 JAPAN, "ALL TOMORROW'S PARTIES" (1979)**

"An iconic Velvet Underground song, but I do like Japan's version a lot."

**13 JOY DIVISION, "ATMOSPHERE" (1980)**  
"Never on an album, but it's their most beautiful song."

**14 LIQUID LIQUID, "OPTIMO" (1983)**  
Four white intellectuals from New York's Lower East Side, playing stripped-down disco music with live instruments.

**15 HAROLD MELVIN AND THE BLUE NOTES, "DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY" (1977)**  
Teddy Pendergrass's original soul-disco band.

**16 MINOR THREAT, "12XU" (1982)**  
"My old band the Vatican Commandos did a cover of this."

**17 THE MOTELS, "SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER" (1983)**  
"On one hand, a disposable pop song, but there's a darkness to it that I find really seductive."

**18 POLYROCK, "NO LOVE LOST" (1980)**  
"Very emotional, computerized music that was made by live musicians."

**19 PUBLIC ENEMY, "WELCOME TO THE TERRORDOME" (1990)**  
"It's so weird: I was DJ'ing at the time, and this would invariably clear dance floors."

**20 ROXY MUSIC, "MOTHER OF PEARL" (1973)**  
"The first half is about going to a crazy party and taking lots of drugs and having lots of sex. The second half is about turning your back on that!"

**21 TELEVISION, "MARQUEE MOON" (1977)**  
"If space aliens decided to start a rock band. . . ."

**22 TUXEDOMOON, "NO TEARS" (1976)**  
Late-'70s experimental rock band from San Francisco who "sound like the apocalypse."

**23 WILD SWANS, "REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT" (1982)**  
"I don't know what else this band did. They were from northern England. They sound like Joy Division, but more optimistic."

**24 X, "LOS ANGELES" (1980)**  
"This song gives you the sense of a city that's crumbling in a really glamorous way."

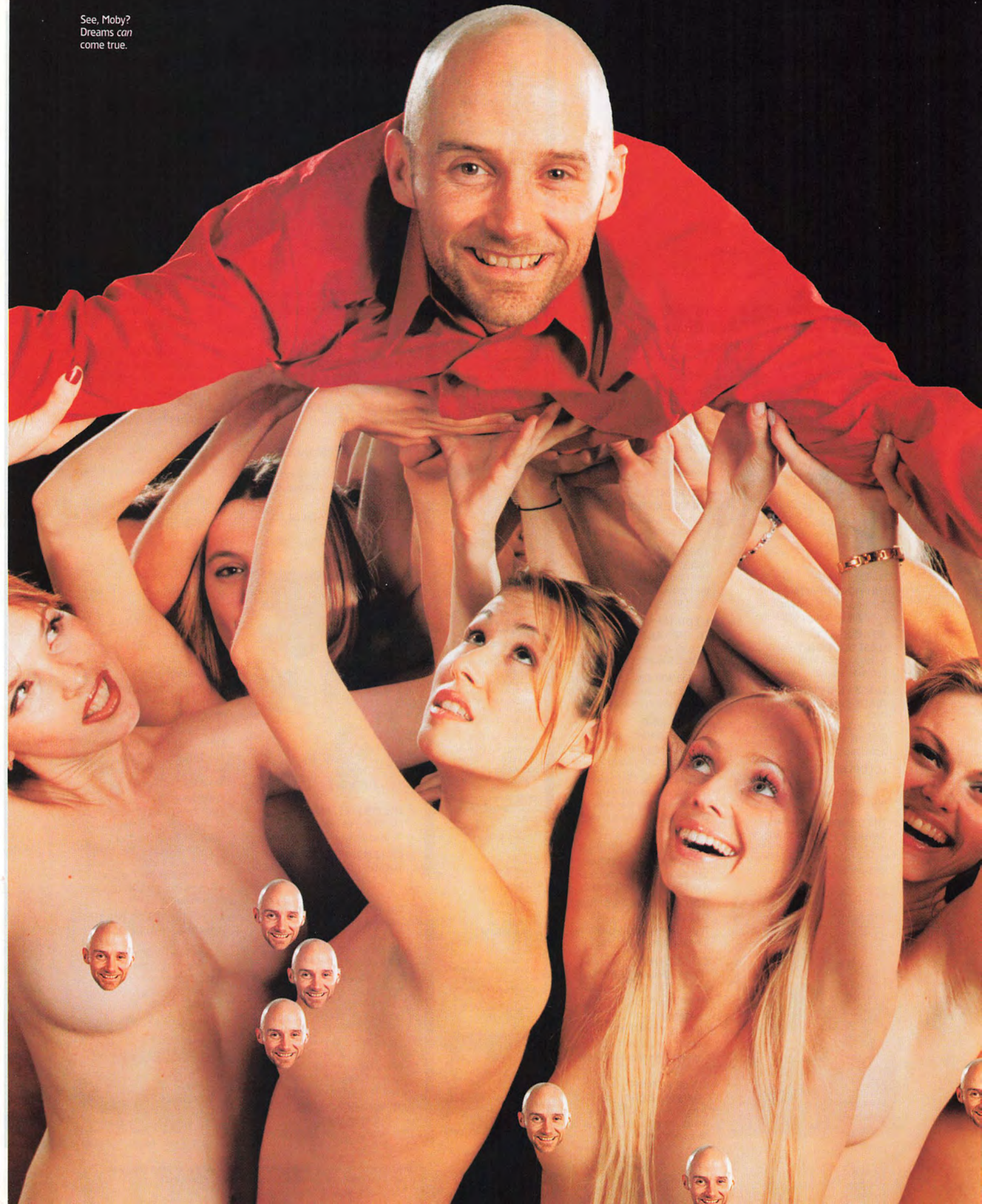
**25 SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES "DEAR PRUDENCE" (1983)**  
"Almost a note-perfect cover, but more psychedelic."



Alice Cooper: "Hey, where'd my beer go?"

Note: Not all of the songs mentioned above are legally available for download — yet. In those instances, Blender encourages you to purchase the original CD.

See, Moby?  
Dreams *can*  
come true.





Mandy Moore throws like a girl!

MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# MANDY MOORE

World's number 1 Joan Armatrading fan. Who knew?

- 1 **JOAN ARMATRADING, "WEAKNESS IN ME"** (1981)  
Standout track from this cult soul-folkie. "Not everything is in tune," says Moore, "but it's so right."
- 2 **JOAN ARMATRADING "LOVE & AFFECTION"** (1976)  
"Oddly, I usually listen to this before I have to do a kissing scene in a film!"
- 3 **MARY J. BLIGE, "NO MORE DRAMA"** (2001)  
"I listened to this constantly when I was going through a breakup."
- 4 **JEFF BUCKLEY, "LAST GOODBYE"** (1994)  
A soaring track from the late troubadour's debut album.
- 5 **TRACY CHAPMAN, "BABY CAN I HOLD YOU"** (1988)  
"If I had to choose the clichéd boyfriend-girlfriend song, this would be it."
- 6 **COLDPLAY, "GREEN EYES"** (2002)  
"My favorite song off *A Rush of Blood to the Head*."
- 7 **THE DOOBIE BROTHERS, "WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES"** (1978)  
Smooth and soulful smash from long-haired radio staples.



- 8 **50 CENT, "IN DA CLUB"** (2003)  
"I'm a bad dancer, but when this song comes on, forget it — I don't care what I look like!"
- 9 **FLEETWOOD MAC, "DREAMS"** (1977)  
Eerie single from rock's most beloved dysfunctional family.
- 10 **FOO FIGHTERS, "TIMES LIKE THESE"** (2002)  
Redemptive long song from the newly betrothed Dave Grohl.
- 11 **JOE JACKSON, "BABY STICK AROUND"** (1979)  
This New Wave rave-up makes the usually composed Moore "want to pogo."
- 12 **ELTON JOHN, "TAKE ME TO THE PILOT"** (1970)  
An early gem from the future Captain Fantastic's second album.
- 13 **KATELL KEINIG, "SMILE"** (1997)  
Wistfulness personified from this obscure Welsh chanteuse.
- 14 **CAROLE KING, "SO FAR AWAY"** (1971)  
From *Tapestry*, the apex of Me Decade folk-rock.
- 15 **JOHN MAYER, "83"** (2001)  
"When I started dating my boyfriend [tennis star Andy Roddick], this became our record."
- 16 **JONI MITCHELL, "FREE MAN IN PARIS"** (1974)  
Vagabond anthem, supposedly about mogul David Geffen.
- 17 **DOLLY PARTON, "STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN"** (2002)  
The bluegrass queen countrifies this classic-rock warhorse.
- 18 **CAT STEVENS, "MATTHEW AND SON"** (1967)  
Early hit from the folkie now known as Yusuf Islam.
- 19 **SWITCHFOOT, "THIS IS YOUR LIFE"** (2003)  
"They're a really talented Christian pop-rock band from San Diego."
- 20 **STEVIE WONDER, "SUPERSTITION"** (1972)  
"A real funky one, for sure. I would definitely put 'Superstition' on a party tape."



Can you find Dolly Parton's Easter eggs?

HIP-HOP CONTINUED

- Pharoahe Monch, "Mayor"  
M.O.P., "Ante Up"  
Mystikal, "Shake Ya Ass"  
Nas, "Hate Me Now"  
N.E.R.D., "Lap Dance"  
Notorious B.I.G., "I Got a Story to Tell"  
Notorious B.I.G., "Ten Crack Commandments"  
N.W.A., "Express Yourself"  
O'Jays, "Shimmy Shimmy Ya"  
Pharcyde, "Passing Me By"  
Public Enemy, "By the Time I Get to Arizona"  
Raekwon, "Incarcerated Scarfaces"  
Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth, "They Reminisce Over You (T.R.O.Y.)"  
Run-DMC, "Mary Mary"  
Salt-N-Pepa, "Push It"  
Slick Rick, "Hey Young World"  
Tone-Loc, "Funky Cold Medina"  
Whodini, "Freaks Come Out at Night"  
Wu-Tang Clan, "Protect Ya Neck"

STREET POP

- Aaliyah, "Rock the Boat"  
Babyface, "Whip Appeal"  
Erykah Badu, "By Your Side"  
Mary J. Blige, "My Life"  
D'Angelo, "Shit, Damn, Motherfucker"  
Lauryn Hill, "Sweetest Thing"  
Janet Jackson, "Let's Wait a Minute"  
Michael Jackson, "2000 Watts"  
Monica, "The First Night"  
P.M. Dawn, "Really Used to Be a Friend of Mine"  
Prince, "The Beautiful Ones"  
TLC, "No Scrubs"  
TLC, "Waterfalls"  
Tweet, "Oops (Oh My)!"

DANCE (ULTIMATE WEDDING MIX)

- Bee Gees, "Nights on Broadway"  
Destiny's Child, "Boyz n the City"  
Digital Underground, "Humpty Dance"  
The Gap Band, "Burn Rubber (Why You Wanna Hurt Me)"  
Hanson, "MMMBop"  
The Jacksons, "Heartbreak Hotel"  
Grace Jones, "Pull Up to the Bumper"  
Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam, "I Wonder if I Take You Home"  
Love Unlimited Orchestra, "Under the Influence of Love"  
L'Trimm, "Cars with the Boom"  
Newcleus, "Jam On It"  
Stacey Q, "Two of Hearts"  
Diana Ross, "Upside Down"  
Shannon, "Let the Music Play"  
S.O.S. Band, "Take Your Time (Do It Right), Pt. 1"  
Strafe, "Set It Off"  
Donna Summer, "Love to Love You Baby"  
Barry White, "Never Never Gonna Give You Up"

DANCE (ULTIMATE CLUB MIX)

- Artful Dodger, "Re-Revind"  
Basement Jaxx, "My Name Is Start"  
THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS, "Hey Boy, Hey Girl"  
Cornershop, "Brimful of Asha (Norman Cook Remix)"  
Dizzy Rascal, "I Love You"  
Rob Dougan, "Clubbed to Death"  
Freelance Hellraiser, "A Stroke of Genius"



MY FAVORITE SONGS →

# RYAN ADAMS

Never mind the alt-country, here's punk rock!

- 1 **45 GRAVE, "PARTY TIME"** (1983)  
"45 Grave are my all-time favorite rock band," Adams says. "They included members of the Germs and the Gun Club. This song sounds like Alice Cooper — only good."
- 2 **45 GRAVE, "DREAM HITS"** (1987)  
"Too bad they were from L.A.," Adams says.
- 3 **BLACK FLAG, "POLICE STORY"** (1981)  
"It makes me want to cut myself."
- 4 **THE GERMS, "MANIMAL"** (1993)  
L.A. punk pioneers at their incendiary best.
- 5 **THE GRATEFUL DEAD, "WHARF RAT"** (1971)  
"Some drugs work."
- 6 **THE GRATEFUL DEAD, "DARK STAR"** (1969)  
"All drugs work."
- 7 **HÜSKER DÜ, "I APOLOGIZE"** (1985)  
"This is from *New Day Rising*, their best album. Any track would do."
- 8 **INTERPOL, "OBSTACLE 1"** (2002)  
"I love Joy Division," Adams says cheekily.



- Johnny Rotten's post-Sex Pistols project. "This song makes me horny."
- 14 **PULP, "DISCO 2000"** (1995)  
Rollicking British hit that cops its main idea from Laura Branigan's 1982 hit "Gloria."
  - 15 **RADIOHEAD, "IDIOTEQUE"** (2000)  
A manic evocation of a very modern nightmare, all paranoia and chirping cellphones. "Hey, Thom, let's go bowling!"
  - 16 **R.E.M., "TALK ABOUT THE PASSION"** (1983)  
From *Murmur*, a record that "has continually hurt my feelings for 15 years."
  - 17 **R.E.M., "KOHOUTEK"** (1985)  
"I asked Michael Stipe about this when I met him. I was starstruck and perplexed."
  - 18 **THE SMITHS, "WILLIAM IT WAS REALLY NOTHING"** (1984)  
"The kind of people who don't understand this music are guys who never cry and whose girlfriends have never peed in front of them!"
  - 19 **FRANK SINATRA "NO ONE CARES"** (1959)  
"I do, baby, I do."



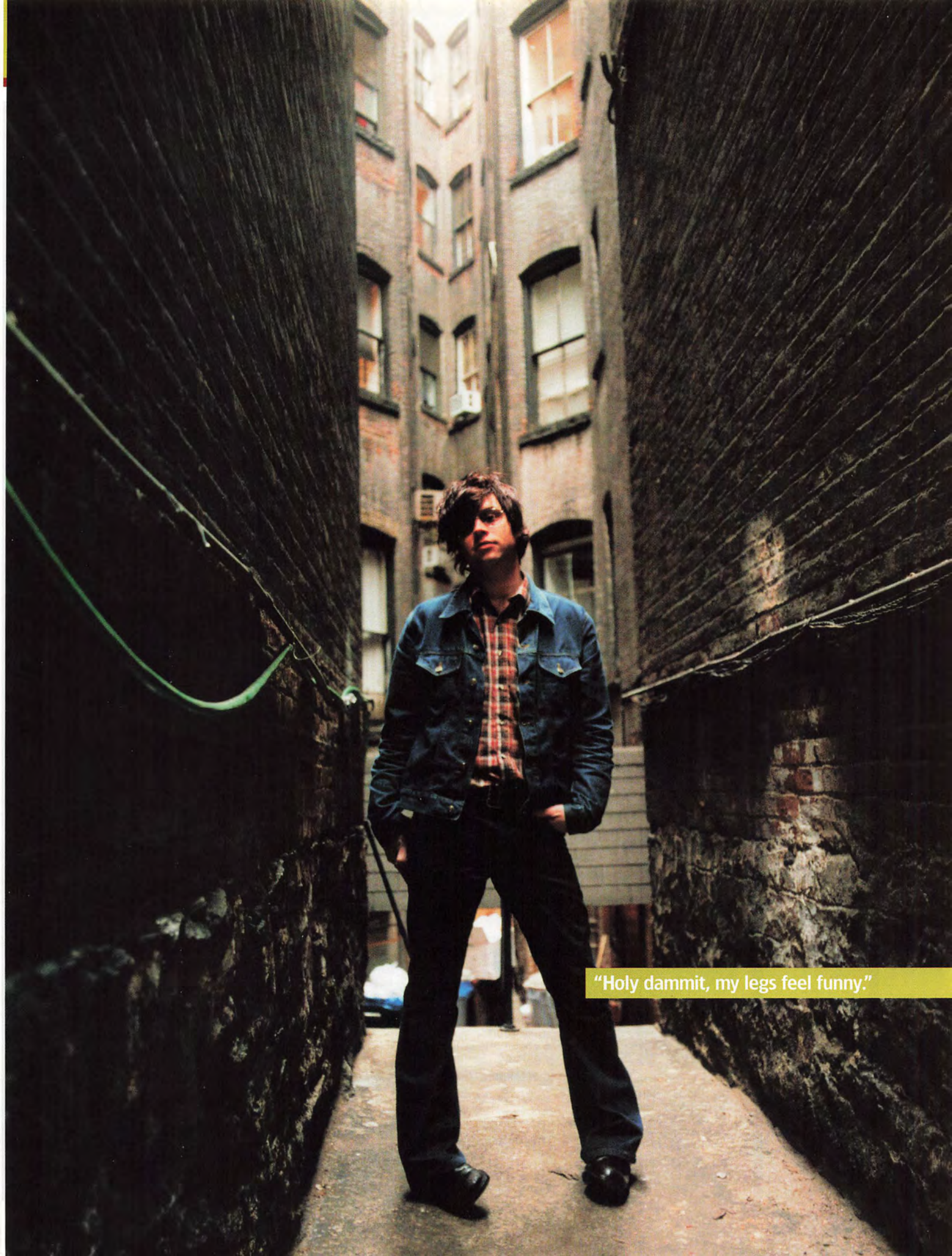
Never pee in Kylie's pool.

- 20 **SONIC YOUTH, "TEENAGE RIOT"** (1988)  
Supercharged opening track from *Daydream Nation*. "The anthem of bitter, dysfunctional childhood."
- 21 **DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, "NO EASY WAY DOWN"** (1969)  
From the legendary *Dusty in Memphis*. "Really fucking depressing and romantic."
- 22 **THE STROKES, "MEET ME IN THE BATHROOM"** (2003)  
New track from Adams's skinny-tied drinking buddies.
- 23 **SUPERCHUNK, "THE FIRST PART"** (1993)  
Mid-period track from beloved indie-rockers led by "Mac" McCaughan, who shares Adams's North Carolina roots. "This music is a middle finger to the jaded N.C. dicks who couldn't handle how great they were."
- 24 **X, "YOUR PHONE'S OFF THE HOOK BUT YOU'RE NOT"** (1980)  
"A great band who I wish I had never met. I have their pictures on my piano, which is why my piano songs are not very nice."
- 25 **THE VELVET UNDERGROUND "HEROIN"** (1967)  
"This is the sound of Bob Dylan getting his ass kicked behind a gas station."

Note: Not all of the songs mentioned above are legally available for download — yet. In those instances, *Blender* encourages you to purchase the original CD.

This page: Sheryl Nields/Epic (Moore); Craig Barritt/ReenaUK (Cozzetti); Lester Cohen/WireImage.com (Marin); Gavin Bond/Corbis Outline (Minogue); Harry Langdon/Shooting Star (Parton); Michael Paland/ReenaUK (Springfield); Rip/RenaUK (Chemical Brothers); Opposite page: Danny Clinch/Corbis Outline





"Holy dammit, my legs feel funny."

## DANCE (ULTIMATE CLUB MIX) CONTINUED

Taana Gardner, "Heartbeat" (Global Communication, '14-31)  
 Groove Armada, "I See You Baby"  
 I-F, "Space Invaders Are Smoking Grass"  
 Inner City, "Good Life"  
 Jaydee, "Plastic Dreams"  
 Grace Jones, "Demolition Man"  
 The Jungle Brothers, "Jungle Brother (Aphrodite Drum 'n' Bass mix)"  
 Herman Kelly & Life, "Dance to the Drummer's Beat"  
 Material, "Bustin' Out"  
 Peaches, "Set It Off"  
 S'Express, "Theme from S'Express"  
 Sexual Harassment, "If I Gave You a Party"  
 Joe Smooth, "Promised Land"  
 Lisa Stansfield, "Been Around the World"  
 Stardust, "Music Sounds Better With You"  
 Sueño Latino, "Sueño Latino (Derrick May Remix)"  
 Whitney Houston vs. Kraftwerk, "I Wanna Dance With Numbers"

## BLUES

Howlin' Wolf, "Forty Four"  
 Blind Lemon Jefferson, "Please See That My Grave Is Kept Clean"

## FUNK

JAMES BROWN, "The Payback"  
 The Chakachas, "Jungle Fever"  
 Commodores, "Assembly Line"  
 Lee Dorsey, "Get Out My Life Woman"  
 Funkadelic, "I Got a Thing, You Got a Thing, Everybody Got a Thing"  
 The O'Jays, "For the Love of Money"  
 Rufus, "Tell Me Something Good"

## STANDARDS/JAZZ

Shirley Bassey, "Goldfinger"  
 Roy Budd, "Get Carter!"  
 Miles Davis, "Nefertiti"  
 Ella Fitzgerald, "Too Darn Hot"  
 The Vince Guaraldi Trio, "Me and My Drum"  
 Anotnio Carlos Jobim, "Brazil"  
 Stan Kenton Orchestra, "The Peanut Vendor"  
 Dean Martin, "Ain't That a Kick in the Head"  
 Thelonious Monk, "Misterioso"  
 Frank Sinatra/Count Basie, "Learnin' the Blues"

## CHILL-OUT

10cc, "I'm Not in Love"  
 Air, "La Femme D'Argent"  
 Fiona Apple, "Across the Universe"  
 Future Sound of London, "Papua New Guinea"  
 Massive Attack, "Unfinished Sympathy"  
 RoxySopp, "RoxySopp's Night Out"  
 Tricky, "Makes Me Wanna Die"

## WORLD

Althea and Donna, "Uptown Top Ranking"  
 Dillinger, "Cocaine in My Brain"  
 Tlauhoun Gessésse, "Siema"  
 Keith Hudson, "Satan Side"  
 Bob Marley & the Wailers, "Crazy Baldhead"  
 LEE PERRY, "The Upsetter"  
 Mongo Santamaría, "Watermelon Man"



From left: Senior (Jeppe Laursen), Junior (Jesper Mortensen)

## OUR FAVORITE SONGS →

# JUNIOR SENIOR

A saulte to the stars n' bars, from Denmark's dynamic dance-rock duo

**1 LYNN ANDERSON, "ROSE GARDEN" (1970)**  
 Grammy-winning country-crossover hit from this North Dakota songbird. "Purists don't like it," says Jesper Mortensen, a.k.a. Junior, "but I love it. It's like '60s Brill Building songwriting: Everything in there is a hook line."

**2 JAMES BROWN, "SUPER BAD" (1970)**  
 Funky ode to self-love.

**3 CHIC, "EVERYBODY DANCE" (1977)**  
 Chic's Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards turned disco on its head with this track.

**4 THE CRAMPS, "NEW KIND OF KICK" (1983)**  
 "The singer's just looking for something, anything, that'll get him high," Junior says.

**5 DE LA SOUL, "A ROLLER SKATING JAM NAMED (SATURDAYS)" (1991)**  
 "We don't roller skate, unfortunately," Junior laments. "We're not very athletic!"

**6 THE IMPRESSIONS, "PEOPLE GET READY" (1965)**  
 This Chicago soul troupe

launched Curtis Mayfield's career. Junior: "While other black men were screaming their lungs out, he sounded almost like a girl!"

**7 THE FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS, "HOT BURRITO NO. 2" (1969)**  
 "I love Gram Parsons's voice," Junior says. "He was a rich kid, but when I hear his songs, I feel it anyway."

**8 TOMMY JAMES AND THE SHONEDS, "CRIMSON AND CLOVER" (1968)**  
 Junior: "This song has a weird tremolo effect that's not really synched, so it sounds weird!"

**9 THE KINGSMEN, "LOUIE, LOUIE" (1963)**  
 Rock & roll's DNA, captured in three chords.

**10 JOHN LENNON, "OH YOKO!" (1971)**  
 Originally found on *Imagine*; later brilliantly deployed on the *Rushmore* soundtrack.

**11 LITTLE RICHARD, "LUCILLE" (1957)**  
 "He must have been on a lot of amphetamines," marvels Jeppe Laursen, a.k.a. Senior.

**12 THE MAMAS AND THE PAPAS, "CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'" (1966)**  
 "No one's done harmony as well since," Senior says.

**13 MARTHA AND THE VANDELLAS, "NOWHERE TO RUN" (1965)**  
 "Motown arrangements are so clever," Junior says. "The rhythm sections lock together like clockwork, and this sounds so raw."

**14 DOLLY PARTON, "DOWN FROM DOVER" (1970)**  
 One of the first songs Parton

wrote without songwriting partner Porter Wagoner.

**15 THE ROLLING STONES, "JUMPIN' JACK FLASH" (1968)**  
 A brilliant bit of self-mythologizing, wherein the distinctly upper-middle-class Mick Jagger claims to have been "born in a cross-fire hurricane."

**16 THE RONETTES, "BE MY BABY" (1963)**  
 Brian Wilson declared this Phil Spector production the best pop song ever made. "It's a genius melody," Senior agrees.

**17 RUN-DMC, "RUN'S HOUSE" (1988)**  
 A late-era romp from the Hollis, Queens, Adidas spokesmen.

**18 SHANGRI-LA'S, "GIVE HIM A GREAT BIG KISS" (1964)**  
 This New York trio mixed teenage whimsy with a darker side. "This is original girl power!" Junior exults.

**19 THE SONICS, "CINDERELLA" (1966)**  
 "A blueprint of white-boy garage rock," Junior says.

**20 THE SUPREMES, "YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON" (1966)**  
 Senior: "It gives me an extreme pop rush perhaps only gay people can get."

**21 THEM, "I CAN ONLY GIVE YOU EVERYTHING" (1966)**  
 "Beck samples this for 'Devil's Haircut,'" Junior says, "and it was one of Iggy Pop's favorites."

**22 T. REX, "CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION" (1973)**  
 Generational anthem from pixie-short, glam-rock poster boy Marc Bolan.

**23 THE TURTLES, "HAPPY TOGETHER" (1967)**  
 Junior: "The most cynical person in the whole world will be won over."

**24 THE VELVET UNDERGROUND, "ROCK & ROLL" (1970)**  
 One of the rare Velvets songs to sneak onto FM radio.

**25 THE ZOMBIES, "IMAGINE THE SWAN" (1969)**  
 Part Beatles, part classical gas: a lovely slice of baroque British psychedelia.



Run-DMC: "Can you spare a brother a shirt?"



Marcia Resnick/Retna Ltd. (Brown); Edgewise/Retna Ltd. (Junior Senior); Hubert/Archive (Little Richard); Glenn A. Baker/Retna/Retna Ltd. (Parsons); Anasara/Panosos/Retna Ltd. (Run-DMC); Dean Blecher/Retna Ltd. (Perry)

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**1 MONEEN 'ARE WE REALLY HAPPY WITH WHO WE ARE RIGHT NOW'**  
Emo-punk from the Great White North? Melodic but daring, their moody pop can shift tempos or instrumentation when you least expect it.

**2 IMA ROBOT 'IMA ROBOT'**  
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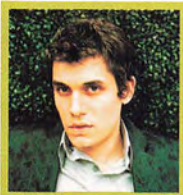
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**112**  
**JOHN MAYER**  
 Cute, romantic and surprisingly tall heartthrob offers more doe-eyed pop  
 ★★☆☆



**119**  
**DMX**  
 X's four previous records all debuted at number 1. Does the dawg still bite?  
 ★★☆☆



**138**  
**TELEVISION**  
 Reissue heaven: three smashing CDs from the Rolling Stones of CBGB  
 ★★★★★

# The Guide



THEY MAKE 'EM. WE REVIEW 'EM >>

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## EVANESCENCE

Goth, Christian *and* metal, Evanescence bring pallor to a Las Vegas stage, p144

Clockwise from top left: Danny Clinch; Michael Benabib/Reina Ltd.; Lynn Goldsmith/Corbis; Greg Moran

# Smooth Operator

Some call him "Dave Matthews Jr." But John Mayer is the suavest cutie in pop

## JOHN MAYER HEAVIER THINGS

☆☆☆

AWARE/COLUMBIA

**★** LET'S HEAR IT for those artists we can't quite remember, who wrote the songs we'll never forget. It's still unclear whether John Mayer will turn out to be one of those shadowy balladeers, whose names (Stephen Bishop! Andrew Gold! Marc Cohn!) melt away while their tunes continue to fill our irritated memory banks. But pop's cutie of the moment pays these forebears fine tribute on *Heavier Things*.

After his Grammy-winning, hit-spawning *Room for Squares*, Mayer, 25, might have panicked with an overly serious effort, as the title seems to hint. Instead, he's easing into a musical landscape that's ever more timeless and open, where the grooves melt from Europoppy to El Lay decadent to midtown-Manhattan classy. Mayer may be the teddy-bear voice of today's coeds, but his sound could have bubbled up in any setting since the 1970s. Call it classic, but don't call it rock.

The easiest label to throw on Mayer right now is "the male Norah Jones," a comparison he plays up on *Heavier Things* by enlisting name virtuosos such as Roots drummer Questlove, jazz trumpeter Roy

Hargrove and pedal-steel genius Greg Leisz. Most of the players brought in by returning producer Jack Joseph Puig (the Verve Pipe, the Black Crowes) are session greats accustomed to guys like Mayer, who can wrap their supple vocal chords around a melody until listeners feel like *they've* made it up, and whose sense of rhythm is so easeful that their songs suit anything — dining, having sex, pondering infinity.

Like Jones, Mayer never lets his personality talk over his elegant melodies, but unlike her, he has range. He cops a perfect Chris Martin falsetto on "Bigger Than My Body," the record's first single, written in tribute to Coldplay. He gets discreetly bluesy on "Come Back to Bed" and, with "New Deep," creates the great second single '90s one-hit wonder Duncan Sheik never had. "Only Heart" even features Mayer cutting loose on twangy Texas-style guitar — a big change from his cozy old acoustic — though that's as crazy as anything gets here.

Crazy just doesn't fit with Mayer's persona, which is one that might save him

from future obscurity. The problem with pop artisans like Mayer is that their elevated skills preclude the need for rock & roll bravado — but bravado is why people, and not just their songs, go down in history. To overcome this conundrum, Mayer's doing what a few slick crooners, such as James Taylor and Lionel Richie, have done before: He's turning up the impact of smooth.

The personality Mayer projects is one guys generally hate and women love, until they grow suspicious. It's not exactly sensitive, though it gets labeled as such. Sensitive guys (see the aforementioned Sheik) are actually quite bothered by love and other cosmic things. Mayer is unruffled — even when he goes existential, on the playful "Something's Missing," he sounds like he's looking for his car keys.

What Mayer manages to be, at a disturbingly young age, is suave. Effortlessness defines his bubbly guitar style and soothing vocals; his music moves like those adept hands he bragged about in his hit "Your Body Is a Wonderland." He sometimes writes about being undone, but unlike, say, matchbox twenty's Rob Thomas, he never actually risks a stumble. In "Split Screen Sadness," the big heart-break song on *Heavier Things*, he mourns romantic separation: "I'll check the weather wherever you are/'Cause I wanna know if you can see the stars tonight." Now, isn't that just what you would want your ex — the one who's inevitably going to win you back — to say?

In pop, as in life, suave can turn from attractive to creepy very quickly, and that problem is one Mayer is starting to face. Already, fans have been heard murmuring about how he's too aware of his good looks and trouble-free talent. On *Heavier Things*, he sometimes fools himself into thinking he's wise rather than just smart, and ends up condescending. Perhaps some of his new lady friends have told him otherwise, but in the modern world, men are not "the God and the weight" of their female companions' world, as he intones in the preachy "Daughters."

The arrogance that emerges here and there on this album makes Mayer's laid-back charm less attractive. But such a flaw could eventually make him more interesting — and save him from being squashed into anonymity by his own songs. ANN POWERS

**Unruffled and suave, Mayer is a slick crooner turning up the impact of smooth.**



## JOHN MAYER His life in CDs →

### INSIDE WANTS OUT

AWARE/COLUMBIA, 1999

☆☆

In the shadow of *Room for Squares*, which includes three spiffed-up versions of songs here, this indie release sounds like a demo. But the production is warm on the skin, and our 21-year-old male ingénue demonstrates impressive songcraft on such rare cuts as "Victoria," whose titular Tori is definitely more Spelling than Amos.



### ROOM FOR SQUARES

AWARE/COLUMBIA, 2001

☆☆☆

With John Alagia, the producer who shaped the ramblings of Dave Matthews, our hero fits his slender but toned shoulders into a sound that's part James Taylor circa *JT*, part cool jazz, part *Dawson's Creek* and all seduction. Best line: "I wanna run through the halls of my high school/I wanna scream at the top of my lungs." Critics cringe; hits abound.



### ANY GIVEN THURSDAY

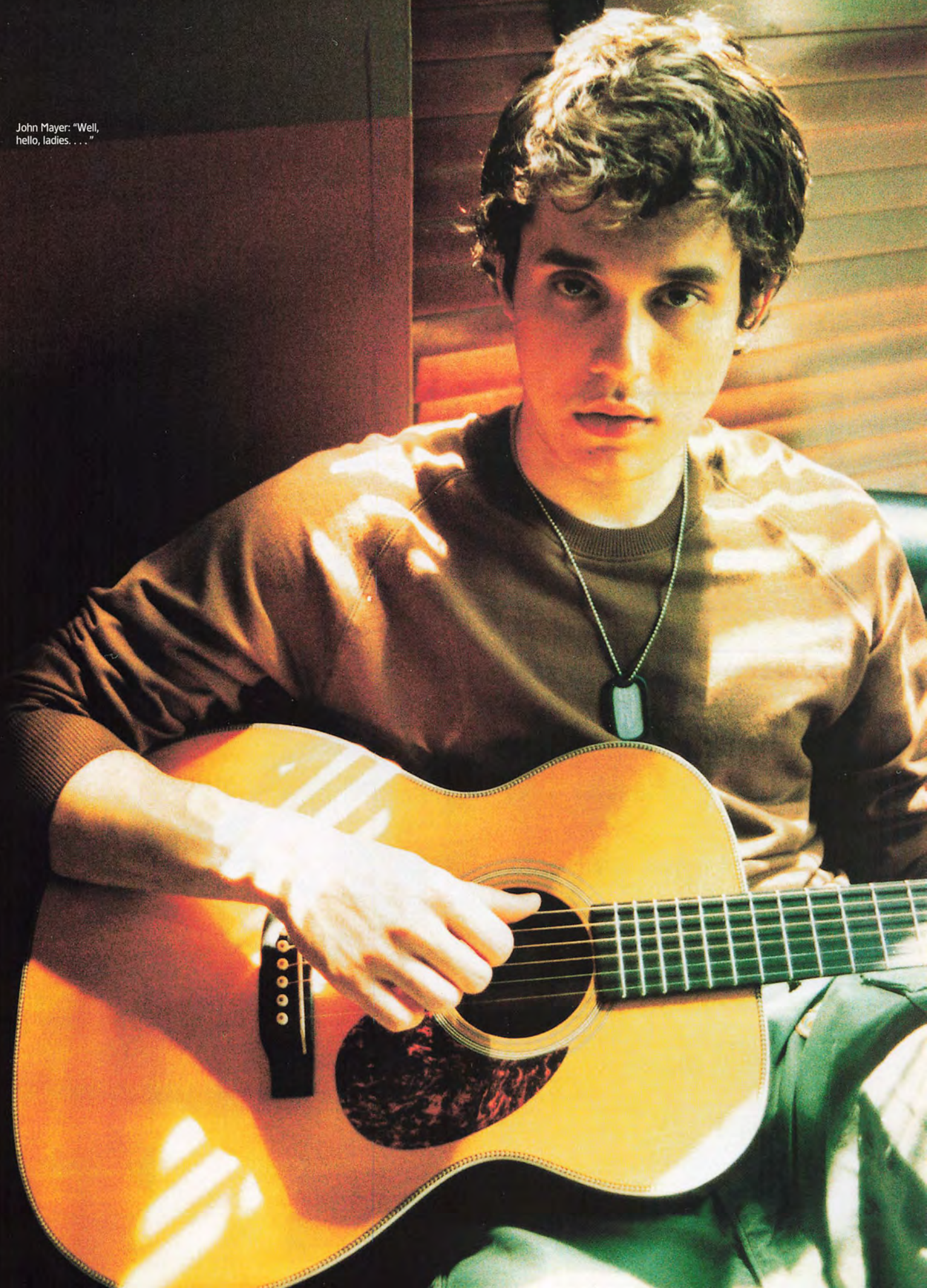
AWARE/COLUMBIA, 2003

☆☆

Having won the battle of the charts, Mayer relaxes with 16,000 of his closest friends on this live double disc. The band is a nice mix of jazzers and session dudes, but there's way too much jamming, and we didn't need to hear Mayer do the Police's "Message in a Bottle." The girly sing-alongs are only kind of cute. ANN POWERS



John Mayer: "Well,  
hello, ladies. . . ."



112

HOT AND WET ★★★

BAD BOY/DEF SOUL

Veteran R&B boy band reheats its signature sound

Around the time Mary J. Blige became the queen of hip-hop soul, 112 were the music's princes. Like Blige, 112 benefited from P. Diddy's Svengali touch, cranking out hits since 1996 such as the salacious dance-floor banger "Peaches & Cream" and the teen-dream ballad "Cupid" Since this Atlanta foursome's last album, though, B2K and Craig David have vied for 112's

throne by emulating their trademark come-hither falsettos and rubber-band bass lines. This not-very-subtly named record counts as Bad Boy business as usual: "Rock that ass" is a typical lyric; Diddy drops sly asides; and soon-to-be-strip-club-favorites such as the title track alternate with sensitive slow jams ("Right Here for You"). Innovative, no—but it bumps and grinds enough to keep 112 inside the hip-hop soul kingdom.

MATT DIEHL

ATMOSPHERE

SEVEN'S TRAVELS ★★★★★

EPITAPH/RHYMESAYERS

Underground Minneapolis hip-hop with big relationship troubles

Atmosphere are so loyal to their hometown, they name one new song "Lift Her Pull Her," for the defunct Minneapolis cult band Lifter Puller. How many hip-hop heads will get that one? When you live in a city that hasn't made a dent in black music since Prince abdicated, you can decide what subjects you rap about. On his crew's fourth album, the very human MC Slug addresses listeners who share his belief that "Hello, ma'am, would you be interested in some sexual positions and emotional investments?" is a worthy come-on. Over old-school references ("My Adidas") or rhythm tracks copped from "Oye Como Va,"

Slug pushes against the beat like he's afraid it'll pass by before he's done, returning to the challenges of coupledom. "The part of man and woman will be played by boy and girl," he admits with typical pith. In track after track, he tries to figure out how to be a man Minneapolis might be proud of.

JEFF SALAMON

ERYKAH BADU

WORLDWIDE UNDERGROUND ★★★

MOTOWN/UNIVERSAL

On her third album, neosoul's 'fro-sporting star gets her subconscious on

Erykah Badu is a sleepwalker, lost in a smoky trance of moans, mantras and nonsense syllabic streams. If her last album, *Mama's Gun*, was a reaction away from the goddess stances and obscure wordplay of her Grammy-racking 1997 debut, *Baduizm*, this announces her arrival at the other, Sunday-smooth extreme. Throughout, she sings spiraling lines like she's doodling on the phone: "Bump It" is an ode to sound systems that devotes three minutes to overlaid waves of scatting, while "Back in the Day" is a wispy reflection on adolescence revolving around the refrain "all we needed was *babababababada*." The vocal style recalls Thom Yorke, even — while he wails unintell-



Erykah Badu relaxes after a hard day's afro-growing.

igibly to tap oceans of unease, she does so to strike at bliss. There's rambling, digital fiddling and self-indulgent sprawl here, but a sense of purpose, too, even as her lips move on autopilot.

JONAH WEINER

THE BANGLES

DOLL REVOLUTION ★★★

KOCH

Eighties pop-star quartet returns as an adult songwriting collective

If *Doll Revolution* is the rare comeback album that doesn't shame the memory

THE SCORE >>



EXCELLENT. A MUST-HAVE



GREAT. CHECK IT OUT



GOOD IN ITS GENRE



JUST OK



WEAK

ANGRY WHISPERS

Eminem's favorite brunch crooner turns angry — subtly, of course

DIDO

LIFE FOR RENT ★★★★★

ARISTA

>>> EMINEM AND THE 45 King didn't just give Dido's career a boost when they filleted her "Thank You" for the chorus of the rapper's hit "Stan." By isolating the song's depressive first verse, they also proved to be her most astute critics. The frictionless contours of the English singer's 12 million-selling debut, *No Angel*, may have made it perfect in-car listening for couples en route to the Olive Garden, but the songs always contained more troubling sentiments.

On *Life for Rent*, trouble bubbles toward the surface. Last year, Dido Armstrong broke off her engagement to entertainment attorney Bob Page, the man to whom *No Angel* was gushingly dedicated, and it's impossible not to spot autobiography in the defiant romantic postmortems of "White Flag" and "See the Sun." She hasn't gone all Alanis Morissette, but the emotional terrain is much more treacherous here, and more rewarding for it.

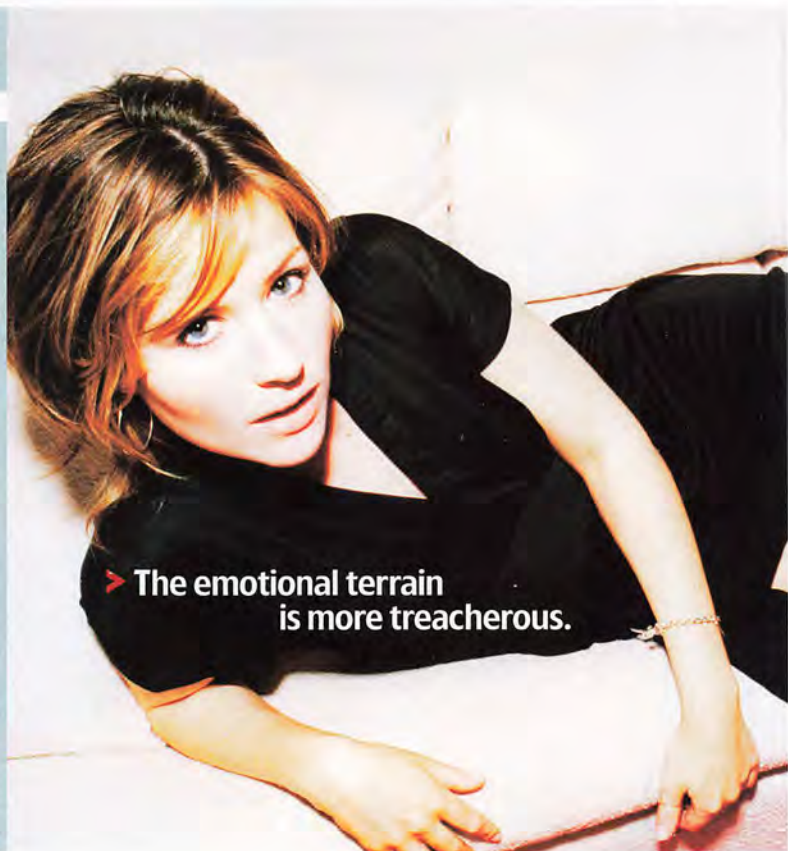
"Stoned" scolds an emotionally anesthetized partner over a suitably bleary deep-house pulse, and "Don't Leave Home" gradually twists devotion into suffocating obsession. Better still is "Mary's in India," a third-person narrative about a globetrotting friend and her neglected man, which flips 180 degrees to reveal that the narrator has snared the guy for herself.

But none of this is couched in a way that might put listeners off their brunch. A hiccupping Portishead-style loop underpins "Who Makes You Feel" and a bumping house groove propels "Sand in My Shoes," but Dido doesn't mess with *No Angel*'s electronica-padded blueprint, and each track bears at least one gleaming hook. This is not her confessional *Blood on the Tracks* — more like *Zinfaandel on the Tracks*. Dido will show you her bruises, but not her scars. DORIAN LYNSEY

DIDO'S CURRENT LISTENING

>> DAMIEN RICE  
VECTOR

>> MARTINA TOPLEY-BIRD  
QUIXOTIC INDEPENDIENTE



> The emotional terrain is more treacherous.



it exploits, that's partly because the Bangles were never what they pretended to be. Though their image was cheesy garage-pop, their reality was high-gloss folk-rock, and their covers — such as Prince's "Manic Monday" — always topped their originals, which in modern folk-rock is a mortal sin. But after a 15-year layoff, their material lives up to the middlebrow pretensions they never copped to. Failed solo pop star Susanna Hoffs pledges undying support to a guy who may deserve it because he may be her son. Successful alt-rock lifer Vicki Peterson explains why she never pledged undying support to anyone. Retiring bassist Michael Steele wishes her own hang-ups could let her commit. And Elvis Costello contributes the cover tune that provides the misleading album title. Even if they were dolls, this wouldn't be a revolution.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

## BILLY TALENT

**BILLY TALENT** ★★

ATLANTIC

**Major-label debut from an angsty punk quartet that met at a high-school talent show**

Treble, anxious punk bands now come out of California as quickly as pop-metal bands did in the '80s, and Billy Talent, who recently opened for Sum 41, could be Cinderella with much shorter hair. Both bands have singers who could clear any room with their ear-piercing shrieks. But unlike Cinderella, Billy Talent haven't entirely figured out how to make their shrillness work for them. While a few songs connect (especially the single "Try Honesty" and "This Is How It Goes"), the band resembles a second-rate At the Drive-In, lacking the musical drama or variety to make their songs consistently invigorating (though saying *lies* so it rhymes with *joys* is cute). Maybe they should try a few Cinderella covers.

ANTHONY MICCIO



Björk: "Now, where the hell did I plant those flowers, I wonder?"

## BJÖRK

**LIVEBOX** ★★

ONE LITTLE INDIAN/ELEKTRA

**Four CDs of Icelandic chanteuse's (semi-) brilliant concert career**

The twin attractions of Björk's live performances are her outrageous fashions and her brash rearrangements of music heavy with studio science. She rarely sticks to a recorded blueprint, instead mixing minimal electronica with melodic grandeur (women's choirs,

string sections) to make music at once venerable and novel. As the decade-spanning *Livebox* shows, Björk's finest tours have been like successful book-into-film adaptations. The

ornate arrangements of 2001's hushed *Vespertine* lack the resonance they had when presented in grand halls. But the Fourth World kitchen-sink approach of her '94 *MTV Unplugged* appearance — featuring tablas, free-jazz saxophones, an Indonesian percussion troupe and a nervy solo harpsichord reading of "Human Behaviour" — suggest Björk is as skilled at dressing up her songs as she is at styling herself.

PIOTR ORLOV

## BUTTERFLY BOUCHER

**FLUTTERBY** ★★

ALEX THE GREAT/ASM

**Australian rock chick emerges from MOR chrysalis**

On Butterfly Boucher's solid debut, the 24-year-old Australian singer-songwriter looks up to radio goddess Sheryl Crow's sun-drenched pop, with a wink at Avril Lavigne's spunky faux-punk, too. As with Crow, Boucher's competent, unpretentious craft is moderately impressive, much like her multi-instrumental prowess. Singing and playing everything, she sounds like an excellent if uninspired studio band. Her

voice is formidable but distinguished mostly by her Aussie vowels. She's great at wrapping herself around a power chord, most notably on the sexy, dynamic single "I Can't Make Me." But she won't settle for being fun, instead straining for profundity. Unfortunately, though, when she ruminates on a discarded past by marveling at the highway dividers on "Another White Dash," she speeds the listener into Lavigne's more puerile territory.

JAMES HANNAHAM

## DAVID BOWIE

**REALITY** ★★

ISO/COLUMBIA

**After last year's strong *Heathen*, the grand dame of art-rock stays on track**

Backhanded praise seems to be David Bowie's lot these days — after a truly embarrassing run of albums in the '80s and an art-damaged '90s, he's now lauded just for making records that aren't as mad as *Outside* or as toxically bad as *Never Let Me Down*. *Reality*, however, really is good, his second in a row. Lucid, enjoyable and occasionally full-on rockin', it's billed as a New York record, but instead of urban swagger, it offers big-city sadness. After 30 years, Bowie's desperate voice gives him a battered, mortality-aware persona to play with, and the career-vaedictory title track revisits his old debauchery with a classy pen ("I hid amid the junk of wretched highs") and headbanging glam riffs. Better than "Let's Dance," if nowhere near "Heroes."

ANDREW HARRISON

## ELVIS COSTELLO

**NORTH** ★★

DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON

**Restless, divorced rocker takes a time-out for love**

This twenty-fourth album from the unstoppable punk-era British songwriter



David Bowie does a kabuki mimic of ... David Bowie!

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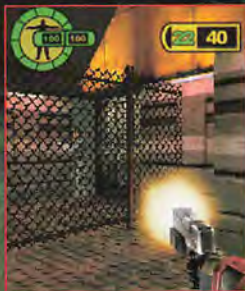
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was born of besottedness — he has made an album to woo his new girlfriend, cool-jazz singer Diana Krall, penning songs suitable for her sultry presence. Despite its gently swooning tone, *North* is more complex than his sweetie's mood music. This chronicle of love's death and rebirth (i.e., Costello's recent divorce and subsequent engagement to Krall) could have been written by one of theater's post-Stephen Sondheim bards — say, Adam Guettel or Ricky Ian Gordon — and like their work, it's art music first and pop second. Most of the songs don't boast hooks, and only intent listening reveals how Costello's spare, stylized lyrics play against his intricate melodic shifts. Almost painfully elegant arrangements grounded in Costello's (thankfully!) restrained singing and the trio of pianist Steve Nieve, double bassist Mark Formanek and drummer Peter Erskine waft open to include contributions from saxophonist Lee Konitz and the Brodsky Quartet, among others. Call it Costello's engagement gift to Krall — a new sound, born between the concert hall and the barroom, from the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame's foremost pop experimentalist.

ANN POWERS

**DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE**

TRANSATLANTICISM ★★☆☆

BARSLUK

Boyish Seattle indie-poppers emerge with a fresh batch of laments

Death Cab for Cutie's consistently compelling fourth album is filled with such catchy gems as "The New Year" and "The Sound of Settling," where frontman Ben Gibbard sets his wry post-romantic observations to head-bopping beats and a few *ba-ba-ba*'s. But when Gibbard wallows in melancholy, the results turn spectacular. "Tiny Vessels" starts off delicately, drenches



Gloria Estefan and the Miami Wind Machine

itself in enough feedback to make the Jesus and Mary Chain proud, then sullenly retreats, with Gibbard quietly declaring, "You are beautiful, but you don't mean a thing to me." Or take the nearly eight-minute, Spiritualized-channeling title track: Gibbard's plea — "I need you so much closer" — floats over an ever-building bed of piano, synthesizer and guitar until a heart-melting chorus of voices rises up to bolster his case. His request will, most likely, go unheeded, but separation and disappointment seem to be Gibbard's muses.

MAURA JOHNSTON

**STEVE EARLE**

JUST AN AMERICAN BOY ★★☆☆

ARTEMIS

Activist singer-songwriter offers talky survey of his rambunctious career

Steve Earle is so brave, he could almost restore patriotism's good name. As he says in one of the many between-song monologues on this double-disc live album, he believes that his government is supposed to represent him, and when his government does things he wouldn't do (especially exercising the death

penalty), he protests publicly. But Earle's not just a propagandist; he's also a calculating artist. Like a fully southern version of Bruce Springsteen, his refusal is in the standpoint of his average-people characters, and unlike some topical writers, he doesn't hide his nuanced views about politics behind posturing. This well-recorded retrospective ventures back to Earle's 1986 debut, adds a pointed cover of "What's So Funny About Peace, Love & Understanding" and briefly hands the microphone over to Earle's similar-sounding son, Justin, creating different uses and settings for country and bluegrass tradition.

BEN RATLIFF

**GLORIA ESTEFAN**

UNWRAPPED ★★☆☆

EPIC

Latin-music superstar delivers fast-food pop, ready to serve

At the 2002 Winter Olympics, Gloria Estefan performed a propulsive Caribbean hip-shaker backed by Panamanian rockers Los Rabanes. The collaboration hinted that the Cuban-born singer might be veering away from the mild Latin pop she brought into American malls over the past two decades. Instead, with *Unwrapped*, the multiplatinum, Grammy-winning matriarch of Spanish-tinged crossover plays it safe, infusing her pop-savvy balladry with romantic lyrics for the Adult Contemporary set. While the production is sparkling, some of her songs are as bland as a microwaved quesadilla made with Kraft cheese. At her best, Estefan sprinkles a dash of exotic spices for a rhythmic, world music-like sound. But this set makes Céline Dion sound ethnic.

ENRIQUE LAVIN

**THE EXPLODING HEARTS**

GUITAR ROMANTIC ★★☆☆


DIRTNAP

Heartfelt last will and testament from late, lamented power-punk quartet

For much of the summer, this addictive debut was blissfully welded to *Blender's*

**ASTONISHING FACT! >>**  
STEVE EARLE once said, "If Garth Brooks is country, I hope I'm not," and called Shania Twain "the world's highest-paid lap dancer."





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I left Kate, Lucy and Michelle  
begging for more.



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The Exploding  
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office CD player. On July 20, news broke that the Portland, Oregon, quartet's van had overturned as they drove home from a gig in San Francisco, killing three of them — and *Guitar Romantic* suddenly became very painful to listen to. The album already seemed frozen in time, with teen-angst lyrics such as "Sleeping aids and razor blades/And tear-stained pictures of younger days" delivered in a punchy style that recalled the best pop-punk of 1979, especially the Clash and the Undertones. With retro charm, the band, barely out of adolescence, burns through 10 tightly constructed three-minute numbers about love and love lost — concealing their wounded tickers behind a veneer of leather jackets, sneering vocals and sharp hooks. These guys were masters of songcraft, which makes it all more painful that there will be no follow-up.

PAULINE O'CONNOR

## THE FINGER

WE ARE FUCK YOU/  
PUNK'S DEAD LET'S FUCK ★★

ONE LITTLE INDIAN

Pseudonymous alt-country stars play dumb about playing stoopid

This set of 21 mostly short, frequently fast and entirely moronic toons opens with "Vendetta," which sounds like some garage-bound band fantasizing about being Black Flag. As the music slows down and gets craftier, however, suspicions arise: Could the members of the Finger actually be, like, musicians? Well, rumor has it that Warren Peace and Jim Beahm are aliases for roots-rock up-and-comers Ryan Adams and Jessie Malin. ("I heard that I played on it," coy boy Adams has said.) Whether aping a dozen bands that aped the Stooges ("Too Stoopid") or almost



### ASTONISHING FACT! >>

While onstage several years ago, FUEL's Carl Bell accidentally hit singer Brett Scallions in the face with a guitar, deviating his septum and splitting his lip.

blowing their cover by being melodic ("Casper Lynch"), the Finger credibly simulate noisy and mean. But you can tell they don't mean it, man.

MARK JENKINS

## FUEL

NATURAL SELECTION ★★

EPIC

Modern-rock hitmakers still believe in the majesty of rock, overstatement

At first, there's something refreshing about how this Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, four-piece can't get enough of wailing guitar solos, preening Jesus Christ poses and shamelessly fist-pumping arrangements — heck, "These Things" even borrows a brick of theatrical grandeur from Pink Floyd's

*The Wall*. But despite their two previous platinum-plus albums and a 2001 single, "Hemorrhage (In My Hands)," that hit number 1 and set radio-airplay records, Fuel don't register much individual personality. Singer Brett Scallions's spooky harmonies remain way too Alice in Chains-derivative; most problematic, though, are guitarist-songwriter Carl Bell's overwrought, generic lyrics of betrayal and self-doubt. With lines like "Take the pleasure with the pain" and "You're a million miles away," it seems Bell has never met a cliché he didn't write.

MATT DIEHL

## ANTHONY HAMILTON

COMIN' FROM WHERE I'M FROM ★★

SO SO DEF/ARISTA

Unlucky soulster's long-delayed second release

Anthony Hamilton is the kind of person who finds a dime and loses a dollar. In

the decade since he traded North Carolina for New York, he has suffered two record-label collapses and has released just one album, 1996's *XTC*. Following collaborations with D'Angelo, Xzibit and Eve, and a deal with Jermaine Dupri's So So Def, his luck has finally changed — even if his quality control still needs work. Half of this album plods like it's wearing concrete boots, hobbled by torpid beats and gooey backing vocals. Hamilton's voice has the grit and yearning of early Bill Withers, though, and such rich vintage soul numbers as "Lucille" and the title song suggest that this time, he might find his audience.

DORIAN LYNSEY

## IMA ROBOT

IMA ROBOT ★★

VIRGIN

Beck's buddies make New Wave sound like old news

As Beck's longtime rhythm section, Justin Meldal-Johnson and Joey Waronker got plenty of experience making pastiches of every pop style of the last 30 years or so. With Ima Robot, they've narrowed their focus to brittle, synth- and guitar-driven New Wave that could sit comfortably next to the Cars' "You Might Think" on VH1 Classic. Unfortunately, that's all there is to Ima Robot's debut, an energetic, derivative genre exercise. The giveaway is singer Alex Ebert, who tries on one well-tested vocal affectation after another: the Buzzcocks' sneering whine, the Fall's acidic snap, the Virgin Prunes' melodramatic quaver. "Sex, drugs, fashion," the band whispers in "Dirty Life," but they don't sound committed to the idea of decadence. The band they're pretending to be is much cooler and crueller than the band they are.

DOUGLAS WOLK

## KILLING JOKE

KILLING JOKE ★★

ZUMA

Nirvana stole their riff for "Come As You Are." Now it's payback time

A fireball of tribal drums, gothic guitars and Jaz Coleman's gasoline-gargling,

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**TINA JORDAN**  
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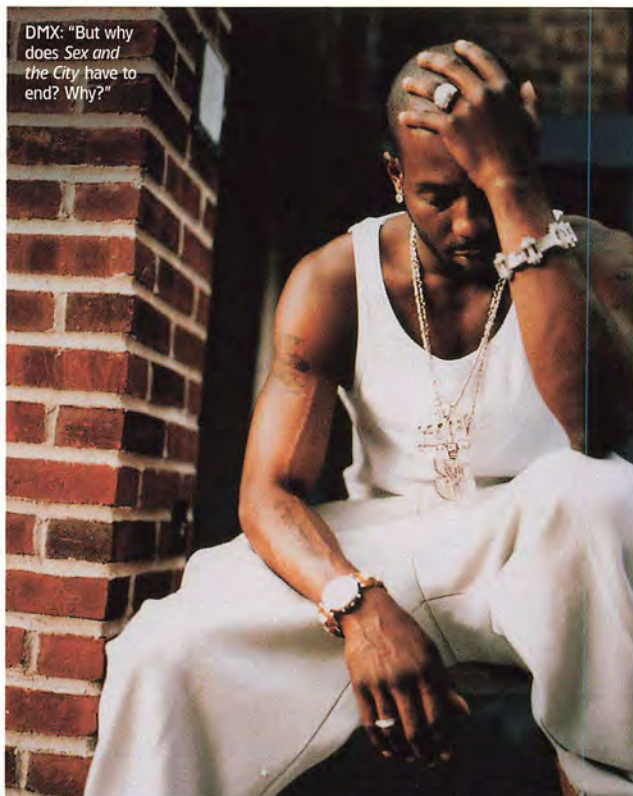


**FABOLOUS STREET DREAMS**  
DESERT STORM/ELEKTRA

---

"It has good songs, and I like his voice. I mostly burn my own CDs, but he had some I couldn't find on the Internet."

DMX: "But why does *Sex and the City* have to end? Why?"



## FAST & FURIOUS

Hip-hop's Mike Tyson is back and madder than ever

### DMX

#### GRAND CHAMP ★★★

BLOODLINE/DEF JAM

▶▶ LET THE RECORD show that DMX enforces a zero-tolerance policy toward "homo thugs." On "Where the Hood At," he taunts his rival Ja Rule, rumored to have had sex with a male hair-dresser: "How can you explain boning a man?/Even if we squash the beef, I ain't touching your hand!"

The homophobic vitriol isn't really about outing the Murder Inc. loverman; it's about asserting DMX's own virility. Pathologically competitive, he watched his last album drop fast from the charts, and as he moves into Hollywood as an actor, he's probably afraid that the streets' flash-frame attention span will push him aside for good. He's only 32, but that's ancient in dawg years.

So he has released his most relentlessly aggressive album yet, and his timing couldn't be better. In 1998, as P. Diddy was ushering in hip-hop's Versace vacation, X surfaced as its growling gangsta id. Now that 50 Cent has moved commercial hip-hop from the Hamptons back to the 'hood, who better than DMX to head the

welcoming committee? He pairs with 50 on "Shot Down," a cautionary tale to thug posers powered by a churning bass line. "You talk about death, then death is gonna come," 50 threatens in a half-whisper, while X curiously commands "faggots" to "suck my dick!"

"We Go Hard" is a militaristic stomp, "Ruled Out" is DMX's "Real Slim Shady" ("Just 'cause you sound like me don't mean you get down like me") and "Get It on the Floor" is a party track one hair-trigger away from exploding into a brawl.

The energy is intense, but it comes at the expense of something else: Religious psychodrama, which brought theatrical tension to X's past four albums, is kept to one track here (the hard, bluesy "Rain"). "I wanna find peace with the Lord" he swears, but the plea is dwarfed by his bloodlust: "I'll empty my hollow tip into your daughter's face" he raps elsewhere on *Grand Champ*. DMX is on the comeback trail; redemption will have to wait. **JONAH WEINER**

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# ON HER THRONE

For the Queen of Soul, less is more

## ARETHA FRANKLIN

SO DAMN HAPPY ★★☆☆

ARISTA

▶▶ IF THE OTHER wonders of the world were treated the way Aretha Franklin's voice has been mishandled in recent decades, there would be a Burger King at the peak of the Great Pyramid of Giza. For too long, Lady Soul's albums have been as erratic and overproduced as her wardrobe.

At first glance, the credits for *So Damn Happy* aren't encouraging. From elegant '60s maestro Burt Bacharach to funkateers Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, nine producers worked on these 11 tracks, while Franklin's finest albums have generally resulted from collaborating with one strong musical director. But with a remarkable show of restraint, *So Damn Happy* feels consistent, heartfelt, even fun — it's easily Franklin's best collection in many years.

With pipes as breathtaking as hers, less production results in more emotion

and splendor. The arrangements are clean and uncluttered, and the spotlight throughout stays squarely on Franklin's voice, not trendy tricks.

The effect on the Queen of Soul is immediately apparent when she breaks into a gleeful *shoo-bee-doo* scat at the end of the first cut (and first single), "The Only Thing Missin'," then does it again on the next three songs. Whatever is going on in her life right now, judging by her performances here, it seems that the album's title is no joke.

"You Are My Joy," which Franklin wrote and produced, returns to her gospel roots, complete with a perfectly utilized swelling choir. Mary J. Blige stops by for "Holdin' On" and "No Matter What" — but truth be told, with Franklin singing like this, you barely notice that Blige is there. ALAN LIGHT

ARETHA FRANKLIN'S  
CURRENT LISTENING

- ▶ LUTHER VANDROSS  
DANCE WITH MY FATHER J RECORDS
- ▶ GERALD LEVERT  
G-SPOT ELEKTRA



▶ Easily Franklin's best album in many years.



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occult-obsessed rants, London post-punkers Killing Joke appeared over when their wing-nut singer decamped to Iceland to await the apocalypse. The world, as you already know, didn't end, so Coleman learned classical composition in Leipzig and Egypt and then exiled himself to New Zealand. He's a driven man, and the proof is all over this compelling reunion collection of melodic goth-metal. As ever, the songs embrace politics ("Total Invasion," for example, is very unhappy about Iraq) and, naturally, the apocalypse, while Geordie's guitars swirl portentously and guest artist Dave Grohl adds crazed animal drums. This is a credible update on the classic Killing Joke sound.

TONY POWER

## KITTENS FOR CHRISTIAN

### PRIVILEGE OF YOUR COMPANY

SERJICAL STRIKE/COLUMBIA

**SOAD-certified trio raises an old-time goth-squawk ruckus**

With a decade's practice behind them, Kittens for Christian are now championed by System of a Down singer Serj Tankian; this, the band's second album,

is the second release on Tankian's punningly titled vanity label. The trio seems to have pulled up to the garage sale a few years later than System of a Down did. If Tankian's band draws courage from old Queen albums to create their mannered sense of drama, the Kittens get it from the melodramatic British New Wave of early Cure and Echo & the Bunnymen. But Kittens have more than one setting: Over a comfortable bottom end and the texture of urgent staccato notes, singer Hiram Fleites's yelpy style channels American New Wave — think David Thomas of Pere Ubu — as well as that assured baritone British romantics used.

I LOVE THIS CD!



**JENNIFER ANISTON**  
RACHEL ON FRIENDS

 **FOO FIGHTERS**  
**ONE BY ONE**  
RCA

"I've loved Dave Grohl since he was in Nirvana. He's a funny guy! The Foo Fighters' music is really unique."

It's a mixed experience: With the ringing guitars, you get a relaxing bath of massed overtones; with the singing, you get high-strung hysteria.

BEN RATLIFF

## CHRIS KNIGHT

### THE JEALOUS KIND

DUALTONE

**Violence-obsessed Kentucky singer explores a different "Dirty South"**

There's fat country music, which celebrates the callused pleasures of hard work, and there's lean country music, which is the sound of having no work at all. Kentucky singer-songwriter Chris Knight's third LP is lean but sturdy: There's vitality and brawn behind his weather-beaten voice. Knight's songs are peopled with folks who drive hundreds of miles for uncertain love, who rob liquor stores for kicks, whose abusive husbands mysteriously disappear — and he always lets us under their skin. Even the arrangements have a stone-soup simplicity. The supple beauty of a lap-steel guitar line might jump out every now and then, but the blend is always understated and spare. In Knight's world, economy is a virtue. It doesn't matter whether you're talking

about love or money — there's never a scrap to waste.

STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

## KOOL KEITH

### THE LOST MASTERS

DMAFT/OGLIO

**The self-proclaimed "rectum zipper" of underground hip-hop showcases unreleased tracks**

Don't get on Keith Thornton's bad side: He'll "leave urine in the back of your Taurus Sable!" The Bronx MC jumbles downscale pop-culture references with sexual and scatological fare, like a new-millennium Marquis de Sade ("Lick her asshole with a catcher's mask," he directs on "Girls Want You"). When he isn't doing nutso gross-out, he's dissing commercial "homo" rappers and dressing down gold-diggers ("You ain't shopping with a lot of Victoria's Secret bags: Monkeys treat you to Uno's!") through the same cracked peephole. His minimal production creeps and crawls through a darkened palette of stomach-gas synths and monotone bass lines. Listen long enough to this former psychiatric patient, and you can feel the padded walls closing in around you, too.

JONAH WEINER

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## KRAFTWERK

### TOUR DE FRANCE SOUNDTRACKS ★★★

EMI/ASTRALWERKS

**A concept album about cycling from the originators of electronic music**

Like the Beatles, Düsseldorf's Kraftwerk did everything conceivable in their chosen field, electronic pop, earlier and often better than everyone else. Unlike the Beatles, Kraftwerk's music dwindled not when they married frightening Japanese artists but when they got the bicycling bug. This album is a series of variations on their beautiful 1983 single "Tour de France," which was the "I Get Around" of bicycles — it explores the different rhythms of cycling, with clanking chains, heavy breathing and Kraftwerk's special cleanliness and sense of space. None of it is groundbreaking, but given that they invented a genre of music on their own, you'd have to be, well, some kind of Nazi to expect them to do it all over again. A proper new Kraftwerk album is expected next year.

ANDREW HARRISON

## MURPHY LEE

### MURPHY'S LAW ★

FO'REEL/UNIVERSAL

**Nelly's St. Lunatics buddy struggles with dimwit rhymes on solo debut**

Unlike, say, Fabolous, who delivers meaningless rhymes with panache and dexterity, Nelly's sidekick Murphy Lee has yet to learn the art of saying nothing. His dull, no-brow debut hopes to draw attention away from his simpleton raps with bright and gleaming production ("Jungle Gym," "Don't Blow It"). It fails, mostly due to the "schoolboy's" excruciating attempts at wit — boast-

ing, for example, on "Luv Me Baby," "Like a special policeman, I'm always undercover." No amount of youthful charm can redeem lines like that, nor can a handful of guest appearances by Nelly or the production expertise of *Country Grammar* wiz Jay E and Cash Money homie Jazze Pha. By album's end, Murphy Lee makes for a less appealing St. Louisian than even Chingy, and that's gotta hurt.

JON CARAMANICA

## LYLE LOVETT

### MY BABY DON'T TOLERATE ★★★

CURB/LOST HIGHWAY

**Droll semi-country songwriter from Texas picks true-to-life over larger-than-life**

T-for-Texas cowboy mythology hasn't vanished in the age of the Internet:

With a boot-wearing rancher in the White House, it's as if John Wayne never died of lung cancer. But Lyle Lovett reminds us that not every Texan sits tall in the saddle. On

his eighth CD, the sad-voiced singer is once again a gentle, witty, slightly twisted suburban cowboy — as southern as the Alamo but with his boots planted in the twenty-first century. He declares himself most clearly on the country ballad "In My Own Mind" — Lovett portrays a BS artist who can jaw a blue streak until it's time to talk about his feelings, jabbering on about what a great life he has until the last few lines turn into a portrait of domestic despair. It's artful and subtle, like a great short story. Lovett doesn't mind being the butt of the joke, the slacker at the rodeo.

RJ SMITH

## SHELBY LYNNE

### IDENTITY CRISIS ★★★

CAPITOL

**Dramatic Nashville exile cuts the excess and sharpens the songs**

Shelby Lynne's résumé suggests an identity crisis: She has been a Nashville twang-pop misfit (five widely ignored '90s albums), a *Dusty in Memphis*-style country-soul diva (the 2000 breakthrough *I Am Shelby Lynne*, which led to a Best New Artist Grammy) and a Glen Ballard-produced wannabe crossover act (2001's *Love, Shelby*). *Identity Crisis* presents the most direct and winning version of Lynne yet. Though she has a boisterous, room-filling voice, she puts the emphasis on the songs, and the self-produced, small-combo arrangements avoid flab or gimmicks. She gets sultry on the Peggy Lee-worthy nocturne "I Will

### ASTONISHING FACT! >>

At age 14, SHELBY LYNNE collected shopping bags. Her favorite was a bag from a tiny Alabama guitar store, but her mother threw them all out!



Shelby Lynne: "Don't come near me with that red wine."





Dave Matthews:  
Sole member of  
"Hairy Anonymous"

## EVOLUTION

Big man on campus spotlights sensitive side on solo effort

### DAVE MATTHEWS

SOME DEVIL ★★☆☆

RCA

▶▶ DAVE MATTHEWS ISN'T who you think he is. The frontman of megapop's jammiest band inspires love and hate in equal measures — even the most hedonistic Top 40 listeners snobbishly disdain him, probably because his diehards are perceived as frat boys who like jam bands only because their female fans don't wear bras.

Solo after the massive success of last year's *Busted Stuff*, an introspective set rejected by his bandmates but released after countless Internet downloads, Matthews continues to contradict his image as an upbeat, laid-back dude turning out soundtracks to keggers and Hacky Sack sessions.

*Some Devil* features Phish guitarist Trey Anastasio, Matthews's *MTV Unplugged* collaborator Tim Reynolds and the Seattlemusic orchestra. (Drummer Carter Beauford, DMB's lively pulse, is sorely missed.) Still, the album rarely strays from the inside of Matthews's skull — he mentions his head in three different songs, ambiguously suggesting each time that it's either full of smoke or in the clouds.

Matthews's singular skill is adroitly tipping his elastic, emotive voice and sorority-seducing melodies from buoyant to melancholy. As a result, the organ-suffused reggae-rock blend "Up and Away," where he takes on his inner peace pipe, is far less cheesy than it has any right to be. In the gorgeous "Dodo," a lazy ballad decorated with guitar filigree and swaths of horns, Matthews stretches his vocal cords without pulling them taut, gliding from his compressed lower register up into a falsetto ache. For a ballad named after an extinct bird, it's surprisingly warm and hopeful.

But Matthews also gives way to melodramatic decadence. He mumbles through "Too High" until it's swamped by strings in an over-wrought finale, and "Gravedigger," a morose, impenetrable catalog of deaths ("Muriel Stonewall, 1903 to 1954/She lost both of her babies in the second Great War") appears twice, acoustic and electric. Forget keggers — that's the stuff of three-day benders. *NICK CATUCCI*

DAVE MATTHEWS'S  
CURRENT LISTENING

▶ DANIEL LANOIS  
SHINE ANTI-EPITAPH

▶ NUSRAT FATEH ALI KHAN DEVO-  
TIONAL AND LOVE SONGS REAL WORLD

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Stay" and wistful on the closing lullaby, "One With the Sun." Best of all, her understated grooves — shaded by gospel ("10 Rocks"), Memphis soul ("Telephone"), blues ("Evil Man") and rockabilly ("Gonna Be Better") — ooze natural-woman sex appeal.

GREG KOT

**MATMOS**

**THE CIVIL WAR ★★**

MATADOR

**Gore-obsessed, Björk-endorsed duo gets medieval on our asses**

Rebels in the nerdish, sterile world of electronica, Matmos have always tried to connect technology with the throbbing, yucky horrors of the human body. They're both the sons of doctors, and their previous albums have fused glitchy beats with the sounds of liposuction and nose operations. Album number five continues their David Cronenberg-style obsession with the visceral ("The Struggle Against Unreality" has the calming sound of arteries pumping), but now they're journeying in time, stapling medieval madrigals to the kinds of modern gimmicky that would give Jack White nightmares. It's not always successful (the hurdy-gurdy, it turns out, is not ripe for a revival). But the sheer audacity of taking computers to Camelot works splendidly in the pastoral beauty of "Y.T.T.E."

JOHN MULLEN

**DEL McCOURY BAND**

**IT'S JUST THE NIGHT ★★**

MCCOURY MUSIC/SUGAR HILL

**Bluegrass's coolest senior citizen puts youngsters to shame**

Naysayers who think the bluegrass revival shot its wad with *O Brother* should witness Del McCoury, the onetime Bill Monroe sideman whose clear, piercing tenor is as energizing as anything on the radio. Less high lonesome than high badass, his smart-aleck

wail careens through Richard Thompson's "Dry My Tears and Move On" buoyed by pickers who are nimble enough to earn Phish's admiration. Hearing the 64-year-old should-be geezer soothe a skittish gal on the title tune (with the traditional gospel group Fairfield Four providing spooky backup), or convince his woman to "Let an Old Racehorse Run" is enough to give heart to even the most frustrated young ladies' man — and maybe to point the old-timey bandwagon in a direction that has a future.

JOHN DEFORE

**MEAT LOAF**

**COULDN'T HAVE SAID IT BETTER ★★**

SANCTUARY

**First album since 1995 from recent Blender "Dear Superstar" features Nikki Sixx but not Jim Steinman**

It's a simple rule of thumb for the increasingly infrequent albums from our tubby hero: The more Jim Steinman is involved, the better the finished

product. With its lengthy songs, choral backing vocals and songwriters including Nikki Sixx, Diane Warren and Better Than Ezra's Kevin Griffin, *Couldn't Have Said It Better*

gamely seeks moments of Steinmanesque genius. The sprawling title track — with vocal arrangements by *Bat Out of Hell* producer Todd Rundgren — and the rip-roaring "Man of Steel" come close; Meat Loaf howls like a man possessed throughout, and his stately version of Bob Dylan's "Forever Young" passes muster. Fine as far as it goes, but fear not: *Work on Bat Out of Hell III* has already commenced.

JOHN AIZLEWOOD



MXPX fail driver's ed.

**MXPX**

**BEFORE EVERYTHING AND AFTER ★★**

ASPI

**Cheerful Pacific Northwest punk trio plays fast songs about settling down**

Despite hailing from drizzly Washington state, MXPX have always been uncommonly sunny. From their Jesus-punk beginnings to *Before Everything and After*, their third major-label outing, they've skated toward contentment. This album expands their universe to include matrimony and home ownership — "We'll paint the house/And wash the car," singer-bassist Mike Herrera serenades his true love in "Quit Your Life" — as well as a string section, discreet Vocoder chorales and *Who's Next*-style keyboard ostinatos. While a few of producer Dave Jerden's slickisms are grating, they don't fundamentally alter MXPX's briskly melodic style or their hopelessly romantic outlook. Both are appealing, but MXPX could probably afford to spend a little more time standing in the rain.

MARK JENKINS

**LEONA NAESS**

**LEONA NAESS ★★**

MCA

**Girl gone unwild: New York singer-songwriter bemoans the end of her engagement**

In its modest way, "Calling," the first song on Leona Naess's third record, climbs to heaven on a stairway of acoustic guitar, piano and strings. It might even glance back and languidly let a lingerie strap slide off its shoulder. After that, nothing so dramatic occurs again. Produced by Ethan Johns (who has worked with Rufus Wainwright), these songs are pleasant, stripped-down and also a little limp; the end of Naess's engagement to heartbreaker Ryan Adams earlier this year may have dumped her in the dull land of the heartbroken. The feisty alt-folk-pop vitality of her prior records was the work of a woman who lived in the world, took the subway, got drunk and had relationships. The sweet, weightless ballads on this one are nice as far as they go, but they don't really go very far. Most don't quite make it out of the apartment.

MIM UDOVITCH

**RANDY NEWMAN**

**THE RANDY NEWMAN SONGBOOK, VOL. 1 ★★**

NONESUCH

**Jaundiced 59-year-old songwriter's hotel-bar piano album**

If no one likes a smart-ass, how come Randy Newman has a career? Here, the phlegm-voiced wag reprises 18 of his classic songs in a piano-plus-vocal context so stark, you can hear the squeak and thud of the damping pedal. The laughs are all the blacker for it, and in 47 minutes of Tom Lehrer-meets-Hoagy Carmichael ivory-tickling, he drops nuclear bombs on America's critics, imagines Karl Marx reborn and lampoons European imperialism. He also revives the controversial "Rednecks": On the surface, it's a knee-jerk cracker-baiting broadside ("We don't know our ass from a hole in the ground!"); underneath, it's a subtle contrast of blatant southern racism with sham Yankee "integration." All this and an instrumental from *Toy Story*.

TONY POWER

**PARTY OF ONE**

**CAUGHT THE BLAST ★★**

FATCAT

**From Sigur Rós's U.K. label, a second album of political party-down music from Minnesota trio**

This Minneapolis/St. Paul trio creates a wired, paranoid noise. "It's a nightmare,"

**ASTONISHING FACT! >>**  
With 16 Oscar nominations and one win, **RANDY NEWMAN** holds the record for most consecutive Academy Award losses.

Leona Naess: "Actually, I don't know the back of my hand at all."



**I LOVE THIS CD!**



**JIM CARREY**  
CANADIAN FUNNYMAN

**THE WHITE STRIPES**  
ELEPHANT  
THIRD MAN V2

"Oddly, wonderfully crude and great. I like girls and boys together! It reminds me of the Partridge Family."

# POP GOES PUNK

With help from his spawn, Iggy reclaims the punk-rock franchise

## IGGY POP

### SKULL RING ★★☆☆

VIRGIN

➤➤ IN THE LATE '60s, when the Stooges first terrified audiences by raging about animal desires and spreading themselves with peanut butter, they were coming for your daughters and your drugs. Iggy Pop has reunited with former bandmates Ron and Scott Asheton for the first time in 30 years, and now, they mostly want their riffs back.

From the Hives to the Vines, Nirvana to the White Stripes, the Stooges' lascivious garage-punk has been recycled and resold on a scale these scorned Detroit hooligans never could have imagined.

The reunited Stooges appear on four songs, and an assortment of descendants are all over the rest of the album. The standout track, "Little Know It All," features Sum 41. On "Private Hell" and "Supermarket," Pop is

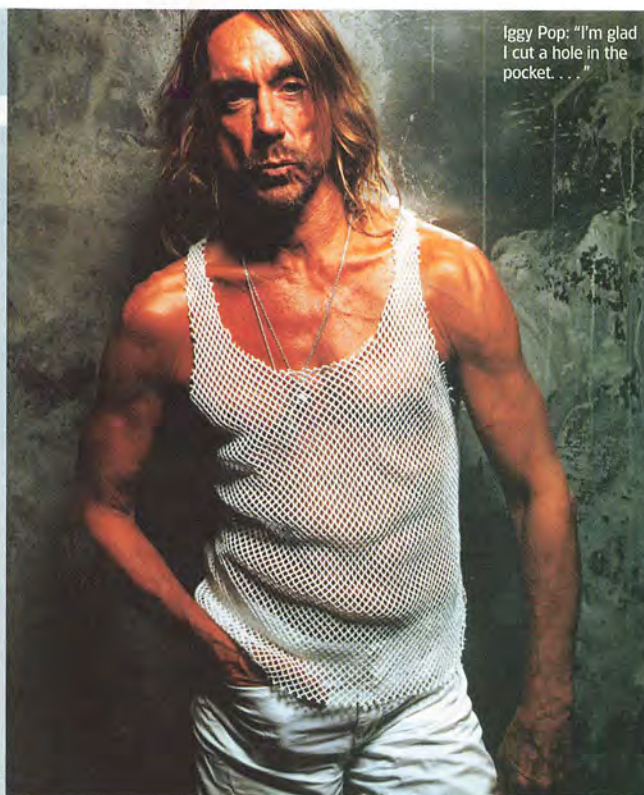
backed by Green Day, who were learning how to drool when the Stooges formed. And on "Rock Show" and "Motor Inn," Pop and foulmouthed female rapper Peaches swap slobber. In Peaches, he clearly spots a kindred spirit: crude, indefatigable, driven by her appetites. She probably even likes peanut butter.

The record thuds on, reprising the snarling riffing and garbage-can drumming of the Stooges' early-'70s albums. The six songs with the Trolls, a band Pop formed in the last few years, sound every bit as Stooageified as the ones with the Ashetons.

Pop has made more nuanced albums than this in recent years, but *Skull Ring* is about reclaiming the franchise as unselfconsciously as is possible. *RJ SMITH*

#### IGGY POP'S CURRENT LISTENING

- FRED McDOWELL  
LONG WAY FROM HOME MILESTONE
- THE ROLLING STONES  
OUT OF OUR HEADS ABKCO



Iggy Pop: "I'm glad I cut a hole in the pocket..."

Mark Mann

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draws singer Eric Fifteen on "Snap You Like a Twig," the guitars all jagged bursts of menace. Party of One's second album is brazen party music tied to an elemental funk — music by which to protest the collapse of society, its outrage curdled with deadpan humor. The upbeat "Baghdad Boogie" pokes gentle fun at American notions of patriotism and revenge before falling into a sarcastic T. Rex glam romp. The acoustic "Belgrade Sends Its Regards" is even more overt in its anger — "We won't back down/We'll torch your streets/And scorch the ground." Elsewhere, a dominatrix-style singer jars the funk further on the misanthropic semi-rap of "Baby Doll." This devastatingly incendiary album captures 2003's post-Iraq protest mood perfectly.

EVERETT TRUE

## QUASI

### HOT SHIT ★★★★★

TOUCH & GO

**Bitter, divorced indie-rock duo tries pulling in the same direction**

Quasi's previous four albums mostly ran on the friction between the band's two members, ex-spouses Sam Coomes



Juelz Santana: "For future reference, I wear a size seven cap."

and Janet Weiss, who also drums for punk heroines Sleater-Kinney. This time, though, the Portland, Oregon, duo operate on the same wavelength, grooving and strutting with the confidence of '70s freedom rock. There are long, gloriously messy instrumental passages, and Coomes pulls off a bunch of swaggering guitar solos. But he also has the voice of someone who has just had sand kicked in his face, and his witty rhymed couplets twitch with bitterness, although this time it's mostly political — the relaxed slide-guitar finger-picking of

"Master & Dog" belies its fury at the American government. And Quasi's idea of "Good Time Rock 'n' Roll" and "Good Times" are, of course, nothing of the kind — the latter is built on a chain-gang rhythm.

DOUGLAS WOLK

## JUELZ SANTANA

### FROM ME TO U ★★★★★

ROC-A-FELLA/DEF JAM

**Harlem's youngest Diplomat goes solo**

Juelz Santana embodies earnestness over ability. Despite a rhyme cadence so labored it renders the word *flow* inapplicable, the 19-year-old Harlemite flourished on mentor Cam'ron's crossover smashes "Oh Boy" and "Hey Ma." On his uneven solo debut, Juelz's errors betray his inexperience: He can't help but dully emulate Cam's hooky hits ("I'm Going Down," "Wherever I Go"), and he veers severely between inspired ghetto-centric audacity ("UR Gonna Love Me" and the rowdy lead single, "Santana's Town") and bombastic crapola ("Monster Music," which samples Air Supply's excruciating "Making Love Out of Nothing at All"). However, give the kid credit for "Jealousy" — a poignant, regretful relationship yarn

chronicling his part in a domestic dispute. Casting aside thug posturing for genuine emotion, Juelz exhibits a maturity well beyond his years.

CHAIRMAN MAO

## SAVES THE DAY

### IN REVERIE ★★★★★

VAGRANT/DREAMWORKS

**Wet-nosed emo heroes salve their wounds in catchy pop**

Chris Conley is an emo anomaly. While his depressive peers howl and screech, slitting their vocal cords to spare their wrists, the 23-year-old Saves the Day singer treats his voice like a Fabergé egg. He fits an androgynous falsetto poppy lines that suggest hours spent listening to the Beatles, not his own sobs. This disarming coo helped the group sell 120,000 copies of their last indie record — here, it's an occasionally beautiful but limited linchpin. Against the bitter grunge builds of "Anywhere With You," his contrasting voice makes for a great hook — but when he describes a "dandelion floating on the breeze" in "She," schmaltz bubbles over. Conley could use a few more breakups to check his sentimentality.

JONAH WEINER

# WALL OF SOUND

Underground screamo faves make major-label debut

## THURSDAY

### WAR ALL THE TIME ★★★★★

ISLAND

▶▶ THURSDAY ARE THE screamo band of tomorrow. The New Jersey fivesome's microgenre, which combines emo's nervous-breakdown emotionalism and hardcore punk's aggression, normally reserves its theatrical angst for girl problems. But Thursday care about more than just meeting ladies over the weekend. With song titles like "For the Workforce Drowning" and "This Song Brought to You by a Falling Bomb," Thursday's third full-length, their major-label debut, is obviously intended to expand screamo's emotional range beyond romantic disillusionment.

Though punk and politics have always been connected, Thursday relentlessly personalize the political, making even grand statements about society seem intimate. In "For the Workforce Drowning," a cascade of inky guitar and galloping drums, singer Geoff Rickly catalogues work's mundane aspects — cubicles, commutes and photocopies — in a voice that palpably quivers with

resentment. Few things are less interesting than someone grouching about his job, but Rickly dramatizes his complaints so effectively, you might be tempted to call in sick.

Thursday also know how to put girl troubles to good use. Over the sighs of gothic keyboard and gusts of guitar in "Signals Over the Air," Rickly neatly summarizes the band's burgeoning career to boot: "When you say my name/I want to stop it in your lungs/And collect all of your blood/And pour it in the radio." At two minutes, "This Song Brought to You by a Falling Bomb" lasts about as long as a hardcore rant — except it's a spare piano ballad in which Rickly compares himself to a falling bomb.

"Tomorrow I'll Be You" closes the disc with "Maybe the night seems so dark because the day's so bright" over guitar that washes in like the dawn. It's an optimistic end to a grumpy work-week of an album: TGIF! NICK CATUCCI

#### Geoff Rickly's Current Listening

- ▶▶ CURSIVE  
THE UGLY ORGAN SADDLE CREEK
- ▶▶ EVERY TIME I DIE  
HOT DAMN FERRET



▶ Thursday expand screamo's emotional range.

## SPIRITUALIZED

AMAZING GRACE®☆☆

SANCTUARY

Disappointing new album from U.K. space-rock pioneers

Spiritualized's Jason Pierce — or J Spaceman, as he's now called — is best known for creating lush, symphonic space rock, best represented by his 1997 magnum opus, *Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in Space*. That record was equal parts bluesy wail and hymnal obsession, and it became an album worshipped by British hipsters. *Amazing Grace*™ was recorded entirely live, and although it's naturally rougher, it offers more of the same, veering between churning, Queens of the Stone Age-style stoner grooves ("This Little Life of Mine"), devotional, harmonica-led ballads ("Hold On") and even a free-jazz freak-out ("The Power and the Glory"). Unfortunately, the mood is too inconsistent to connect, and when Pierce turns his hand to gospel ("Lord, Let It Rain on Me"), as with Blur, it just sounds wrong.

EVERETT TRUE

### ASTONISHING FACT! >>

JOSS STONE once tried to resuscitate her dying pet hamster with mouth-to-mouth, using a straw. Sadly, it wasn't enough.

## JOSS STONE

THE SOUL SESSIONS☆☆☆

S-CURVE

British teenager covers old soul classics, often fabulously

Joss Stone's fur-lined voice sounds as though it belongs to a 50-year-old black woman with three failed marriages and a nicotine fetish. That she is actually white, British and just 16 is, consequently, barely conceivable. Discovered on British TV a couple of years ago, she soon found herself in Miami working with R&B icons Betty Wright and the Roots on this album of reworked, obscure soul classics by Laura Lee, Aretha Franklin and the Isley Brothers, alongside a brilliant, bluesy version of the White Stripes' "Fall in Love With a Girl." Stone's voice is



CINDY MARGOLIS  
INTERNET MODEL,  
ENTREPRENEUR



"Jon Bon Jovi is so hot. I like old-school hard-rockin' heavy metal, especially when I'm cruising in my Ferrari!"

remarkably authentic, and the atmosphere she conjures is smoky and sleazy, pure mid-'60s Detroit. The combination could well appeal to all 10 million Norah Jones fans.

NICK DUERDEN

## STRING CHEESE INCIDENT

UNTYING THE NOT☆☆☆☆

SCI FIDELITY

Fromage-obsessed Hacky Sackers make a kind of *Dark Side of the Gouda*. (We said "kind of")

Jam bands are generally known for taking all their chances onstage, but String Cheese Incident are turning into an inventive and ambitious recording act, too. After seriously upending their bluegrass-rooted hippie-rock image with 2001's dance-oriented *The String*

*Cheese Remix Project*, the Colorado quintet brought in Orb producer (and former Killing Joke bassist) Youth to twiddle knobs on their fourth studio album. With its

kaleidoscopic approach to sound and wide-ranging embrace of styles, the music manages to be both trippy and tuneful, taking on a Pink Floydian cast, from the spacey sax solo on "Looking Glass" to the rollicking Celtic fiddle in the trance-spiked "Valley of the Jig." Just what the Bonnaroo subculture needs: a *Riverdance* influence.

J.D. CONSIDINE

## STYLES OF BEYOND

MEGADEF☆☆☆☆

SPY TECH

Underground hip-hop dweebs ditch their pocket protectors and get jiggy!

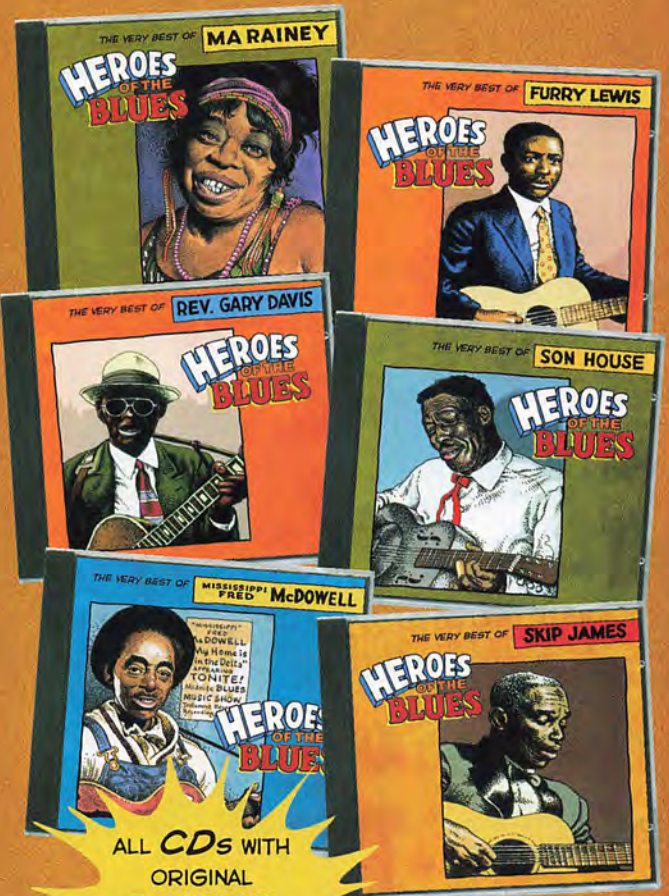
Future-obsessed nerds or chest-thumping macho men? Though Styles of Beyond's 1998 debut was lauded in indie circles for its egghead themes and dense, tag-team rhymes, the aggressive tone and populist beats of the L.A. duo's sophomore set suggest they've had it with cult status. This time, MCs Tak and Ryu steep their battle rhymes in garish, horror-flick gore — thankfully, without compromising their spy flows. Their production comes courtesy of hotshot nobodies Cheapshot and Vin Skully, who craft a hard-hitting collection of rock-influenced beats (the scuzzy, Iggy & the Stooges—looping "Be Your Dog" and the excellent, Bob Marley-based "Mr. Brown" are highlights). Offering sharp rhymes and "beats that bump like infected skin," this fine record will have you passing the Courvoisier — and also the Calamine.

HUA HSU

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## THE GUIDE NEW RELEASES



Super Furry Animals enjoy Welsh heat wave.

### SUPER FURRY ANIMALS

PHANTOM POWER ★★★

XL/BEGGARS

Welsh eclectics follow the sun to a cache of sweet-and-sour new tunes

One of the few bands that still linger from a '90s Welsh-rock boom most people never even heard about, Super Furry Animals started as a techno outfit but soon revealed their love for punk, lounge and, above all, the Beach Boys. The Cardiff quintet's seventh album continues the Animals' quest to brighten their rainy homeland with luminous surf music, while furthering the intricate production and wry observations of last year's *Rings Around the World*. The 14 tracks include a couple of outright rockers but range from ambient instrumentals to sunshine-pop delicacies. Beneath the sweetest of the album's retro harmonies, though, lurk harsh synths and dark thoughts.

MARK JENKINS

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

LIVIN', LOVIN', LOSIN': SONGS OF THE LOUVIN BROTHERS ★★★

UNIVERSAL SOUTH

Brother geniuses get high-end bluegrass treatment

Ira and Charlie Louvin were a brother duo who in the '50s recorded their

I LOVE THIS CD!



**HUGH JACKMAN**  
ACTOR IN X2

---

▶

**NORAH JONES**  
COME AWAY WITH ME  
BLUE NOTE

---

"I love the trend in music now, away from the boy-band thing and into the singer-songwriter stuff."

blunt, resonant songs in an in-your-face manner; their albums don't sugar-coat the blood, don't wipe clean the fire-and-brimstone tears. This tribute album, produced by Nashville songwriter and banjoist Carl Jackson, has some, but not enough, of the Louvins' Alabama-born punk colors. Kathy Louvin (Ira's daughter) and Pamela Brown Hayes exhibit them on "I Wish I Knew," as does Dolly Parton, crackling out a bang-on "The Angels Rejoiced." Nashville stalwarts Ronnie Dunn and Rebecca Lynn Howard richly intensify "If I Could Only Win Your Love." But James Taylor and Alison Krauss's turtlenecked refinement more often sets the folkie tone of Jackson's take on the Louvins. It's not unlistenable. But it's not Louvin-esque, either.

JAMES HUNTER

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

MUSTIQUE BLUES FESTIVAL 2003 ★★★

BCEF

Second annual charity blues comp from millionaires' Caribbean aerie

A bunch of top-notch session men frolic in Mustique, a rich man's island playground, on this 14-track charity album, recorded live in a collection of bamboo huts looking out onto the shimmering Caribbean. Despite the idyllic setting, the band sings a collection of blues standards, led by onetime David Bowie associate-turned-boogie chanteuse Dana Gillespie. The heartfelt (and note-perfect) performances keep the mood ticking along nicely, while guests Diz Watson, a former Ian Dury pianist, and onetime Etta James collaborator Zach Prathe (Elmore James's "The Sky Is Crying") are enthusiastic contributors. Our boss, *Blender* owner Felix Dennis, makes a surprisingly respectable go at Willie Dixon's "You Can't Judge a Book by the Cover," too. Find further details at [basils-mustique.com](http://basils-mustique.com).

ANDY PEMBERTON

## VERTICAL HORIZON

GO ★★

RCA

Eternally wounded romantics offer more of the same on fourth album

If Matt Scannelli falls for a girl, you can bet she thinks of him as a friend or a brother, but nothing more. On 1999's double-platinum *Everything You Want* and its lead single of the same name, Vertical Horizon's frontman epitomized the forlorn loser — while Fred Durst and Limp Bizkit were telling uninterested crushes to "shove it up your ass," sensitive Scannelli was wallowing in more self-pity than the pit at a Dashboard Confessional show. His breathy vocal affectations are still distractingly precious; lyrics like "I cry inside, and my insides blow apart" ("When You Cry") would embarrass even a freshman-year blogger; and the mannered hard-rock surges throughout don't help. "Where you are I'll never know, but I'm still here," he whines to some long-gone unrequiter on "I'm Still Here" — it sounds as if he thinks up his songs while binge-eating a lonely pint of Rocky Road.

JONAH WEINER

## RUFUS WAINWRIGHT

WANT ★★

DREAMWORKS

Canadian songwriter turns his jaded queer eye to the high life

Rufus Wainwright is too beautiful for words — and on *Want*, he has so many words to describe his plight. Surfaces attract him — "Pretty things, so what I like pretty things?" he sings. But he's exhausted with the jet-set life of pop royalty (his folk-rock parents are singers Loudon Wainwright III and Kate McGarrigle). Travel is a bore, and the pretty boys can be so shallow — what's to live for? "So I will opt for the big white limo, vanity fairgrounds and rebel angels," he croons on "Go or Go Ahead." Dude, get real — it beats fry-cooking at Mickey D's! Wainwright's third CD is one more step down from his dazzling 1998 debut. His carnival-esque piano playing sounds like something Randy Newman would compose for Disney, and with comfort from an all-star rock-deb chorus (Teddy Thompson, Jenny Muldaur and his sister Martha Wainwright), he lays it on so thick, the music all but drowns in pretty surfaces.

RJ SMITH

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The best new releases of the last three months



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Southern pride rages, from harmonica and bluegrass samples to the squeal-like-a-pig title cut. The sleeper hit of the season.



### THE RAVEONETTES

#### CHAIN GANG OF LOVE

COLUMBIA

This boy/girl Danish duo sound constantly on the verge of having sex, scuzzing their way through wall-of-sound surf- and garage-rock.

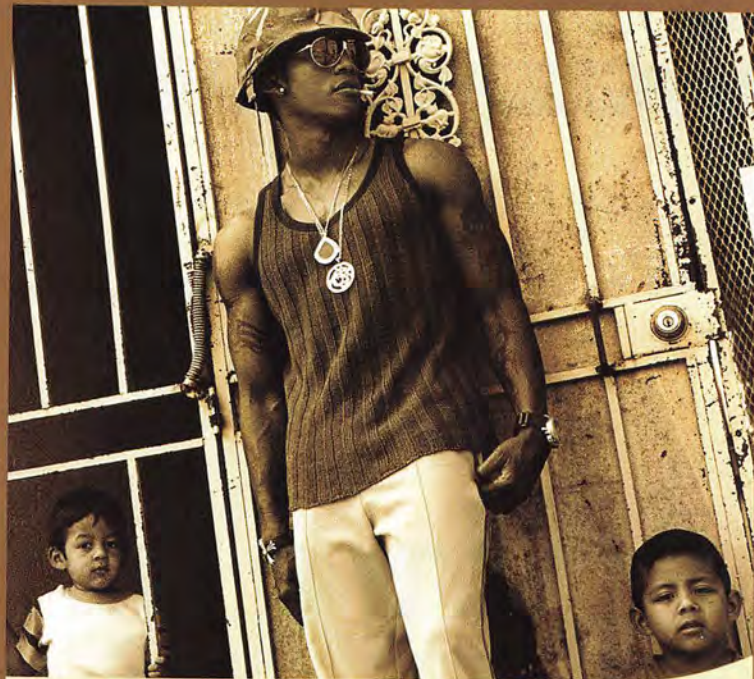


### WARREN ZEVON

#### THE WIND

ARTEMIS

On his farewell record, the cancer-diagnosed veteran songwriter from Los Angeles faces death with both mirth and poignancy.



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# THE 40

## MOST POPULAR SONGS IN AMERICA

→ Fred Durst leads a recast and recapitalized limp bizkit to the top of the *Blender* chart



### 1 LIMP BIZKIT "EAT YOU ALIVE" LESSISMORE

Fred Durst has been booed and pelted with garbage at shows, and his new album has seen more name changes than someone in the Witness Protection Program. But a fall tour and new *TRL*-christened video (in which Durst kidnaps actress Thora Birch) prove he won't let the haters get him down.

### HOW WE DID IT

The Most Popular Songs chart is based on radio and video airplay, and album sales. Provided by [HITSDailyDouble.com](http://HITSDailyDouble.com): "Proof that any idiot in the music business can have a Web site."



POSITION	TITLE	ARTIST	ALBUM/LABEL
1	"EAT YOU ALIVE"	LIMP BIZKIT	LESSISMORE FLINTERSCOPE
2	"GRAVEDIGGER"	DAVE MATTHEWS	SOME DEVIL RCA
3	"THIS IS THE NIGHT"	CLAY AIKEN	RCA
4	"FALLS ON ME"	FUEL	NATURAL SELECTION EPIC
5	"I LIKE THE WAY YOU MOVE/HEY YAI!"	OUTKAST	SPEAKERSBOXXXX/ THE LOVE BELOW LA/FACE/ARISTA
6	"BABY BOY"	BEYONCÉ F. SEAN PAUL	DANGEROUSLY IN LOVE COLUMBIA
7	"FLYING WITHOUT WINGS"	RUBEN STUDDARD	J RECORDS
8	"WHITE FLAG"	DIDO	LIFE FOR RENT ARISTA
9	"WEAK AND POWERLESS"	A PERFECT CIRCLE	THIRTEENTH STEP VIRGIN
10	"BIGGER THAN MY BODY"	JOHN MAYER	HEAVIER THINGS AWARE/COLUMBIA
11	"FAINT"	LINKIN PARK	METEORA WARNER BROS
12	"SO YESTERDAY"	HILARY DUFF	METAMORPHOSIS BLENA VISTA HOLLYWOOD
13	"GOING UNDER"	EVANESCENCE	FALLEN WIND-UP
14	"LOVE @ FIRST SIGHT"	MARY J. BLIGE	LOVE & LIFE GEFFEN
15	"SO FAR AWAY"	STAINED	14 SHADES OF GREY FLUPELEKTRA
16	"WHERE THE HOOD AT"	DMX	GRAND CHAMP BLOODLINE/DEF JAM
17	"SOMEDAY"	NICKELBACK	THE LONG ROAD ROADRUNNER
18	"CAN'T HOLD US DOWN"	CHRISTINA AGUILERA F. LIL' KIM	STRIPPED RCA
19	"RIGHT THURR"	CHINGY	JACKPOT PRIORITY/CAPTOL
20	"SHOW ME HOW TO LIVE"	AUDIOSLAVE	AUDIOSLAVE EPIC/INTERSCOPE
21	"MEANT TO LIVE"	SWITCHFOOT	THE BEAUTIFUL LETDOWN RED INC/COLUMBIA
22	"STACY'S MOM"	FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE	WELCOME INTERSTATE MANAGERS S-CURVE/VIRGIN
23	"SEÑORITA"	JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE	JUSTIFIED JIVE
24	"FRONTIN'"	PHARRELL WILLIAMS F. JAY-Z	THE NEPTUNES PRESENT... CLOVES STAR TRACK/ARISTA
25	"LOW"	KELLY CLARKSON	THANKFUL RCA
26	"HARDEST BUTTON TO BUTTON"	THE WHITE STRIPES	ELEPHANT THIRD/HANV2
27	"GIRLS & BOYS"	GOOD CHARLOTTE	THE YOUNG & THE HOPELESS DAYLIGHT/EPIC
28	"FRANTIC"	METALLICA	ST. ANGER ELEKTRA
29	"SEND YOUR LOVE"	STING	SACRED LOVE A&P
30	"P.I.M.P."	50 CENT	GET RICH OR DIE TRYIN' SHADY/AFTERMATH/INTERSCOPE
31	"ARE YOU HAPPY NOW"	MICHELLE BRANCH	HOTEL PAPER TRAVELOX/WARNER BROS
32	"HARDER TO BREATHE"	MAROON 5	SONGS ABOUT JANE OCTONE/J RECORDS
33	"UNWELL"	MATCHBOX TWENTY	MORE THAN YOU THINK YOU ARE ATLANTIC
34	"THE BOYS OF SUMMER"	THE ATARIS	SO LONG, ASTORIA COLUMBIA
35	"HERE WITHOUT YOU"	3 DOORS DOWN	AWAY FROM THE SUN REPUBLIC/UNIVERSAL
36	"GET LOW"	LIL' JON & THE EASTSIDE BOYZ	KINGS OF CRUNK TVT
37	"THOIA THOING"	R. KELLY	CHOCOLATE FACTORY JIVE
38	"THE REMEDY"	JASON MRAZ	WAITING FOR MY ROCKET TO COME ELEKTRA
39	"HEADSTRONG"	TRAPT	TRAPT WARNER BROS
40	"DANGER"	ERYKAH BADU	WORLDWIDE UNDERGROUND MOTOWN/UNIVERSAL

### 8 DIDO "WHITE FLAG" LIFE FOR RENT



The London-based popstress with a dark side returns with her second album, a collection of wistful love songs. In early October, she'll hit American shores to visit with Jay Leno and David Letterman, then gear up for a 2004 headlining tour.

### 9 A PERFECT CIRCLE "WEAK AND POWERLESS" THIRTEENTH STEP



Topping off a European tour with the Deftones at London's Wembley Arena, Maynard James Keenan will bring A Perfect Circle (and his frightening hairstyle) back to the U.S. at the end of October — with planned visits to *The Tonight Show With Jay Leno* and *Jimmy Kimmel Live*.

### 16 DMX "WHERE THE HOOD AT" GRAND CHAMP



Between action-movie roles, a new clothing line for pooches and an upcoming guest spot on NBC's *Third Watch*, the multi-platinum dawg has his bowl full. This marks his long-awaited radio return.

### 21 SWITCHFOOT "MEANT TO LIVE" THE BEAUTIFUL LETDOWN



These San Diego surfer boys-turned-emo metallers rocked the stage with Carson Daly and Craig Kilborn in late August. This month, the band launches a nationwide headlining tour sure to draw out both its rabid cult followers and new converts.





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# "I'm Better Than Anyone Who Reads This Article!"

→ **Jack Black** is both a big-time Hollywood star and the leader of improbably good hard-rock comedy band Tenacious D. Could he be any smarter? Yes! Because he says he discovered Nirvana before you did. . . .

BY CLARK COLLIS  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUSTIN STEPHENS



» "I DON'T BELIEVE in any sex music — I think it gets in the way of the fucking," announces Jack Black in between bites of lunch at a Mexican restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard. "I prefer silence so I can concentrate. On the fucking."

For a man who introduced himself to *Blender* with the warning that his fatigue would preclude a good interview, Black is proving excellent company. Not that the *Shallow Hal* star isn't tired, being in the midst of a massive promotional push for his new movie, *School of Rock*. Equally suitable for small children and large rock fans, the comedy, directed by Richard Linklater, stars Black as a guitarist-turned-substitute teacher who tries to transform his students into a kick-ass metal band.

"In real life, the kid who plays the guitar player is a little encyclopedia of hard rock," says the 34-

year-old comedian, who with his band, Tenacious D, is one of the few movie stars to successfully bridge the actor/musician divide. "He knew everything and then some. Well, you can't know everything and then some. He just knew more than me; let's leave it at that."

Next up for Black? *Tenacious D: The Movie!*

"It has the potential to be one of the great things of all time," Black explains, apparently serious. "It's gonna be on the level of the pyramids. Or the gardens of Babylon. Or the Sasquatch. Was he one of the great wonders?" No.

"Well, anyway, it has the potential to win the Nobel Peace Prize. It starts in my childhood. I'm hoping that we can get Meat Loaf to play my father. Also, Satan is in the movie. That's all I'm going to say. And that's too much!"



**SEBADOH**

**BAKESALE**

SUB POP, 1994

"Part of me wanted to make a list with all the ones everyone knows are great albums. But what's the point of that? So I'm going to recommend things that not everyone's heard. Sebadoh were at the forefront of the lo-fi movement, which to me just meant they recorded it at home. This is a little more polished. I love it"



**URGE OVERKILL**

**THE SUPERSONIC STORYBOOK**

TOUCH & GO, 1991

"Urge Overkill are my favorite band. I didn't like this the first 12 times I listened to it, but around the thirteenth time, I realized that it's better than any album I have. When you listen to it, you wanna jump off a building. Actually, that's not a good description — it's just triumphant music."



**FUGAZI**

**13 SONGS**

DISCHORD, 1990

"They are the kings of integrity. Of indie cred. I don't know if you're familiar with that term: *independent credibility*. Sorry, it's just so overused. Fugazi are vegan, super-left, super-righteous dudes. Whenever me or Kyle [Gass, Black's Tenacious D bandmate] does something selfless, we always say that we're 'pulling a Fugazi.'"



**JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION**

**ORANGE**

MATADOR, 1994

"Jon Spencer was a huge influence on me, specifically the shameless self-referencing. That was a huge influence on Tenacious D. A kind of hypnosis takes place: If you keep saying you're the best, some people are going to believe it. It's manipulative, but if it's funny, it's excusable."



**NIRVANA**

**BLEACH**

SUB POP, 1989

"This is the one everyone probably already has. But I mention it because I had *Bleach* before *Nevermind* came out. That's why I'm better than anyone who reads this article. I win because I was *there!* Sorry — there's nothing more annoying than people whose thing is that they planted their flag. But I do have a sense of entitlement."



**MEAT PUPPETS**

**MEAT PUPPETS II**

RYKODISC, 1983

"I saw them when I was in high school. The lead singer was playing and staring out into the audience. He put me in a hypnotic state with his magical warlock eyes. They fucking rocked my socks off! *Meat Puppets II* has got such a tasty barbecue sauce on it. It's like a delicious barbecued rib."



**NICK DRAKE**

**PINK MOON**

HANNIBAL RYKODISC, 1972

"What can I say about Nick Drake? He's great driving music. No, wait, that's not a good compliment at all. If you just want to kick it at home and be mellow, smoke a J and just reflect, you pop in Nick Drake. It's gonna put you in a good place. Or you might kill yourself. Those are the only two things you can do."



**FIREHOSE**

**RAGIN', FULL-ON**

SST, 1986

"The bass player, Mike Watt, was the main thing. He would play and concentrate so hard. His cheeks would blow out like a blowfish's. He would exhale so hard that his face would turn red and bulge with veins. He was the Dizzy Gillespie of underground independent rock. Great music, and a very loveable trio."



**ELLIOTT SMITH**

**EITHER/OR**

KILL ROCK STARS, 1997

"I think Elliott Smith might be the best songwriter of the bunch. Fingers crossed, he's going to make a comeback. His first three albums — which he did for, you know, 20 cents in his Portland studio — are genius. I think he's like Thom Yorke in that he awakes from a fever dream with a melody lingering in his skull."



**TENACIOUS D**

**TENACIOUS D**

EPIC, 2001

"I threw this in there because every time I hear it, it makes me cry. I can't believe the beauty. I know it's wrong to include my own thing in a list of the 10 best. But fuck it — we're the best. You should enjoy it now before the follow-up comes out and stinks up the joint."

AND MORE...

AC/DC HIGH VOLTAGE  
AC/DC HIGHWAY TO HELL  
AEROSMITH TOYS IN THE ATTIC  
SYD BARRETT THE MADCAP LAUGHS  
BEASTIE BOYS ILL COMMUNICATION  
THE BEATLES THE BEATLES  
THE BEATLES REVOLVER  
BECK MIDNITE VULTURES  
BECK ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE  
BECK SEA CHANGE  
BIG STAR #1 RECORD  
BIG STAR THIRD/SISTER LOVERS  
BLACK SABBATH WE SOLD OUR SOULS FOR ROCK & ROLL  
DAVID BOWIE THE RISE & FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS  
BLIND MELON TO SPILL  
PERFECT FROM NOW ON  
CAN ANTHOLOGY  
25 YEARS CARDINAL  
CARDINAL MILES DAVIS KIND OF BLUE  
THE DESCENDANTS MILO GOES TO COLLEGE  
NICK DRAKE WAY TO BLUE  
DR. OCTAGON INSTRUMENTALIST  
BOB DYLAN THE FREE WHEELIN'  
BOB DYLAN MISSY ELLIOTT UNDER CONSTRUCTION  
THE FLAMING LIPS THE SOFT BULLETIN  
THE FLAMING LIPS YOSHIMI BATTLES THE PINK ROBOTS  
THE GERMS (MIA) GUIDED BY VOICES  
BEE THOUSAND DJ HARVEY DRY THE JESUS LIZARD  
DOWN KING CRIMSON STARLESS & BIBLE BLACK  
LED ZEPPELIN HOUSES OF THE HOLY  
LED ZEPPELIN LED ZEPPELIN  
LED ZEPPELIN LED ZEPPELIN III  
LED ZEPPELIN PHYSICAL GRAFFITI  
THE MAGNETIC FIELDS 69 LOVE SONGS  
MODEST MOUSE THE LONESOME CROWDED  
WEST WILLIE NELSON RED HEADED STRANGER  
HARRY NILSSON THE POINT  
NIRVANA IN UTERO  
NIRVANA MTV UNPLUGGED  
OUTKAST STANKONIA  
CHARLIE PARKER JAZZ MASTERS  
PAVEMENT CROOKED RAIN, CROOKED RAIN  
PAVEMENT SLANTED & ENCHANTED  
PAVEMENT TERROR TWILIGHT  
LIZ PHAIR EXILE IN GUYVILLE  
PINK FLOYD DARK SIDE OF THE MOON  
PINK FLOYD WISH YOU WERE HERE  
PIXIES BOSSANOVA  
PIXIES SLURFER ROSA  
QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE  
QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE RATED R  
RADIOHEAD AMNESIAC  
RADIOHEAD KID A  
RADIOHEAD OK COMPUTER  
RADIOHEAD PABLO HONEY RAGE  
AGAINST THE MACHINE  
THE BATTLE OF LOS ANGELES  
RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE  
RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE RENEGADES  
THE ROLLING STONES EXILE ON MAIN STREET  
RUSH 2112  
SEBADOH THE FREED WEED  
SEBADOH SEBADOH 3  
THE SEX PISTOLS NEVER MIND  
THE BOLLOCKS HERE'S THE SEX PISTOLS  
THE SHAGGS PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORLD  
ELLIOTT SMITH XO SMOG  
RED APPLE FALLS  
SPINAL TAP THIS IS SPINAL TAP  
SOUNDTRACK CAT  
STEVENS MONA BONE  
JAKON SYSTEM OF A DOWN  
STEAL THIS ALBUM  
SYSTEM OF A DOWN TOXICITY  
TOOTS & THE MAYTALS FUNKY KINGSTON  
THE UPPER CRUST LET THERE BE ROCK  
URGE OVERKILL EXIT THE DRAGON  
URGE OVERKILL SATURATION VAN  
HALEN 1984 WEEZER PINKERTON  
THE WHITE STRIPES ELEPHANT THE WHO THE WHO SELL OUT  
THE WU-TANG CLAN ENTER THE WU-TANG CLAN (3G CHAMPAGNE)  
PETE YORKE FORTHENORNINGFAER  
ZZ TOP THE BEST OF ZZ TOP

# Back to the Crossroads

Among 25 dazzling discs, a big box set forms the heart of Martin Scorsese's loving TV series tracing the history of the blues. Below are the best of the accompanying single-artist records and soundtracks



ONE HUNDRED years ago, the composer W.C. Handy was waiting for a train in rural Mississippi. Dozing off, he was jolted by "the weirdest music I ever heard" — the noise made by a ragged black guitarist who ran a knife along his strings while moaning, "Goin' where the Southern cross the Dog" (a reference to the local railroads). Handy was perplexed and spellbound. This was the outside world's first encounter with an eerie, unknown folk art called the blues, and the incident has become so legendary that its centenary has been declared by Congress as the "Year of the Blues."

Now, director Martin Scorsese has announced a mammoth celebration, a kind of lifetime-achievement award for the blues: a seven-part PBS television series premiering on September 28, created by seven top film directors; a book; DVDs; and more CDs than you could fit in a gunnysack.

As demonstrated by the five supremely life-affirming discs that make up the box set *A Musical Journey*, the musical core of Scorsese's project, the blues are both simple and as deep as your soul. The straightforward formula lets performers wax emotional, but the structure keeps emotions focused and gives them a formal dignity. Every novice guitarist learns the classic blues structure — 12 bars and three chords. A line begins, rises, then falls. Then it rises higher and falls more steeply. Everything ends in a restful resolution that the most tightly plotted novel could not match. The formula might look limited, but the blues can take you anywhere you want to go.

Just take a handful of examples from Scorsese's sprawling selection. Memphis Slim's "Mother Earth" sits on a somber, descending piano line that has the slow tread of a funeral procession. But Jackie Brenston's 1951 brawler "Rocket 88" (often called the first rock & roll record) is

alive with a jiving riff and joyriding euphoria. So is Koko Taylor's "Wang Dang Doodle," with its grisly litany of party invitees: "Razor-totin' Jim, butcher knife-totin' Annie, Pistol Pete." There's such vicious glee in Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love," whose narrator has a rattlesnake whip and "a graveyard mind. . . Just 22 and I don't mind dyin'." But then you go back to Son House and his stark "Death Letter Blues" — arguably the greatest blues song ever written — and you're struck down cold by the eloquence of his grief.

The box set follows a roughly chronological path from the 1920s to the present, from acoustic Southern roots to urban electric styles and then to white disciples including Bob Dylan, whose "Highway 61 Revisited" crashes into disc four like a lightning bolt. That song alone, with its Old Testament inspirations and psychedelic delirium, demonstrates the blues' capacity to renew itself and transcend race, history and location.

The music was taken up by skinny white English boys — the Claptons, Pages and Townshends — who had never been near a cotton field. Even hippie rebels who denounced all tradition still savored the blues; Janis Joplin, a middle-class girl, tore a heartfelt of pain from her song "One Good Man."

A single CD, *The Best of the Blues*, attempts to compress into 17 tracks what the box set struggles to do across more than 100. But if you need an inexpensive entry point, you could do much worse.

The blues, once feared as "the devil's music," is now as respectable as Mozart. But its subversive voodoo is undiminished. For all the gifted artists here, the star is the blues — the musicians are its servants rather than its masters. Congress can approve of the blues all it likes. That's nice, but it's irrelevant. The blues exists, like time itself, with or without our permission. PAUL DU NOYER

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

MARTIN SCORSESE PRESENTS THE BLUES: A MUSICAL JOURNEY

★★★★★

HIP-O/UNIVERSAL

MARTIN SCORSESE PRESENTS THE BLUES: THE BEST OF THE BLUES

★★★★

HIP-O/UNIVERSAL

## BEST OF THE BEST-OFs Out of 12 single-artist discs, these are the tops →



**JIMI HENDRIX**  
MARTIN SCORSESE PRESENTS THE BLUES

HIP-O/UNIVERSAL

★★★

While this is hardly the best of Hendrix, it contains his best blues originals, such as "Red House," "Hear My Train A-Comin'" and a majestic 15-minute "Voodoo Child" that takes him — and the listener — "past the outskirts of infinity."



**SON HOUSE**  
MARTIN SCORSESE PRESENTS THE BLUES

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

★★★★★

Born in Mississippi in 1902, Son House spent his 86 years trying to reconcile Baptist religion and godless blues, and made the most intense music of the twentieth century. "Preachin' Blues," "John the Revelator" and "Death Letter Blues" are highlights of his savagely soulful repertoire.



**B.B. KING**  
MARTIN SCORSESE PRESENTS THE BLUES

HIP-O/UNIVERSAL

★★★★★

"Blues Boy" King came from Mississippi, and for the past 50 years has toured the world as a one-man symbol of the blues. From his triumphantly desolate signature song, "The Thrill Is Gone," to the imploring "How Blue Can You Get," these songs gleam with uptown class.



**BESSIE SMITH**  
MARTIN SCORSESE PRESENTS THE BLUES

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

★★★★

Smith transformed the stately, piano-led style called "classic blues" through sheer force of personality on the 1929 hit "Nobody Loves You When You're Down and Out," the defiant "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and the wail of female frustration that is "A Good Man Is Hard to Find."



**MUDDY WATERS**  
MARTIN SCORSESE PRESENTS THE BLUES

HIP-O/UNIVERSAL

★★★★★

McKinley Morganfield grew up in Mississippi, but as Muddy Waters of Chicago, he led the blues into the future. Waters's electric style was big, loud and heavy on macho drama. And "Rolling Stone" is the brawling song that gave Mick Jagger's band its name.



Early on, B.B. King discovered an easy way to remember his name.



Son House: "Strangely, sitting down has done nothing to cure my blues."



Beck: What's he doing here?



Bessie Smith impersonates a teapot.

**EVEN MORE!** Of seven soundtracks, check out these →



**VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
**GODFATHERS AND SONS:**  
**A FILM BY MARC LEVIN**

HIP-O/UNIVERSAL

★★★★

Levin's film looks at the Chicago blues, whose amplified clamor bridged the Mississippi Delta and the British blues boom of the '60s. Muddy Waters's "Mannish Boy" and Howlin' Wolf's "Red Rooster" are key tracks on this rollicking compilation.



**VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
**THE SOUL OF A MAN: A FILM BY WIM WENDERS**

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

★★

An uneven set of 16 celebrity guests covering old blues. Lucinda Williams works brilliantly in the idiom, but Lou Reed merely points his image at it. Nick Cave topples into parody, and Beck's version of Skip James's "I'm So Glad" should be re-titled "I'm So Smug."



**VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
**WARMING BY THE DEVIL'S FIRE: A FILM BY CHARLES BURNETT**

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

★★★

This favors early blues classics, like Ma Rainey's "C.C. Rider" and Robert Johnson's "Sweet Home Chicago." It also boasts, in Mildred Jones's "Mr. Thrill," a master class in the blues' use of sexual euphemism.



Despite complaints, Howlin' Wolf liked to take his guitar to bed.



The Rolling Stones steal the words from Muddy Waters's mouth. Again!

**BURNING SPEAR**

MAN IN THE HILLS/  
 DRY & HEAVY ★★  
 SOCIAL LIVING ★★★

ISLAND

Rasta firebrand mutters on about his favorite subjects

Winston Rodney, who has been Burning Spear single-handedly for 30 years, has reggae's biggest case of brilliant-debut syndrome: He has never quite lived up to the righteous gravity of his first record, *Marcus Garvey*. The *Man in the Hills/Dry & Heavy* twofor combines his second and third albums, from 1976 and '77, when he was already scraping

for material. *Dry* is mostly remakes of early singles, although his dependable band (including members of Bob Marley's Wailers) perks up the mid-tempo grooves. On 1980's *Social Living*, Spear concentrates on political and Rasta themes (name-dropping Africanist organizer Garvey in four song titles), wrapping his laconic rasp around elegant, spaced-out arrangements — the title track is as catchy as he's ever been. This reissue appends two extended mixes that evolve into steamy dubs. DOUGLAS WOLK

**CAN**

OUT OF REACH ★

MARGINAL TALENT

Legendary Krautrock band's most embarrassing moment

When *Blender* interviewed the pioneering German prog-rockers Can a few years ago, we asked why they had reissued all their albums except 1978's *Out of Reach*. "That one should have stayed out of reach," guitarist Michael Karoli groaned. A leaden, wanky mess, it's an embarrassment to all concerned, the only album they made without bassist/engineer Holger Czukay, who animated the band's acrobatic grooves. Instead, replacement Rosko Gee does clumsy Van Morrison impressions; the guitars and keyboards try to noodle and doodle louder than each other in the

murky mix; and percussionist Reebop Kwaku Baah babbles tunelessly over horrifically overwrought disco in "Like Inobe God." Can weren't creatively exhausted — Czukay returned for their witty, funky, self-titled farewell — but you'd never guess from this disaster. DOUGLAS WOLK

**THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS**

SINGLES 93-03 ★★★★★

ASTRALWERKS

The duo that ruled dance music—obsessed Britain in the '90s

Listening to the cheap- and antiquated-sounding "Chemical Beats" and "Song to the Siren," it's difficult to imagine the galvanizing effect the Chemical Brothers had on worldwide dance floors in 1993. Their mix of old-school hip-hop beats and techno shrieks freed clubgoers from having to suffer endless sets of butt-achingly monotonous four-hour house beats. The Chemical Brothers were dance music's most ambitious practitioners: No one else had the gumption to use rock singers Noel Gallagher, New Order's Bernard Sumner or the Verve's Richard Ashcroft. But this 13-track singles collection really shows that Tom Rowland and Ed Simons were at their best when recreating and reimagining their favorite song. On "Setting Sun" and "The Private



Chemical Brothers: No wonder they're DJ's!

Psychedelic Reel," the influence of the Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows" is acute, but its hedonistic, otherworldly spirit is present on almost every track. ANDY PEMBERTON

**ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS**

GET HAPPY!! ★★★★★

TRUST ★★★★★

PUNCH THE CLOCK ★★★

RHINO

The Costello reissue parade continues with more "pretty insults"

Does even Elvis Costello have enough time to listen to the Elvis Costello

**THE SCORE >>**

★★★★★  
 EXCELLENT. A MUST-HAVE

★★★★  
 GREAT. CHECK IT OUT

★★★  
 GOOD IN ITS GENRE

★★  
 JUST OK

★  
 WEAK

**HOME ON THE RANGE**

When rock first donned a cowboy hat. And saw that it was good

**THE BYRDS**

SWEETHEART OF THE RODEO:  
 LEGACY EDITION ★★★★★

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

>> IF ALT-COUNTRY HAS a creation myth, it's the 1973 funeral of Gram Parsons — his OD'd corpse stolen by road manager Phil Kaufman and cremated in the desert at Joshua Tree, California, a fitting end for the only rock star whose name was a synonym for a quantity of drugs.

For Parsons, born Cecil Ingram Connor, it had been a strange trip: A rich kid, he went to Harvard, frittered his trust fund and influenced the Rolling Stones. He also experimented with a new blend of country, rock and soul, which he



Gram Parsons mistakes old mic for cocaine.

dubbed "cosmic American music," a brand that works as well for Wilco and Lambchop in 2003 as it did for the Byrds in 1968.

Drafted early that year by Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman to replace the skedaddled David Crosby, Parsons was a Byrd for less than five months, and due to contractual wrangles, only two compositions and two lead vocals made the original release of the gently rocking, pedal steel-laced *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*. This two-CD set sketches the band's future, with a wealth of Parsons's rehearsal takes (including a transfixing "One Hundred Years From Now") and a handful of tunes by Parsons's pre-Byrds group, the International Submarine Band.

The context is helpful, but the Classic Coke version of



The Byrds in 1968, from left: Kevin Kelly, Gram Parsons, Roger McGuinn, Chris Hillman

*Sweetheart* remains unbeatable. The teetotal ballad "The Christian Life" is made unspeakably poignant by the incorrigible druggies singing it, and Parsons's almost-solo "Hickory Wind" is sublime, fog-eyed nostalgia. Perhaps best of all, McGuinn and Hillman's brilliant harmonies on the "original" "One Hundred Years From Now" prove how much Parsons's tunes benefited from a thorough group overhaul.

But the partnership didn't last. Parsons left in July 1968, adding new chapters to country-rock as a solo artist and with the Flying Burrito Brothers, while McGuinn's Byrds stuttered to a protracted demise. *Sweetheart* endured, placing generations of freaks and punks — many looking to reclaim country as an alternative genre — under its spell. Thirty-five years later, its legend is deserved. TONY POWER

reissue series? Setting terrifying standards for voluminousness, they all come with a full CD of demos, rarities and live tracks, plus self-penned booklets revealing Costello's nice line in self-deprecating anecdotes. *Get Happy!!* (from 1980, now a comical 50 tracks long) showed a bilious Costello distancing himself from "brittle and shallow" New Wave with a bravura selection of Stax- and Motown-inflected three-minute songs like "High Fidelity" and "King Horse." The next year, for *Trust*, he added country, jazz, showband and even dub flavors, and retained a peerless acid tongue for "Clubland" and "New Lace Sleeves." Two years later, his target was British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, but the ornate brass-and-synth arrangements of *Punch the Clock* served songs such as "Shipbuilding" less well. That said, though, Costello's chaff is others' gold dust, and any of these records is worth giving up a weekend for.

ANDREW HARRISON

## MILES DAVIS

### THE COMPLETE JACK JOHNSON SESSIONS ☆☆☆

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

**Jazz legend continues to piss off fans with electric outtakes**

"I could put together the greatest rock & roll band you ever heard," boasted former cool-jazz trumpeter Miles Davis shortly before the 1969 release of his guitarless electric breakthrough album, *Bitches Brew*. This five-CD set collects the studio sessions — sometimes thrilling, sometimes not — that producer Teo Macero cherry-picked when editing together *A Tribute to Jack Johnson* (also included here in its original version). On that long-underrated 1970 release, recorded for a film about the early-twentieth-century boxer, Davis spars with British guitarist John McLaughlin, whose distorted acid-rock leads and subtle jazz rhythms permeate the album's two 25-minute tracks: the hard rock-funking "Right Off" and the James Brown-esque "Yesternow." Although *Jack Johnson* stiffed on arrival, its sound was, as usual, Miles ahead.

RICHARD GEHR

## NEIL DIAMOND

### STAGES ☆☆☆

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

**An outsized five-CD live set from the Elvis of Brooklyn**

Those who dismiss Neil Diamond as a hoary MOR artist should consider the range of bands who have covered his songs, from early metalheads (Deep



Neil Diamond, suffering from an advanced case of Neil Young disease

Purple, "Kentucky Woman") to ska-boys (UB40, "Red Red Wine") to popsters (the Monkees and Smash Mouth, "I'm a Believer"). With his 1960s Brill Building songwriter origins, Diamond could always turn a hook, but the schmaltz-slinger made his reputation onstage, where he transforms into nothing less than the love child of Elvis Presley and

Krusty the Clown. *Stages* is a suitably outsized five-CD (plus bonus DVD) collection of live recordings from the rhinestone-studded showman's last 30 years — but damned if the best stuff isn't the newest: a complete Las Vegas show taped last December. At 62, Diamond has grown gracefully into the role of institution, and once groan-worthy ballads such as "Love on the Rocks" have aged (and deepened) remarkably well. At times, to be sure, it's overly theatrical, but with a "Cherry Cherry" or "Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon" always around the corner to keep him honest, it works.

BILLY ALTMAN

## AL GREEN

### THE IMMORTAL SOUL OF . . .

★★★★★

THE RIGHT STUFF

**Rich set from soul genius who strained against the confines of his genre**

Classic Memphis soul was already cresting when Al Green began recording for Hi Records in late 1968; he and producer Willie Mitchell gave the form a sophistication and a visionary weirdness. This four-CD set has the best of their collaborations, and almost every track is

a keeper. Uniquely among southern soul, Hi went for a dry minimalism: metronomic drums, deliberately unlush strings, a thin, colorless guitar sound. Green's agile voice could morph from gritty growl to laser falsetto; when he overdubbed, there were suddenly two of him acting out his soul psychodramas. His lyrics ranged from heartfelt declarations of love and longing, both secular ("Let's Stay Together") and sacred ("Jesus Is Waiting"), to sexual-Biblical-astrological utterances as gnomic as the outer reaches of Van Morrison. After he got done with it, classic soul had nowhere left to go.

DAVID GATES

I LOVE THIS CD!

**TIM BLAKE NELSON**

ACTOR IN *O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU? AND WONDERLAND*

**FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION FREAK OUT!**  
RYKODISC

"This made me realize that music doesn't have to be Top 40 or mainstream. It can be utterly subversive."

Opposite page: Robin Renau/UK (The Chemical Brothers); Michael Octis Archive (The Byrds, 2) This page: from left: Hulton-Deutsch Collection/Corbis; Avik Gilboa/WireImage.com

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Television: "This is the worst club we've ever played."

# SMASH IT UP

How New York punk birthed one of rock's great guitar bands

## TELEVISION

MARQUEE MOON ★★★★★

ADVENTURE ★★★★★

RHINO

LIVE AT THE OLD WALDORF

★★★★★

RHINO HANDMADE

TELEVISION CHANGED rock & roll with a lie. In March 1974, Tom Verlaine and Richard Lloyd — guitarists, bandmates and ambitious hoodlums — stopped in at CBGB, a derelict NYC bar whose initials stood for "country, bluegrass and blues," and secured a Sunday gig by claiming to play those styles. Within 18 months of that lie, CB's became a clubhouse for the Ramones, Patti Smith, Blondie, Talking Heads and the strangest and least successful of those revolutionaries, Television.

*Marquee Moon* (1977) debuts a surrealistic version of garage-rock, the Rolling Stones or Kinks as reimagined by Salvador Dali, with earthy riffs that spiral up into ecstatic guitar-solo jaunts. Patti Smith said that Verlaine, the band's well-read, aloof, wilful leader, made his guitar sound "like a thousand bluebirds screaming" — beautiful, piercing, unnatural. But Lloyd, a male hustler who survived shock therapy and heroin use, also likened Verlaine's distressed singing

to the sound of a goat with a slit throat, which doomed their commercial chances.

*Marquee's* twin peaks are the long title song, one of Verlaine's many vividly imaged lyrics about the nearness of chaos, which peaks again and again, like fireworks having sex, and "Little Johnny Jewel," a rare 1975 single added as a bonus track. *Adventure*, recorded just 10 months later, is less riled and exploratory but funnier, with a yearning beauty that inspired a legion of art-rock bands, including R.E.M. (who closely imitated "Days"), U2, the Cars, Pavement and Sonic Youth (who turned the bridge of "Marquee Moon" into a career).

Television played their final show in New York on July 29, 1978, though hardly anyone noticed (the original lineup returned for a delicate 1992

record and still tours occasionally), and a month earlier did a San Francisco concert that has been bootlegged and now given an official release. Finishing with a sullen and destructive cover of "Satisfaction," they sound loose and gravelly, brazenly stretching the

long songs to the snapping point. It's as if they're burning all their memories in one huge fire before successors can come in and rummage through the ashes. **ROB TAMMENBAUM**



Tom Verlaine oozes sexuality.

## JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

SURREALISTIC PILLOW ★★★★★

AFTER BATHING AT BAXTER'S ★★★★★

CROWN OF CREATION ★★★★★

RCA/BMG HERITAGE

Psychedelic folk-rock songs about LSD, straight from the Summer of Love

No other San Francisco band balanced revolutionary rock, sonic experimentalism and melodic pop like Jefferson Airplane, who achieved liftoff in early 1967 with the release of their groundbreaking second album, *Surrealistic Pillow*. "Somebody to Love" and "White Rabbit" brought Summer of Love rhetoric to Top 40 radio, but *Pillow* sounds a little fluffy beside the psychedelic masterpiece the band released hard on that summer's sexual and chemical peaks: Dense and overproduced with redlining guitars and exultant three-part harmonies, *After Bathing at Baxter's* captures the sound of a cultural revolution in all its doomed splendor. On 1968's *Crown of Creation*, the Airplane opposed Nixon-era dread and the death of the hippie nation with whimsy ("Lather"), joy ("Crown of Creation") and rage ("The House at Pooneil Corners").

RICHARD GEHR

## JONI MITCHELL

PASSION PLAY: THE COMPLETE GEFGEN RECORDINGS ★★★★★

GEFFEN

Four-CD set collects the former folkie's '80s albums; synthesizers, rock oldies and... Billy Idol?

Like fellow Canadian Neil Young, Joni Mitchell was lured to Geffen Records by promises of artistic freedom. But where he delivered uncommercial albums, she

reconnected with rock after a long flirtation with jazz. This set compiles her four Geffen LPs, plus two demos and an unreleased, dirge-like take on Bob Dylan's "Baby Blue." After 1982's guitar-spiked *Wild Things Run Fast*, which included a cover of Elvis Presley's "(You're So Square) Baby I Don't Care" — her first hit in six years — she went synth-happy, working with New Wave scientist Thomas Dolby on the uneven *Dog Eat Dog* and the polemical, cameo-packed *Chalk Marks in a Rainstorm* (Billy Idol, Willie Nelson and Peter Gabriel were among the guests). By 1991's *Night Ride Home*, Mitchell's experimentalism had completely overpowered her pop instincts, rendering her music interesting mainly as a curio.

J.D. CONSIDINE

## BERNARD PURDIE

LIALEH ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ★★★★★

LIGHT IN THE ATTIC

Sought-after black porno soundtrack, back for round two!

Bernard Purdie's funky drumming (for Aretha Franklin, King Curtis and countless others) made him an invaluable '70s studio player. But his most notorious skins work was as soundtrack composer for *Lialeh*, a 1974 hardcore flick known as the "black *Deep Throat*." Though it's considered one of the top-shelf rarities of soul-record collectibles (fetching \$600-plus on eBay), *Lialeh's* pastiche of earthy instrumentals ("Pass Me Not") and naughtier numbers ("All Pink on the Inside"; the whimsical title track) may strike casual listeners as more burlesque than James Brown. That is, until "Hap'nin'" closes the score with a bang. Five and a half ecstatic minutes of Purdie's ferocious beats topped off by some indecibly happy horn riffs, it's a musical money shot worth the wait.

CHAIRMAN MAO

## BURIED TREASURE

UNEARTHING LOST CLASSICS

KRAFTWERK

TRANS-EUROPE EXPRESS ★★★★★

CAPITOL 1977

Through the '70s, the German electronic quartet Kraftwerk cleansed pop

music of unnecessary human elements and made it perversely funky and funny. *Trans-Europe Express* is their most mechanical album — which, in their hands, is a good thing. It sounds less than shocking now because everybody has spent the last 25 years imitating it. Afrika Bambaataa lifted the title track for his early hip-hop classic "Planet Rock"; multiple punk bands have covered the nihilistic joke "Showroom Dummies"; and most electronica can trace its lineage to "Franz Schubert." **DOUGLAS WOLK**



Kraftwerk: In Germany, this is casual Friday.





Bonnie Raitt: "I think I'm gonna need a bigger guitar."

## BONNIE RAITT

### THE BEST OF BONNIE RAITT

★★★★

CAPITOL

**A redheaded blues-rock icon settles into middle age**

Before Bonnie Raitt made a celebrated "comeback" when 1989's Grammy-sweeping *Nick of Time* kicked her up the charts at age 39, she had never been much of a pop star at all. Sure, she had cred — how many other Radcliffe dropouts could claim to have played slide guitar with Mississippi Fred McDowell? — but her sales were respectable at best. What songs like "Thing Called Love" and "Something to Talk About" (incredibly, her first Top 40 hit) did was provide both a pop context for her blues roots and an outlet for her sassy personality. This disc collects the bulk of her '90s hits, though it mercifully omits the Bryan Adams duet "Rock Steady." In all, excellent value.

J.D. CONSIDINE

## SANTANA

### CARAVANSERAI ★★

### LOVE DEVOTION SURRENDER

★★★★

### WELCOME ★★

### MOONFLOWER ★★★★★

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

**This great guitarist once called himself "Devadip." Goes well with Fritos!**

In the early '70s, Carlos Santana had developed a passion for jazz saxophonist John Coltrane, become a disciple of Bengali guru Sri Chinmoy (who dubbed him "Devadip") and started making fusion jazz albums. *Caravanserai*, released in 1972, sounds in retrospect more like smooth jazz than actual fusion thanks to its mellow, soulful grooves and noodly solos. *Love Devotion Surrender*, recorded later that year with fellow Chinmoy devotee

Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, was the closest to actual jazz, with fleet-fingered fire in the cover of Coltrane's "A Love Supreme." Encouraged, Santana worked similar elements into *Welcome*, but between the overlong drum solos and Leon Thomas's yodeling, it's a failed experiment. By 1977's old/new, live/studio *Moonflower*, Santana had reverted to Latin rock-style jamming, resulting in one of his best albums; the live "Black Magic Woman" and "She's Not There" smoke the studio versions.

J.D. CONSIDINE

## STEELY DAN

### GAUCHO ★★★★★

MCA

**A late masterwork from pop's most deceptively smooth duo**

By 1980, when Walter Becker and Donald Fagen released their sixth album, they had a decade of FM cred and AM hits behind them, as well as a matchlessly sophisticated sense of remove. *Gaucha* is the zinging consolidation of Steely Dan's thing: anti-rock, jazz-curious, virtuosic yet un-chopsy, melody-conscious, lushly twisted. "Babylon Sisters," "Glamour Profession" and the ultra-scene-specific title piece compose a suite addressing late-'70s L.A. at its most glitzy and outré; the hit "Hey Nineteen" offers a metaphysical glimpse into every old studio chief who bedded a starlet. Fagen's velvet nasality is omnipresent as his characters steer their cars down Sunset or lurk behind apartment blinds. The sublime background singing, often led by the soul voice of Motown-sired writer-producer Valerie Simpson, sometimes dumps him out on the freeway. *Gaucha* is slime recorded as heaven.

JAMES HUNTER

## TEENAGE FANCLUB

### A SHORTCUT TO TEENAGE FANCLUB ★★

★★★★

JETSET

**Enduring Scottish power-pop revivalists who have never hit it big**

Despite possessing the world's best band name (though the name of their

I LOVE THIS CD!



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ACTOR IN RESERVOIR DOGS AND KILL BILL

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The Undertones stare down their archivals, the Overtones (not pictured).

previous band, the Boy Hairdressers, was pretty great, too), Teenage Fanclub have never enjoyed much success in their 14-year career. These 21 tracks, from seven albums, show why: Not once does this amiable quartet deviate from the shimmering guitars—and-gilded harmonies template familiar to (the few) fans of '70s jangle-rockers Big Star. Still, at least half the songs are exquisite. Describing the feeling of being in love rather than falling in love, "Ain't That Enough," "Don't Look Back," "Sparky's Dream" and "Mellow Doubt" are warm and emotional without being trite, while "Neil Jung," which details the love life of Creation Records' wacko chief Alan McGee, may be the best song ever written about a label boss.

ANDY PEMBERTON

## THE UNDERTONES

THE UNDERTONES ★★★★★

HYPNOTISED ★★

POSITIVE TOUCH ★★

THE SIN OF PRIDE ★★

TRUE CONFESSIONS (SINGLES=A's+B's) ★★★★★

ESSENTIAL

Breathless adolescent longing, from the Irish band that once rivaled U2

Despite their origins in war-torn Derry, Northern Ireland, the Undertones were the least political of punks. Their 1978 debut was pure teenage pop, obsessed by nothing more than the fabulously

unattainable girls who walked past their bedroom windows. Their first single, "Teenage Kicks" was a definitive statement of unrequited lust—penned by the oldest Undertone, John O'Neill, and warbled with forlorn excitement by the boyish Feargal Sharkey. Cheap provincial clothes and gawky manner marked the group as complete outsiders in Britain's trendy music scene, but their naive sincerity charmed everyone. Over the course of another three albums, they became adventurously diverse. Yet their dabblings in soul and psychedelia sound a trifle forced—their later, more sophisticated efforts failed to make the charts. By 1983, they had split (though they've recently re-formed without Sharkey). The pop single was their true home, so their double-CD compilation *True Confessions* (Singles=A's+B's) remains the ideal summary of an almost perfect pop band.

PAUL DU NOYER

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

GREASE 25TH ANNIVERSARY: DELUXE EDITION ★★★★★

POLYDOR

Twenty-five years later, *Grease* is still the word

Until *Moulin Rouge* draped the world in velvet, 1978's *Grease* was the campiest movie musical of all time. Having grossed \$340 million, it was the most successful, too. This twenty-fifth anniversary edition comes with a superfluous bonus disc of unpleasant karaoke versions and awful remixes, but even this wretched item cannot dull the kitsch delight that is to be had listening to John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John ham it up on "Summer Nights" and "You're the One That I Want." Frankie Valli's title track is as slick as oil (or, come to think of it, grease), and Travolta's "Sandy" is so lip-trembling, even DMX would melt. Has it dated? Absolutely, but rarely has music sounded this joyful or this embarrassingly entertaining.

NICK DUERDEN

## MICHAEL YONKERS BAND

MICROMINIATURE LOVE ★★★★★

SUB POP

Minnesota garageland's once and future cult guitar-crusher

The back story of this doomed, delayed album alone would nominate it for the year's top cult disc. Minnesota guitarist Michael Yonkers, an electronics wizard who built a music studio in his parents' basement, recorded an album (in less than an hour) for Sire Records in 1968, but it went unreleased until 2002, when it came out only on vinyl. He used massive fuzz and vibrato, open tunings and special effects of his own invention to forge delightfully obnoxious garage psychedelia that sounds like an over-amped garbage disposal mating with a wounded bat. Yonkers upped the ante on the mondo distorto guitar of the '60s while anticipating '70s punk and noise, but apocalypses like the ending of "Boy in the Sandbox" hit more like forces of nature than of man, even 35 years later.

JOHN MORTHLAND

## YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS

COLOSSAL YOUTH ★★★★★

PIAS

Career-spanning set from Welsh indie-rock pioneers

When old indie-rockers say they've heard everything, bands like Young Marble Giants are the reason. This trio released only one album, a single and an EP before quietly (the way they did everything) disbanding in 1981. Yet this reissue places them snugly between today's trends of laptop miniaturism and blasé gal power. Stuart Moxham's songs are little gems of inconsequence, capturing odd moments in an average life. Quietly, Moxham did more with guitar and organ, aided by brother Philip on wildly unassuming funky bass, than most bedroom maestros can squeeze out of their software. YMG's greatness is sealed by Alison Statton's voice, cool as a French movie star's, in tweed instead of chiffon. Many women now aim for this natural charm—even Courtney Love covered a YMG song on *Live Through This*—but few have Statton's gift for uncovering the shy heart of girlishness. Tiny never felt so big, or so sweet.

ANN POWERS

## Blender Approved

The best reissues of the last three months



### BOB DYLAN

BLOOD ON THE TRACKS

COLLUMBI/A/LEGACY

Written during a disintegrating marriage, his 1974 folk-rock masterpiece describes exciting new relationships and failing old ones.



### DONNA SUMMER

BAD GIRLS

UNIVERSAL

On this sex-mad 1979 chart-topper, disco's permed queen serenades the ho's ("Bad Girls") and rolls around on black silk sheets ("Hot Stuff").



### ESSENTIAL LOGIC

FANFARE IN THE GARDEN

KILL ROCK STARS

These feminist No Wavers from England pummeled punk with playful saxophone shrieks—this two-disc set spans their early-'80s run.



### IKE TURNER

BLUES KINGPINS

THE RIGHT STUFF/CAPITOL

A stinging set of pre-Tina music from the lowdown-dirty electric guitarist, flicking his whammy bar like a switchblade, he attacks early-'50s R&B

I LOVE THIS CD!



LAURENCE FISHBURNE  
STAR OF THE MATRIX RELOADED AND MYSTIC RIVER



DAVID BOWIE  
YOUNG AMERICANS  
VIRGIN

"Luther Vandross sang background. His voice is all over this, which was the first time I ever heard it. I've been in love with his voice since!"

## REISSUES IN BRIEF BY JON YOUNG



Jimmy Cliff: "I'm gonna kill whoever waxed this floor!"

### CHUCK BERRY

BLUES ★★☆☆

MCA/CHESS

The inventor of rock & roll guitar, Berry revisited his blues roots when he wasn't trailblazing (or doing time). Dominated by covers, these mostly '50s tracks — recorded as album filler — rarely approach the sly creativity of his hits, except for the dreamy instrumental "Blue Feeling." Still, the Rolling Stones liked Berry's breezy "Route 66" enough to mimic it on their debut.

### THE DOORS

LEGACY: THE ABSOLUTE BEST ★★☆☆

ELEKTRA/RHINO

The Doors went from awesome to clueless in record time. While their 1967 breakthrough hit, "Light My Fire," was sexy and alluring, "Touch Me" found excess-prone Jim Morrison, a shaman who was sometimes just a sham, wallowing in self-parody and ready for Vegas less than two years later. A previously unreleased version of "Celebration of the Lizard" inflicts bad, silly poetry for 16 painful minutes.

### JOE JACKSON

NIGHT AND DAY ★★☆☆

A&M

British piano man Joe Jackson traded New Wave cheese for classier pop and martini fantasies on this guitarless 1982 ode to New York City, upping the Latin and jazz content. What seemed like a commercial risk brought the chinless crank his biggest hit (the smooth Top 10 single "Steppin' Out"), but the sense of fun was gone.

### ROBIN LANE & THE CHARTBUSTERS

ROBIN LANE & THE CHARTBUSTERS ★★☆☆

COLLECTORS' CHOICE

A backing singer on Neil Young's "Everybody Knows This Nowhere,"



Chuck Berry duck-walks to the nearest women's lavatory.

Lane presaged R.E.M. in 1980 with this morose folk-rock gem, full of great guitar riffs. Supported by a quartet featuring two ex-Modern Lovers, the husky Bostonian waxed sublimely depressive on "When Things Go Wrong" and the slightly punky "Waitin' in Line."

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

THE HARDER THEY COME ★★☆☆☆

ISLAND/HIP-O

The soundtrack to Jimmy Cliff's classic 1973 cult film offered America its first concentrated hit of reggae: not the pot-smoothed tempos of future demigod Bob Marley, but jumpy, caffeinated grooves that reflect Jamaican music's debt to American R&B. Desmond Dekker's rowdy "007 (Shanty Town)" and, on a bonus disc, Dave & Ansel Collins's surreal "Double Barrel" encourage chaos, not harmony.

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

VERVE UNMIXED 2 ★★☆☆☆

VERVE

Lately, Verve has opened its vault of funky jazz records to crate-digging DJs, but this set of untouched originals shows how vibrant the '50s and '60s source material was. Among the 13 flavorful tracks are trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie's joyous "Manteca," Nina Simone's sizzling "Sinnerman" and Willie Bobo's hypnotic "Fried Neckbones and Some Home Fries," which inspired Carlos Santana (who covered it) as well as the Beastie Boys.

### WAR

THE VERY BEST OF WAR ★★☆☆☆

AVENUE/RHINO

Mellow but rarely bland, the multiracial Los Angeles collective War (with a Danish harmonica player) emitted some of the coolest vibes of the '70s, mixing cocktail soul, heavy funk, soft rock and Latin sounds. Their lovable legacy includes "Why Can't We Be Friends?," covered by Smash Mouth, and "Low Rider," featured on George Lopez's sitcom.

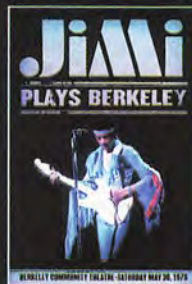
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EVERY ORIGINAL CD REVIEWED

# THE BEACH BOYS



➤➤ America's most successful rock band (with more than 100 million records sold world-wide) began in 1961 in Hawthorne, California, with the signature harmonies of three Wilson brothers, their cousin Mike Love and family friend Al Jardine. Each had his turn in the sun over three decades of hits, as the group moved from surf-rock to psychedelic "teenage symphonies to God!" But the undisputed mastermind of the Beach Boys was troubled songwriter-arranger-producer Brian Wilson, and the band's status was always tied to his fragile state of mind; as his light dimmed, they reverted to the simple pleasures of their oldies. Note: Most of their original albums are now paired off, two per CD. By Douglas Wolk

## BLENDER APPROVED

### PET SOUNDS CAPITOL, 1966 ★★★★★



Not a rock & roll album — not any kind of music there's a name for, really. Brian's heavenly arrangements for the Boys' voices and studio musicians sound like nothing else ever recorded, and the songs (mostly collaborations with ad copywriter Tony Asher) are magnificent evocations of the end of adolescent innocence. Considered a commercial setback at the time (because it reached only number 10 and yielded four Top 40 hits), it stands as the Beach Boys' crown jewel.



**Standout tracks:** "God Only Knows," "Caroline, No," "Sloop John B"

### SMILEY SMILE/WILD HONEY CAPITOL, 1967 ★★★★★



Their admission of defeat would have been anybody else's victory cheer: two intimate, playful triumphs, banged out three months apart after the overambitious *Smile* collapsed in a morass of unfinished suites and fragments of tape. *Smiley Smile* was the Boys' psychedelic album — joltingly spare, druggy and funny, with the most gorgeous harmonies of their career.

Recorded at Brian's house, *Wild Honey* let Carl Wilson show off his R&B singing chops on a set of tight little rockers, arranged around an old piano instead of ornate orchestrations.

**Standout tracks:** "Good Vibrations," "Darlin'," "Heroes and Villains"

### GOOD VIBRATIONS: THIRTY YEARS OF THE BEACH BOYS CAPITOL, 1993 ★★★★★



Most Beach Boys albums were inconsistent, so this smooth-flowing five-disc box is a godsend: every hit from "Surfin'" to "Kokomo," dozens of remarkable album tracks and unreleased goodies that illuminate Brian's strokes of genius, including almost an hour's worth of raw material from 1967's unfinished *Smile* album. "Good Vibrations," the quintessence of summer, made

the case for the Beach Boys as an American treasure, musical visionaries who saw beyond rock.

**Standout tracks:** "Cotton Fields," "Do You Like Worms"

## GREAT

### TODAY!/SUMMER DAYS (AND SUMMER NIGHTS!!) CAPITOL, 1965 ★★★★



Brian had a breakdown in late 1964, and quit touring to concentrate on studio wizardry. He rebounded with two good-timey albums that were secretly

shuddering with angst about sex and growing up, featuring wall-of-sound production inspired by his idol Phil Spector.

**Standout tracks:** "Help Me, Rhonda," "Girl Don't Tell Me," "You're So Good to Me"

### BEACH BOYS' PARTY!/STACK-O-TRACKS CAPITOL, 1965/1968 ★★★★



While Brian was laboring over *Pet Sounds*, the Boys invited some pals to the studio for a quick acoustic hootenanny — five awesome singers having a

whole lot of fun with Beatles covers and obscure oldies. It ended up going gold.

*Stack-O-Tracks* is a bonus curio: instrumental mixes of old songs, useful for karaoke.

**Standout tracks:** "Barbara Ann," "Hully Gully," "Alley-Oop"

### FRIENDS/20/20 CAPITOL, 1968/1969 ★★★★



As Brian's gifts flickered, the other Boys pitched in with these subtle, introverted celebrations of domesticity. Dennis Wilson, though, was hanging with the

wrong family: "Never Learn Not to Love" was allegedly written by his pal Charles Manson.

A commercial disaster, *Friends* remains Brian's favorite Beach Boys album.

**Standout track:** "I Can Hear Music"

### SUNFLOWER/SURF'S UP CAPITOL, 1970/1971 ★★★★



With post-'60s fashion passing them by and Brian barely functional, the rest of the band came through with two defiantly vigorous bursts of lush, dreamy

pop. Both albums were souped up with exquisite leftovers from the *Smile* sessions.

**Standout tracks:** "Til I Die," "Surf's Up"

The Beach Boys in 1967, from left: Mike Love, Al Jardine, Brian Wilson, Carl Wilson, Dennis Wilson

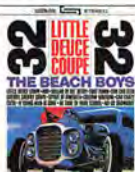


From top: Harry Goodwin/StarFile Photo; Michael Ochs Archive

CHECK IT OUT

**LITTLE DEUCE COUPE/ALL SUMMER LONG** CAPITOL, 1963/1964

★★★



Recorded mostly in one day, *Coupe's* dozen car songs are throwaway fluff salvaged by some whooping, gung-ho harmonies. Brian's songwriting took its

first big leap on *All Summer Long*, whose lyrics began to suggest that he knew more about life than just waves and cars.

**Standout tracks:** "I Get Around," "Little Deuce Coupe"

**IN CONCERT** CAPITOL, 1973

★★★



As their studio recordings started to misfire, the Boys expanded their lineup with two South African musicians, Ricky Fataar and Blondie Chaplin, and let Carl Wilson

stretch out on lead guitar. They became a first-class live band, documented on this hit-studded double album, which went gold.

**Standout track:** "Don't Worry, Baby"

**15 BIG ONES/LOVE YOU**

CARIBOU, 1976/1977

★★★



Overwhelmed by clunky covers and bored performances, *15 Big Ones* feels like a forced trip to the beach on a wet day.

*Love You*, though, is a hoot: messed-up

man-child Brian shakes off his doll-drummers for a nearly solo set of retarded/brilliant originals driven by freaky synthesizers.

**Standout track:** "Johnny Carson"

**SURFIN' SAFARI/SURFIN' U.S.A.** CAPITOL, 1962/1963

★★



Their first two albums feature the title hits and "Surfin'," but they're otherwise pedestrian, ineptly played garage-surf padded with covers, instrumentals and

dorky quickies. Only some starched-shirt harmonies — modeled on the Four Freshmen — and a couple of nice ballads hinted at what was to come.

**Standout tracks:** "Farmer's Daughter," "Surfin' U.S.A."

BE CAREFUL

**SURFER GIRL/SHUT DOWN, VOLUME 2** CAPITOL, 1963/1964

★★



Brian began to experiment with tricky arrangements and wrote his first few classic melodies. But the band was under pressure to crank out more LPs before the "surfing craze" ended, so these albums (their third and fifth) are mostly filler: studio chatter, a drum solo, "Louie Louie." ...

**Standout track:** "In My Room"

**CONCERT/LIVE IN LONDON**

CAPITOL, 1964/1970

★★



A 1964 Sacramento gig that became their first number 1 album, *Concert* hasn't held up well, thanks to cornball tunes ("Monster Mash") and rudimentary playing. *Live in London*, recorded in 1968 (without Brian), tries too hard to be current: The Blood, Sweat & Tears-ish horns are unfortunate.

**Standout track:** "Do It Again"

**CARL AND THE PASSIONS: SO TOUGH/HOLLAND**

BROTHER, 1972/CARIBOU, 1973

★★



The touring Boys put together the loose, jammy *So Tough*, which offers multiple tributes to transcendental meditation. Then they went to Holland and got way

self-indulgent, recording poetry, flutes and Moog solos; Brian stayed home and cowrote two decent songs and a head-scratcher "fairy tale" about a "magic transistor radio."

**Standout track:** "Sail On Sailor"

**M.I.U. ALBUM/L.A. (LIGHT ALBUM)** CAPITOL, 1978/1979

★★



Drained, the group decamped to Maharishi International University in Iowa to record the awkward *M.I.U. Album*. The slick *L.A.* is practically a self-parody (and is

nearly Brian-free), but it's redeemed by a fabulous 10-minute disco remake of the 1967 song "Here Comes the Night."

**Standout track:** "Here Comes the Night"

FOR FANS ONLY

**ULTIMATE CHRISTMAS**

CAPITOL, 1998

★★



As holiday novelty records go, 1964's *The Beach Boys' Christmas Album* was agreeable kitsch. The same can't be said for its 1977 sequel, mercifully scrapped at

the time but appended to this reissue, which is mostly yuletide lyrics sung over instrumental tracks from *M.I.U. Album*.

**Standout track:** "Little Saint Nick"

**KEEPIN' THE SUMMER ALIVE/THE BEACH BOYS**

CARIBOU, 1980/SESSIONS, 1985

★



*Alive* was cobbled together from old sessions and Brian-produced scraps, with Dennis, the group's rough-voiced sex symbol, almost totally absent, as he drowned

in 1983. The group carried on with the brittle, sterile *Beach Boys*, recorded while Brian was in thrall to his round-the-clock shrink, the subsequently disgraced Dr. Eugene Landy.

**Standout track:** "Getcha Back"

**STILL CRUISIN'** CAPITOL, 1989

★



"Kokomo," perhaps most kindly described as a Beach Boys-influenced song with the Beach Boys singing on it, was a surprise number 1 hit — hence this lame

instant album: a collaboration with obese rap trio the Fat Boys, soundtrack contributions and three '60s hits to pad it out.

**Standout track:** "Kokomo"

**SUMMER IN PARADISE**

BROTHER, 1992

★



Brian-less and brainless: The Boys' final new album to date, their only one with no contribution from Brian, is a train wreck. Misbegotten attempts to sound

"modern" (such as Mike Love's attempt at rap on "Summer of Love") appear next to leaden lounge-act covers.

Lowlight: the horrifying remake of "Surfin'." **Standout track:** None

FURTHER LISTENING

**PET PROJECTS THE BRIAN WILSON PRODUCTIONS**

ACE, 2003

★★★

Overflowing with tunes in the '60s, Brian gave them to pals and relations, including his wife Marilyn's band, the Honeys. **Standout track:** Sharon Marie, "Thinkin' Bout You Baby"

FURTHER READING

**THE NEAREST FARAWAY PLACE**

By Timothy White HENRY HOLT, 1995

★★★★

In an ambitious biography, White explains how surfing culture and California's history informed the Boys' work, and he's sympathetic to the Wilsons' messy lives: their cruel father; Dennis's affair with Mike Love's daughter; Brian's ongoing torment.

FURTHER VIEWING

**ENDLESS HARMONY**

BROTHER/CAPITOL, 2000

★★★★

The title is bitterly ironic, considering the band's history of recriminations and lawsuits, but this DVD delivers some heartbreaking footage. A drinking game: Do a shot whenever Mike Love, loathed by many Beach Boys fanatics, seizes credit for himself.

THEIR LAST HURRAH

HOW COULD THEY?



Amy Lee: "Save me from the dark. And from my stylist."



★  
THE NEW  
LINKIN  
PARK  
★

# Ungodly Power

Fast-rising Arkansans sing about Christianity but deny that they're religious. Hmmm . . .

## EVANESCENCE

HOUSE OF BLUES, LAS VEGAS

AUGUST 7, 2003 ★★☆☆

▶▶ AMY LEE CANNOT tell a lie. "This next song," Evanescence's 21-year-old front-woman shouts bluntly at the young Las Vegas crowd, "is probably the only friggin' reason we're here!"

You can see why she'd think that. "Bring Me to Life," their crossover goth-metal smash, has reached number 5 on the pop charts, helping to sell 1.8 million copies of Evanescence's debut, *Fallen*. The whiff of one-hit wonders hangs in the air.

But while "Bring Me to Life" prompts the night's biggest sing-along, a surprising number of the crowd — 2,400 polite mall rats, metalheads and preppy pop fans — know the other cuts by

heart, too. The black-haired, blue-eyed Lee already has look-alikes copping her corset-and-eyeliner style, and all eyes are turned to the stage. Rather than moshing, fans punctuate cathartic moments by pumping their fists skyward or simply holding devil signs aloft.

Lee and the band's cofounder, guitarist-songwriter Ben Moody, are practicing Christians, and Evanescence are the latest graduates of a Christian-rock underground that has unearthed artists including Creed (who share Evanescence's label), P.O.D., bubblegum gal Stacy Orrico and even a handful of punky emo acts. Christianity, it seems, has become a quiet, durable new pathway to fame.

For Evanescence, that path was short. While Moody and Lee began making music together in their early teens (some of the songs on *Fallen* were

written as many as five years ago), tonight is the third show of their first American tour. Before they were signed, they had performed publicly only about a dozen times, mostly in their hometown of Little Rock, Arkansas.

This inexperience colors the set's first two-thirds, which, for all the bombastic riffage and audience participation, lacks momentum. Moody and black-attired ringers on guitar, bass and drums faithfully reproduce the album's painstakingly produced, vinyl-slick numbers, leaving out almost all the ballads. They also cede stage presence to Lee, who stalks around boyishly and doubles over when summoning her clean, unshowy wail.

Lee finally seems liberated when the band launches into a thrashy cover of the Smashing Pumpkins' "Zero." She savors the line "God is empty, just like me" like a teen testing authority. Evanescence's religious beliefs are indistinct, and they like it that way. Two days after the Las Vegas show, an upbeat Lee refutes the

characterization of Evanescence as a "Christian band."

"We've never been a religious band," she tells *Blender*, "but the media wants us to be."

Still, Lee sings compellingly about spirituality and God. "Tourniquet," a highlight from the show's second half, actually blends Gothic and Christian themes: Lee imagines risking eternal damnation by committing suicide, asking, "Will I be denied Christ?" You don't have to be a churchgoer (or suicidal!) to identify with that drama — just someone with a feeling for personal melodrama.

The rest of the hour-long show pours from the quintet in a torrent: "Imaginary" and "Whisper," both loud, ambiguous explorations of faith, and "Bring

Me to Life," whose climactic chorus ("Save me from the nothing I've become") sounds even more like a joyous release in this sold-out club. The crowd brings out lighters for the bitter yet lovely encore ballad "My Immortal," but Evanescence are already on fire. *NICK CATUCCI*

Amy Lee sings compellingly about spirituality and God. ★

HAUNTED  
GOING UNDER  
TRIPPING OVER ME  
EVERYBODY'S POOL  
MY LAST BREATH  
FADING AWAY  
EVEN IN DEATH  
ZERO  
BRING ME TO LIFE  
TOURNIQUET  
MY IMMORTAL  
WHISPER

## HOW'D YOU LIKE THE SHOW? HOUSE OF BLUES



MUPPET BOYD

17, ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

"Amy Lee's a lot sexier than she looks in pictures of the band. I'd really like to chill with her sometime — that would be phat as hell!"



NATE GRAY

21, EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE, CALIFORNIA

"I've seen 10 of their shows. They're getting stronger and stronger. The double-bass drum they use is kickin'!"



JESSICA HALL

17, LAS VEGAS

"Her voice was the first thing that got me into the band — it's pure. She doesn't have to dance around to compensate for anything."

BLENDER'S PROMOTIONAL SECTION

# GUEST LIST

COMPETITIONS, EVENTS AND OTHER FUN STUFF WE THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

## TOWER RECORDS

Reach out from the confines of your music collection and grab a hold of Tower Records' "Next Big Thing." Whether for the car ride, the jogging mix tape or the study break, the "Next Big Thing" will surely catch your ear. Each title is under \$10. Need new music? Check it out at **Tower Records**, or log on to **Tower.com**.



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## VANS GRECO 2

Introducing the **Greco 2**, Vans' newest collaboration with the incomparable **Jim Greco**. We've teamed up to deliver the ultimate in comfort and style by fusing the performance demanded by skaters with Jim's '80s New York punk styling. The Greco 2 hits stores in October at \$65. Visit **vans.com** or call **1-800-VANS-800** to purchase Vans footwear or to find your nearest dealer.



## T-MOBILE

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## ENTER TO WIN THE ULTIMATE PC ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM FROM MOVIELINK!

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\*Terms and conditions apply.



## WIN THE LATEST IN OUTRAGEOUS ENTERTAINMENT FROM SPIKE & MIKE'S FESTIVAL OF ANIMATION!

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> It's unlikely Tarantino's first film in six years will disappoint anyone.

**THE GOOD!**

## BRING IT ON!

Quentin Tarantino returns with a three-hour Oriental bloodbath in two parts and 10 chapters! Hoo-ah! By Ted Lambert

### KILL BILL

**DIRECTED BY** Quentin Tarantino

**STARRING** Uma Thurman, David Carradine, Sonny Chiba, Vivica A. Fox, Daryl Hannah, Lucy Liu, Gordon Lui, Michael Madsen

SO UMA TAKES a giant samurai sword and fights her way through the spectacular two-story Japanese nightclub, killing — *eviscerating* — all but one of the 76 masked stuntmen who impede her before finally escaping over the garden wall. And this all takes place in one extraordinary, continuous three-and-a-half-minute Steadicam shot.

It seems unlikely that Quentin Tarantino's first film in six years is going to disappoint anyone. There's something for the action fans. Something for the geeks. And something for you at the back — the one who has always wanted to see a three-hour martial-arts exploitation movie that has been cut up into non-chronological chapters and then split into two parts.

Tarantino's huge 222-page script is carefully constructed from the parts of a thousand B-movies. The Bride (Thurman) is an assassin shot in the head on her wedding day. She awakes from a five-year coma and sets off around the world to seek revenge on those responsible: an all-female gang of professional killers and their boss, Bill.

*Kill Bill* offers Tarantino trademarks — the star resurrected from obscurity (*Kung Fu*'s David Carradine as Bill), the pop-culture monologue (Bill's philosophical musings on

Superman) and all that mayhem.

Tarantino wants this to be the ultimate exploitation movie, combining all the best bits of his favorite martial-arts movies in an updated epic — just like the Indiana Jones films did with B-movie serials. The fighting and special effects are all non-digital, but the structure and style of the film promise to be dynamic. Some scenes are shot in different exploitation styles — one in flickery black-and-white *Godzilla*

fashion, another in Japanese anime — and there are also musical numbers from an all-girl Tokyo punk band.

*Kill Bill* has been shot as 10 self-contained chapters that can be moved around in any order and still tell the whole story. This tactic made the film's last-minute division into two movies all the easier. So even if you go to see only *Kill Bill I* and not *Kill Bill II*, you may still get to find out what happens in the end.



Um... does that gun go with those shoes?



### LADY KILLERS!

Uma Thurman is a kill-crazy, jilted bride on a rampage. Sound ludicrous? Try these ridiculous female assassins on for size...

#### MUMSY!

Charley Baltimore (Geena Davis, *The Long Kiss Goodnight*) is a soccer mom with a forgotten past as a CIA hitwoman!

**Implausible because:** She takes out former colleagues with a cookie pan.

#### LEGGY!

Xenia Onatopp (Famke Janssen, *Goldeneye*) is a statuesque Russian fighter pilot turned lusty assassin.

**Implausible because:** Her lethal seduction routine climaxes in crushing her prey to death between her shapely thighs.

**LESBIAN-Y!**  
Ricki (Jennifer Lopez, *Gigli*) is a lesbian triggerwoman charged with ensuring that hapless thug Ben Affleck kidnaps a district attorney's mentally retarded brother.

**Implausible because:** She is "turned" straight by Affleck. Also, orders oral sex by saying "It's turkey time. Gobble, gobble!"



*Goldeneye:* Shapely thighs not pictured



*The Long Kiss Goodnight:* Mwah!





**THE BAD!**

**WONDERLAND**

**DIRECTED BY** James Cox

**STARRING** Val Kilmer, Dylan McDermott, Kate Bosworth, Lisa Kudrow, Josh Lucas, Eric Bogosian

LEGENDARY PORN STAR John Holmes (Kilmer) made his name swinging his huge hammer on celluloid. When fame faded, he was reduced to scamming coke and cash and shacking up with his teenage girlfriend (Bosworth). But did he really double-cross his friends, leading to their grisly murders by an underworld kingpin? This confused mix of lowlife biopic and police procedural is little more than a chance for an ensemble cast to root through the "scumbag" section of the dress-up box. Despite Kilmer's attempts to win Holmes some doomed-puppy sympathy, we just never care enough about him — or who killed whom, or why.



**& THE INDIE!**

**ELEPHANT**

**DIRECTED BY** Gus Van Sant

**STARRING** John Robinson, Alex Frost, Eric Deulen, Nathan Tyson, Carrie Finklea

GUS VAN SANT'S pseudo-documentary is a tour of a foreign land — the American high school. The camera trails the non-professional teen cast through the hallways of a typical school on a typical day: cheerleaders, jocks, geeks — and, of course, two loners planning a Columbine-like rampage. The film follows their murder spree in such detached style that the killings look like a video game. What makes it so shocking is how everything that happens just seems a part of the ordinary American landscape: baseball, hot dogs, apple pie — and homicide.

**Blender Approved**

The best movies of the last three months



**CABIN FEVER**

A gruesome, disgusting and gore-heavy disease-oriented horror flick from David Lynch's protégé. Yum!



**PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN**

A rollicking script and Johnny Depp's Keith Richards impersonation fill the sails of the movie of the summer.

**AND THE REST . . .**

DON'T MISS



**INTOLERABLE CRUELTY**

**DIRECTED BY** Joel Coen

**STARRING** George Clooney, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Cedric the Entertainer, Julia Duffy

**THE PITCH** A gold-digging serial divorcée takes revenge on the L.A. lawyer who has tricked her out of her latest settlement — by marrying him.

**THE VERDICT** The Coen Brothers' follow-up to the deadpan *The Man Who Wasn't There* is a deliciously mean screwball comedy with two smiling lovers trying to bump each other off.



**MYSTIC RIVER**

**DIRECTED BY** Clint Eastwood

**STARRING** Sean Penn, Tim Robbins, Kevin Bacon, Laurence Fishburne, Laura Linney

**THE PITCH** Three kids from a tough Boston neighborhood — touched by horror when one is abducted by child molesters — are reunited as adults by a brutal murder.

**THE VERDICT** Shockingly dark psycho thriller with Penn, Robbins and Bacon in top form and facing off for a Best Actor nomination.



**SCHOOL OF ROCK**

**DIRECTED BY** Richard Linklater

**STARRING** Jack Black, Mike White

**THE PITCH** Lardy rock failure Black signs on as a substitute teacher — and uses his pupils to form the ultimate metal band. It's *Spinal Tap* meets *Dead Poets' Society*!

**THE VERDICT** Good-natured and hilarious vehicle for Black's oafish screen persona — with something for adults (jokes about David Geffen) and kids (why it's OK to be fat).

DON'T RUSH



**THE RUNDOWN**

**DIRECTED BY** Peter Berg

**STARRING** Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, Seann William Scott, Rosario Dawson

**THE PITCH** A beely bounty hunter (The Rock) travels to the Amazon jungle in search of an escaped convict. It's *Romancing the Rock*!

**THE VERDICT** Hokey buddy movie on the well-macheted adventure-comedy trail, complete with a ruthless corporate honcho (Christopher Walken) and a gorgeous bush pilot (Dawson).

DON'T BOTHER



**BUBBA HO-TEP**

**DIRECTED BY** Don Coscarelli

**STARRING** Bruce Campbell, Ossie Davis

**THE PITCH** Wized old folks who think they're Elvis Presley (Campbell) and John F. Kennedy "turned black" by a CIA plot (Davis) team up in a third-rate nursing home to battle a ghostly cowboy enslaved by a mummy's curse.

**THE VERDICT** Low-budget schlock-horror parody for those with a taste for Campbell's trademark zombie-happy 2,000-yard stare.



**THE ORDER**

**DIRECTED BY** Brian Helgeland

**STARRING** Heath Ledger, Shannyn Sossamon, Mark Addy, Peter Weller

**THE PITCH** A studmuffin Catholic priest (Ledger) travels to Rome with a hottie (Sossamon) in tow to investigate a mysterious death at the Vatican.

**THE VERDICT** A boring and ridiculous supernatural thriller about a deadly form of absolution. Flatter than a communion wafer.

**LAST GOOD MOVIE YOU SAW?**



**GWEN STEFANI**

No Doubt singer, a.k.a. Mrs. Gavin Rossdale

"*The Royal Tenenbaums*. Gwyneth Paltrow was great. Everybody in it was so brilliant. It had a really cool, dark sense of humor to it."

Ben Kallier (Wonderland); HBO (Elephant); Kevin Mazar/WireImage.com (Stefani); Melinda Sue Gordon (Intolerable Cruelty); Marie W. Wallace (Mystic River); Andrew Schwartz (School of Rock); Pyles Associates (The Rundown)



What if I fart out an alien?

Oh, no, not again.

# STINKY!

It's not the world's worst film. But it does feature aliens exploding out of people's butts. By Clark Collis

## DREAMCATCHER

**DIRECTED BY**  
Lawrence Kasdan

**STARRING**  
Morgan Freeman, Damian Lewis, Thomas Jane, Jason Lee, Timothy Olyphant, Tom Sizemore, Donnie Wahlberg

WARNER HOME VIDEO



➤ WATCHING THE latest in an unnecessarily long line of big-screen Stephen King adaptations, it is impossible not to recall legendary screenwriter William Goldman's adage, "In Hollywood, no one knows anything."

This is partly because if Tinseltown's inhabitants *did* know anything, they wouldn't have greenlit a hugely expensive movie about aliens that explode out of people's butts. But largely it's because the man responsible for adapting this unintentionally hilarious, flatulence-oriented mix of *Alien* and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* is Mr. Adage himself, William Goldman.

In Goldman's defense, he has scored big adapting King before,



Paaaaarp! "Sorry, Tom."

with *Misery* and *Stand by Me*. But the books on which those were based had the decided advantage of being, well, good, as opposed to being about aliens that — and this is definitely worth repeating — *explode out of people's butts!*

Moreover, while the material could have been approached with tongue in cheek, director Lawrence Kasdan was seemingly hellbent on making a movie about "relationships" — principally, the relationships among his four stuck-in-the-woods heroes (Lewis, Jane, Lee, Olyphant), who spend almost as much time bonding as they do asking "Who cut the cheese?" and "What the fuck is that thing in the toilet?"

The quartet is already pretty well bonded, thanks to a childhood encounter with retarded psychic Donnie Wahlberg. And if *that* sounds ridiculous, wait until you see Morgan Freeman's berserk turn as an army general with ice water for blood and, it appears, tarantulas for eyebrows.

True, *Dreamcatcher* has moments that wander into so-bad-it's-good-territory, and when *Blender* watched it again in the company of Mr. Jack Daniel, we laughed all the way through. But the result stands as compelling evidence that in an industry in which no one knows anything, the makers of this overcooked-to-dust turkey know less than most.

The heroes spend much time asking "Who cut the cheese?"



## ANGER MANAGEMENT

COLUMBIA TRISTAR HOME ENTERTAINMENT



Adam Sandler and Jack Nicholson, having secured critical acclaim with *Punch-Drunk Love* and *About Schmidt*, respectively, combine forces to secure a whole shitload of money. There are some laughs in this tale of a buttoned-down catwear designer who is forced to undergo treatment by a maniacal therapist — but not as many as the stars must have had on the way to the bank.



*A Mighty Wind*: He plays guitar; she strums a coffin lid.

## CONFIDENCE

TRIMARK HOME VIDEO



This utterly derivative con movie, starring Edward Burns, follows a gang of vengeance-fueled scamsters (just like *The Sting*), is narrated by a dead man (just like *American Beauty* and *Sunset Boulevard*) and rarely rises above dullness (just like most other Edward Burns movies). While the scenes featuring Dustin Hoffman's absurdly sex-mad goon are almost worth the price of admission, anyone who hasn't figured out the big twist long before it rolls around should check with his doctor to see if he actually has a brain.

## FARGO

MGM/UA HOME VIDEO



The Coen Brothers' snow-bound kidnap caper is so baroquely, wonderfully odd in its own right that you wonder why they felt obliged to lie about it both being based on a true story and featuring a cameo from Prince. Frances McDormand deservedly won an Oscar for her portrayal of pregnant cop Marge Gunderson, but *Fargo* is a film for which even the catering staff probably merited some sort of trophy. This two-DVD special edition includes a new documentary, *Minnesota Nice*.



"Which of you freaks cut off my legs?"

## IDENTITY

COLUMBIA TRISTAR HOME ENTERTAINMENT



On a rain-lashed night, 10 strangers, including John Cusack, Ray Liotta and Jake Busey, find themselves trapped in the kind of grim, isolated motel that even Norman Bates would think twice about managing. Panic (and wild



*Fargo*: "Didn't you go before we left?"

overacting) ensues when people start winding up dead — but things are far from what they seem in this tricky, if ultimately disappointing, whodunit. Includes an alternate ending.

## A MAN APART

NEW LINE HOME ENTERTAINMENT



Over the past few years, *Blender* has gotten into innumerable bar fights arguing that if Vin Diesel were ever called upon to actually *act*, he could. Sadly, *A Man Apart* conclusively proves that all those who lined up to use us as a punching bag were right. Here, asked to play a musclebound rogue cop battling a drug cartel and distraught by the murder of his wife, all poor old Vin can manage is to look like someone with a case of diarrhea. And a particularly mild one at that.

## A MIGHTY WIND

WARNER HOME VIDEO



A largely improvised skewering of '60s folk music, *A Mighty Wind* boasts both a raft of crackling gags ("There was abuse in my family. But it was mostly musical in nature") and the reunion of *Spinal Tap*'s Michael McKean, Harry Shearer and Christopher Guest as hoedown trio the Folkmen. If the movie never reaches the heights of Guest's previous film, *Best in Show*, it's difficult to imagine any late-comer beating it out for the comedy of the year crown.



*Animal House*: When Belushi got really high, his imaginary friends seemed almost real.

**NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE**

UNIVERSAL HOME VIDEO

★★★★★

Tracking the adventures of a rowdy frat and its battle with an officious dean... what's that? You know what *Animal House* is about? Ah, but did you know this "Double Secret Probation Edition" boasts a new "where are they now?" segment in which the cast is interviewed in character by director John Landis? You didn't? Then shut the hell up.

**THE OFFICE: COMPLETE FIRST SERIES**

WARNER HOME VIDEO

★★★★★

This BBC comedy series argues that if hell is other people, most of those people probably work in the brain-deadening environs of a British paper retail office. This faux documentary covers much of the same ground as Mike Judge's cult classic *Office Space*, but it's bleaker and funnier, thanks to Ricky Gervaise's racist, sexist and utterly pathetic boss ("You don't have to be mad to work here — in fact, we ask you to complete a medical questionnaire to ensure that you are not").



*The Thing From Another World*: "Anyone got the number of a good manicurist?"

**THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD**

WARNER HOME VIDEO

★★★★★

The perfect antidote to *Dreamcatcher* (see previous page), this classic 1951 tale of alien invasion in the Arctic may have been made long before computer-generated images — or computers at all — yet it still manages to deliver chills. Sure, some of the dialogue seems hokey today ("An intellectual carrot — the mind boggles!"). But when James Arness's outsize veggie-monster finally lumbers into view, don't be surprised to find yourself deciding that the film is best watched from behind a couch.

**Blender Approved**

The best DVDs of the last three months



**THE FAMILY GUY**

20th CENTURY FOX HOME ENTERTAINMENT

The second — and, sadly, final — volume of adventures featuring the family that even Charles Manson wouldn't want living next door.



**THE OLD GREY WHISTLE TEST**

BBC AMERICA

Superlative best-of compilation from U.K. TV show. Includes most-stoned-ever-on-camera interview courtesy of (surprise!) Keith Richards.

**MUSIC DVDS** BY JONAH WEINER



**RADIOHEAD 7 TELEVISION COMMERCIALS**

CAPITOL VIDEO

★★★★★

Back before the blips, *bzzaps* and banshee wails, Radiohead unveiled this collection of OK Computer- and *Bends*-era videos. "Paranoid Android" is the highlight: a grotesque story of teenage alienation and sexual discovery featuring a quadriplegic S&M enthusiast and chesty mermaids. "Street Spirit" and "Fake Plastic Trees" are embarrassingly pretentious and silly (Thom Yorke singing from a shopping cart?), but the climactic shot of "Just" — a city street where everyone has fallen down — is still chilling.



**THE WHO: THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT**

PIONEER

★★★★★

Featuring a mix of intense performances and laugh-out-loud between-song gooning, drunken interviews and loony Keith Moon, the Who's 1979 rockumentary is a thrilling document, blending Led Zeppelin's *How the West Was Won* with a boozy *Jackass*. By the end, even the most entrenched disbelievers will be converted.



**BEEF: THE DEFINITIVE LOOK AT THE URBAN WAR OF WORDS**

QD3 ENTERTAINMENT/IMAGE ENTERTAINMENT

★★★★★

"I got the drama before I got the fame," Ice Cube brags in this documentary on landmark hip-hop rivalries. Featuring fantastic footage (Kool Moe Dee's 1983 battle with Busy Bee, a Dogg Pound golf-course brawl), *Beef* derails halfway in, rambling through the Biggie/2Pac bloodshed.



**BOB MARLEY: LEGEND: THE BEST OF BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS**

ISLAND CHRONICLES

★★★★★

This companion to Marley's 10-times-platinum best-of is intriguing but inconsistent: laid-back live takes of hits, goofy promotional videos for others and random footage grafted onto a few more. An overlong, scattershot collage of tunes and interviews bogs things down. DOUGLAS WOLK



**IRON MAIDEN: VISIONS OF THE BEAST**

SANCTUARY/METAL-IS

★★★★★

These theatrical metallers have sold more than 25 million records. This limp collection proves their enduring appeal has little to do with music videos: Early clips ("Run to the Hills" and "The Number of the Beast") are stiff and stock footage-heavy, while 1992's "Wasting Love" lamely symbolizes passion with a burning bed.



**TOO \$HORT: LIFE IS... THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TODD \$HAW**

GRASS ROOTS ENTERTAINMENT

★★★★★

He's known for X-rated raps, but cult hip-hop hero Too \$hort strikes a magnanimous pose here, recalling his early days hawking mix tapes on corners and rocking shows in Oakland, and exciting anything salacious. For this professional hedonist, the whitewash rings false — and dull.

Eminem tries shadow puppetry. This is his "one-legged man."



## IN YOUR FACE

Eminem's official biography can't explain what makes Marshall so angry. By James Slaughter

### WHATEVER YOU SAY I AM THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EMINEM

By Anthony Bozza

CROWN PUBLISHERS, \$23

☆☆☆

➤➤ EVEN HIS STERNEST critics would admit that Marshall Mathers has a way with words. The truly definitive Eminem biography will surely be written by Eminem himself. Instead, here he has ceded the task to a journalist who has interviewed him throughout his career.

Bozza's writing is frequently sharp — he smartly links Eminem's success to reality TV and gross-out comedy movies — but his proximity to his subject is a mixed blessing. He has been in some fascinating scenarios: conducting his first interview with Eminem after the rapper has taken four Ecstasy tablets and visiting him, pre-superstardom, in his trailer-park home. But the fact



that he has been allowed unique insight into Eminem's life seems to have left Bozza with an inflated sense of his own importance.

The charmless introduction finds the author sneering at fans lining up to see *8 Mile*. Describing that first interview, he solemnly suggests that his "empathy and enthusiasm" mean Eminem can "relate" to him, neglecting to mention that four caps of Ecstasy could make you relate to Osama bin Laden. He spends an entire chapter upbraiding not just

Eminem's critics, but virtually every writer who has dared to express any opinion whatsoever about him. It eventually becomes apparent that Bozza is censoring them not for their views but for the unspeakable crime of not being Anthony Bozza.

If Bozza had eased up on the blustery self-importance, *Whatever You Say I Am* might well have been a fantastic book — a brilliantly incisive section on race certainly suggests so. As it is, it's a missed opportunity.

### THE KINKS ARE THE VILLAGE GREEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY

By Andy Miller

☆☆☆ CONTINUUM, \$10

Although they're regarded as one of the seminal '60s bands, the Kinks, in truth, spent most of that decade in a downward — and apparently terminal — commercial spiral. This calamitous situation was initially little helped by the 1969 release of their pastoral concept album, *The Kinks Are the Village Green Preservation Society*, which, in the words of bandleader Ray Davies, found them singing about "lost friends, draught beer, wicked witches and flying cats." This detailed tome leads the reader through the often fraught construction of what is now regarded as Davies's masterpiece — and, like the best books of its ilk, it makes the reader want to either re-investigate the album or hear it for the first time. Other titles in this series include Love's *Forever Changes* and the Smiths' opus *Meat Is Murder*.

CLARK COLLIS



### KYLIE CONFIDENTIAL

By Sean Smith

☆☆☆ SIMON & SCHUSTER, \$8

Funny how the word *confidential* has become shorthand for "reheated tabloid clip job." That's certainly the case here, with old news about Kylie Minogue, Australia's Princess of Pop, spread randomly through weirdly themed chapters such as "Kylie Creative" and "Kylie Protected" (which, sadly, is not about contraception).

Naturally, curious eyes turn first to "Kylie Sexed," where the book's prime scoop reveals that this supposed goody-goody actually had sex as a teenager! Sean Smith tracks down Melbourne resident Paolo Marcolin, who relives his sexual awakening with a 16-year-old Minogue in hilarious detail (she apparently "knew exactly what she was doing"). More crazy, an astrology section claims she enjoys new challenges because Uranus, the planet of change, makes "a sympathetic link with her Cancer Ascendant." Uranus, indeed.

STEVE LOWE



### MILK IT! COLLECTED MUSINGS ON THE ALTERNATIVE MUSIC EXPLOSION OF THE '90s

By Jim DeRogatis

☆☆☆ DA CAPO PRESS, \$18

Jim DeRogatis, a music scribe who has written for the *Chicago Sun-Times* and *Rolling Stone*, is a graduate of the Lester Bangs school of journalism, convinced his opinions are often more entertaining than those of the musicians he's interviewing. This collection of his writings from the '90s spans every genre (with special emphasis on grunge), and like any self-respecting Bangs disciple, DeRogatis loves to take rock stars to task, whatever

the consequences. And there are consequences: Billy Corgan considers him a "sniveling, jealous... fat fuck"; Courtney Love thinks he's a "dick"; and *Rolling Stone* fired him. With bile like this flying from its pages, *Milk It!* is variously entertaining, exasperating and, when discussing Sinéad O'Connor, even sensitive.

NICK DUJERDEN

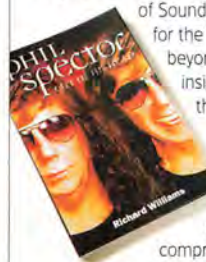


### PHIL SPECTOR OUT OF HIS HEAD

By Richard Williams

☆☆☆ OMNIBUS PRESS, \$15

When John Lennon introduced classy English writer Richard Williams to Phil Spector in 1971, he promised, "To know him is to love him." But that was before Spector held a gun to Lennon's head, terminating their relationship. The latter incident passes unreported, even as a legend denied, in this sometimes frustrating revision of the 1972 original. On Spector's music, it's excellent, detailing how his Wagnerian vision created those Wall of Sound "symphonies for the kids." But beyond the studio, insight fades, through lack of a solid Spector interview at any stage and the compression of his last 30 years into a brief update. Though Spector has yet to be charged with a crime as of this writing, this year's hot news, the fatal shooting of B-movie actress Lana Clarkson at his home, ought to have been granted greater space to give



Alphonse Teymante (still-life), 81; Roger Ericson/Corbis Outlines (Eminem)

some context to the tragedy — and to tell those ripping yarns of gunplay and other weirdness.

PHIL SUTCLIFFE

**SEVENTIES ROCK**  
THE DECADE OF CREATIVE CHAOS

By Frank Moriarty

☆☆ TAYLOR, \$18

With a foreword by Brian May and a lot of extensive research, *Seventies Rock* is a book that has its feet planted solidly in the lumpy soil of its subject. However, author Frank Moriarty's decision to let chronology tell his story is ill-advised; year follows year, band follows band, album follows album and soon sleep follows effort. More unfortunate is his thick prose. (On Alice Cooper and the difficulty of new fame: "The seldom-revealed pressures of rock superstardom were having their inexorable way, beginning to plant a slow, undermining decay that private jets and luxury hotels would prove powerless to stop.") *Seventies Rock* is packed with information, but it might have been better as an A-Z encyclopedia.

DAVID QUANTICK



**KEITH RICHARDS: THE BIOGRAPHY**

By Victor Bockris

☆☆☆☆ DA CAPO PRESS, \$18

Already a set text for devotees, Victor Bockris's 1992 biography has finally been brought up to date. Keith 2003 may be a more sedate figure than the piratical guitar- (and occasional gun-) slinger of the previous 40-odd years, but there are more than enough corking stories here — the nine-day binges, the Swiss blood switch, the rescue of Anita Pallenberg from an abusive Brian Jones — to satisfy. Now facing his dotage, sustained by a loving wife and some supernaturally strong weed, Richards is too wily to ever fully reveal himself — yet Bockris scrapes away enough of the public image to allow a fascinating glimpse of the man within.

DANIEL KRAUSS



Keith Richards ruins yet another game of spin the bottle.

**THE BEST PART OF A BIG BOOK!**

In July 1974, writer and Keith Richards acolyte Nick Kent was invited into the inner sanctum to hang out with his hero and a bag of heroin . . .

➤➤ ONE NIGHT AFTER I did an interview with him, Keith said, "Let's hang out together, man. Let's be pals." I said, "All right! You fucking said it, boy! OK!" And it was like, "Let's do some drugs, man!" He put a pile of heroin on the table that was easily half a gram and then put down another half of cocaine and he said, "OK, you're with me." I thought this was going to kill me, but I'm with Keith! Sniff! Oh, Jesus Christ, I was holding onto my chair but he was just getting started, this is what really frightened me. These drugs affected him physically in a very strange way. He'd taken an amount that you'd think would really do it and it wouldn't have an effect. He was staying up for nights

and nights now, his engines were running, but then what would happen is he'd fall asleep in midsentence for like a minute, and then he'd wake up and continue the sentence. It was a bit disturbing because he was living on this weird time. Anyway, he had to do a television interview and we went off together and Richards nodded out and it was a live TV program. His eyes went up in his head and it was pretty obvious, but it was incredible, he just didn't give a shit, he really wanted people to know.



Nick Kent: "Does my hair look foofy?"

**Keith Richards**  
nodded out on a live TV program.



From *Keith Richards: The Biography*, by Victor Bockris. Copyright © 2003 by Da Capo Press. Reprinted with permission.

to tackle "Four Sticks." Though it lacks new band interviews, this is a thoroughly researched retelling of a good story, with no hypothesizing waffle and all of the good anecdotes — the infamous shark incident, strong-arm management tactics, allegations of back-masking "My sweet Satan" into "Stairway to Heaven" — in place.



BEN MITCHELL

**WHEN THE LEVEE BREAKS**  
THE MAKING OF LED ZEPPELIN IV

By Andy Fyfe

☆☆☆ CHICAGO REVIEW PRESS, \$15

Charting the creation of Led Zeppelin's mammoth 1971 LP along with all points leading up to and away from this crucial album, *When the Levee Breaks* includes everything — from the number of time-signature changes in "Black Dog" to what brand of beer drummer John Bonham downed in order

**Blender Approved**

The best books of the last three months



**ACCORDING TO THE ROLLING STONES**

By Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Charlie Watts & Ronnie Wood

CHRONICLE BOOKS, \$40

Worth the cost for the photos alone.



**HOW TO DJ RIGHT**

By Frank Broughton and Bill Brewster

GROVE PRESS, \$15

A witty and indispensable guide for any aspiring decksmith.



Talk about manufactured pop!

## BIG IN JAPAN

Sing karaoke the easy way — without humiliating yourself in front of a roomful of blind-drunk idiots! By Alex Porter

### KARAOKE REVOLUTION

KONAMI — PS2

★★★★

➤➤ SIMON COWELL, you're obsolete! Now would-be pop stars can have their dreams of singing stardom cruelly dashed or obsequiously encouraged without leaving the bedroom. But with Karaoke Revolution, there's no currying favor with judges — the verdict is a matter of science.

Players attach a headset mic (the same type used in the game SOCOM: U.S. Navy Seals) and pick a pop persona from such choices as stubbly alterna-boy or Japanese cutie-pie. Hone your chops working your way up from intimate clubs to impersonal

football stadiums. Sophisticated vocal-recognition software supplies visual clues to hitting the proper notes, pitch and tempo. Depending on your performance, an audience cheers wildly or jeers mercilessly, their judgment backed by pop-up comments.

The 33-song selection, including "The Wind Beneath My Wings," "Billie Jean" and "Like a Virgin," is less inspired, though Konami hopes to offer add-on discs of tunes. At least there's a generous "freestyle" break in most numbers, inviting creative license. Whatever the style, you can squeeze an entire singing career into game years and become an overnight sensation. At that rate, it'll take mere weeks to descend into a hell of dope, bankruptcy and booze bloat.



### DON'T SING THESE!

It's karaoke time! Just don't try these songs, says Dave Pena of NYC's Planet Rose Karaoke Lounge, or you'll look like a jackass!

**GUNS N' ROSES**

"WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE"  
"This is probably the most piercing song people can sing, and they always go into a full-on scream"

**SIR MIX-A-LOT**

"BABY GOT BACK"  
"Everybody thinks they know it, but once the song begins, they get the first few lines, and after that there's a lot of empty space"

**LED ZEPPELIN**

"KASHMIR"  
"There are so many breaks in between, and it's really long, so there's a lot of waiting around and air-guitaring in the middle of it"



### BILLY HATCHER AND THE GIANT EGG

SEGA — GAMECUBE

In a pleasant respite from the usual ultraviolence, a boy in a magical chicken suit rolls giant eggs around a candy-colored world. The egg hatches penguins, seals and other critters to aid your mission of saving an enchanted kingdom. Half the challenge is in steering the jumbo hen-fruit through bizarre environments. You'll buy it for your 10-year-old nephew but spend your visit hogging his console. ★★★



### GHOST MASTER

EMPIRE INTERACTIVE — PC

Play an afterlife civil servant sent to a small burg by the Haunter Committee to investigate a threat to the astral world. Invade a police station or sorority and strategically deploy a team of ghost helpers, including a headless horseman, gremlin and your classic guy-in-a-sheet. Pop-up thought bubbles give clues to what terrifies your victims. Scare the bejesus out of 'em with spiders, walls that drip blood and bad wiring. Strange. Smart. Excellent. ★★★



### MACE GRIFFIN: BOUNTY HUNTER

VIVENDI UNIVERSAL — XBOX, PS2, GAMECUBE

In the distant future, megaconglomerates vie for space resources, and pirates loot their vessels. Enter the antihero, an intergalactic cowboy voiced by Henry Rollins. Charge into intense, gory first-person firefights against a nest of alien spiders or a cult masked in digital smiley faces. For variety, pilot the ship into reflex-challenging dogfights. The dialogue is hammy but the play is solid, if a little been-there-killed-that. ★★★



### SPHINX AND THE CURSED MUMMY

THQ — PS2, GAMECUBE

As the half-boy, half-lynx demigod Sphinx, frolic through an assortment of Egyptian temples, decoding hieroglyphs and battling the evil Set. The game's star is the beleaguered mummy you play in half the game, who has more lives than Keith Richards. Since he's already dead, you can temporarily squash him wafer-thin to slide under doors, set him ablaze to ignite torches and electrocute him to activate switches. ★★

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The best games of the last three months



### STAR WARS: KNIGHTS OF THE OLD REPUBLIC

LUCASARTS — XBOX

As a Jedi Knight, gather your posse to fight the evil Sith. Do good, or give in to the infinitely more satisfying Dark Side.



### SOUL CALIBUR II

NAMCO — XBOX, PS2, GAMECUBE

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## PENCIL ME IN!

Hey, it's *Blender's* crossword! Starring 16 Across! BY BRENDAN QUIGLEY

### ACROSS

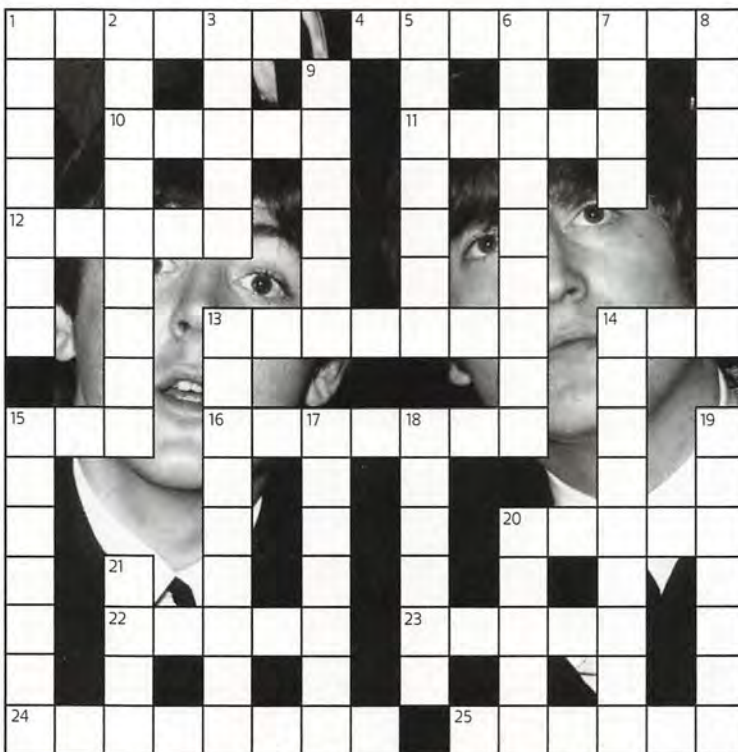
- 1 "Pump It Up" rapper
- 4 *Minerva* nü-metallica
- 10 *Making the Band* band
- 11 The Who's 1970 classic *Live at \_\_\_*
- 12 The \_\_\_ Gritty Dirt Band
- 13 New York prog-rock act Dream \_\_\_
- 14 "Proud Mary" band, for short
- 15 Where you might find Pearl Jam's Jeremy
- 16 They wanna hold your hand
- 20 Scroggs's C&W partner
- 22 \_\_\_ Ant Farm
- 23 Sensitive singer-songwriter Duncan \_\_\_
- 24 Blonde chanteuse who was once exiled in guyville (two words)
- 25 Rapper you might find "Right Thurr"



24 Across

### DOWN

- 1 Singer with one name, who's crazy in love
- 2 Kool Keith's time-traveling gynecologist character (two words)
- 3 Ivory's partner?
- 5 Indie folk troubadour Smith, who lost a Grammy to Celine Dion
- 6 Boys of summer in 2003? (two words)
- 7 One of the members of CSNY
- 8 Metallica's mad patron? (two words)
- 9 Blazing-hot 1984 Bruce Springsteen hit "I'm \_\_\_" (two words)
- 13 He duetted with Willie Nelson on "Beer for My Horses" (two words)
- 14 Singer with the number 1 hit "This Is the Night" (two words)
- 15 "We don't need no education" Pink Floyd concept album
- 17 She had both "Foolish" and "Unfoolish" hits in 2002
- 18 Noise/electronica outfit that dropped *Plague Soundscapes*
- 19 Sean Paul's dance-floor directive
- 20 Doug E. of old-school fame
- 21 Jigga what? Jigga who? (two words)



## POP HISTORY! 2,000,000 B.C.: Ozzy Osbourne invents language

WRITTEN BY CLARK COLLIS. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JAY



↑ Before the invention of language, human communication consisted of little more than basic grunts.



↑ Then, one day, the Osbournes were visited by a black obelisk.



↑ No one ever learned where the mysterious object came from. But its impact on Ozzy — and civilization — was immediate.





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➔ He's the notorious country-rock outlaw, ex-junkie and ex-con with five ex-wives and even more political enemies. So it seems only fair to ask . . .

BY ROB TANNENBAUM  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PEROU

## WHO DOES **STEVE EARLE** THINK HE IS?

**That's a nice self-portrait, but we asked you to draw it in black-and-white.**

I don't do rules, so it's in color. It's not the right size, either. Fuck all that — that's what you got.

**What do you spend too much money on?**

Right now, clothes, because I lost 55 pounds on Atkins. I got heavy when I was on methadone — everybody does — and I went to jail and got even heavier. I was 40 years old when I got clean. I'm doing all right physically, for 48, considering how many drugs I've taken.

**What does a quart of milk cost?**

I don't have any earthly fucking idea. I make an embarrassing amount of money for a borderline Marxist. I do know that if you go down a menu, the stuff that costs the most is the good stuff. But I just think the good stuff ought to be more readily available to more people than it is [*laughs*].

**What was the most memorable phone call of your life?**

Probably calling my father when my son Justin was born in 1982 and apologizing for every shitty thing I'd ever done [*laughs*]. I immediately burst into tears, and he laughed.

**What's your favorite swear word?**

*Ferfucksake*. It's one word, a perfectly good Irish curse. It can be a sentence all by itself, or it can come after some great revelation. Like, "Oasis is the worst fucking band in the world, ferfucksake."

**So you're not an Oasis fan?**

I would rather listen to Garth Brooks than Oasis. And I *never* listen to Garth Brooks.

**What do people who don't like you say about you?**

That I'm self-righteous. That I say *fuck* too much. That I talk too much.

**Are any of those accusations true?**

I don't think I'm self-righteous. I don't beat my audience about the head with my beliefs for an entire show, but at some point, they'll hear about my opposition to the death penalty. Yeah, I probably talk too much. But you *can't* say *fuck* too much.

**Which of the seven deadly sins gives you the most trouble?**

Probably wrath. I don't take drugs anymore, and I don't drink anymore, but I can do a lot of damage when I'm really, really angry. Lust is a close second. There were points in my life when I mistook lust for love. Some of those people I married. Most of 'em, actually.

**How punk are you?**

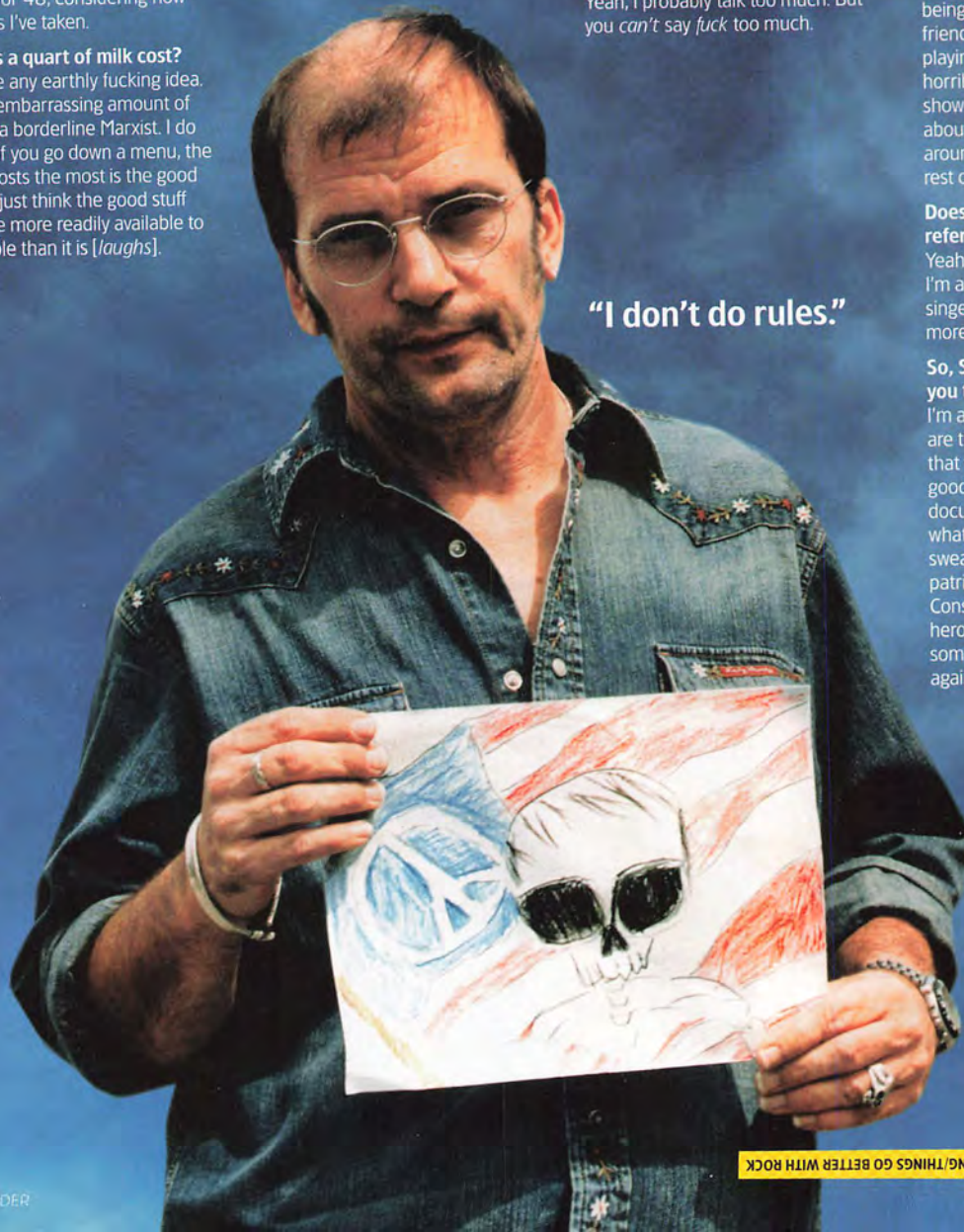
Pretty punk. I've got a brutal little four-piece rock band of middle-aged white guys, all guys that come out of that sensibility. I remember being in Austin, Texas, one night, and friends said the Sex Pistols were playing in San Antonio at this horrible dance hall. I went to that show. Sid Vicious got hit with a bottle about three songs in and wandered around the stage bleeding for the rest of the show.

**Does it bother you when people refer to you as a "country singer"?**

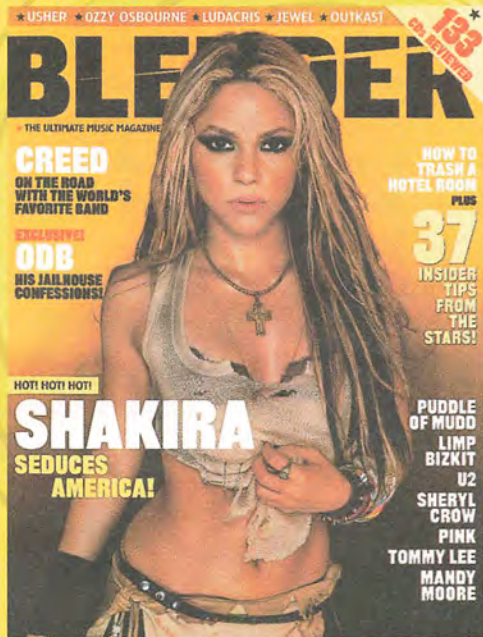
Yeah, it bothers me a little bit. I think I'm a pretty fucking good country singer. But it confuses the issue. I'm more comfortable with "rock singer."

**So, Steve Earle, who the hell do you think you are?**

I'm a patriot. I don't think Americans are the good guys — I don't think that we've ever necessarily been the good guys — but we created this document, the Constitution, and it's what we'll be remembered for. Cops swear to it, soldiers swear to it. To me, patriotism is about defending the Constitution. Patriots used to become heroes because they stood up to somebody. They usually got lined up against the wall and shot. [BLENDER]



"I don't do rules."



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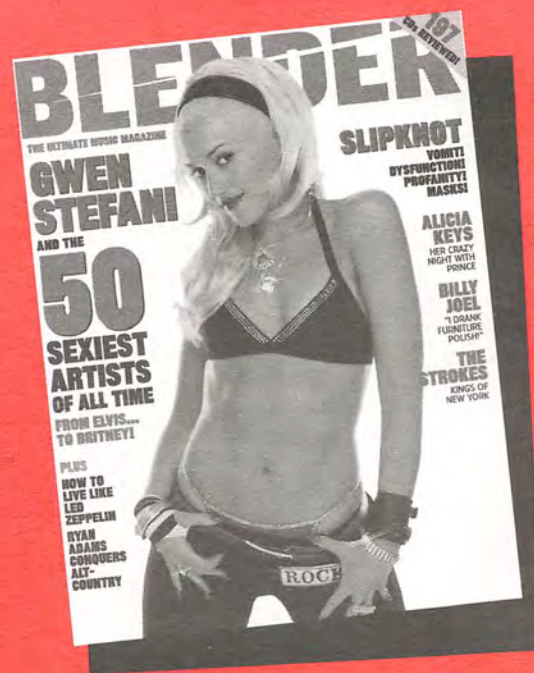
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